E 7, 1941

CAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty

5¢

WHY LINDBERGH ACTS THAT WAY

ITLER AT THE PANAMA CANAL, by Dr. Otto Strasser

THE REAL PURPOSE OF DEFENSE BONDS

"Give *your* Graduate this head start toward success!" *advises* Dr Walter B. Pitkin

NOTED EDUCATOR . . . author of *Life Begins at 40* and other helps to happiness and success . . . Dr. Pitkin says:

"Any graduate must feel slighted indeed should his gifts not include a fine watch, the traditional graduation remembrance. And what a toast to success a fine watch is — not only a promoter of punctuality, but a substantial contributor to that all-important appearance with which the young graduate confronts the future.

"Yes, I'd give a watch. And that watch would be a Gruen! . . . because Gruen is the choice of America's front-rank fashion designers . . . because jewelers are most enthusiastic in describing Gruen sturdiness and accuracy."

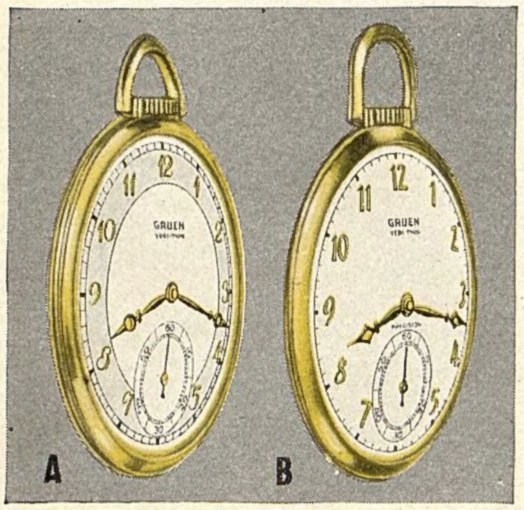
See the new Gruen watches — $24.75 to $250 — at Gruen jewelers now; with precious stones to $2500. Write for folder. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

FREE!... DR. PITKIN'S LATEST
"How to Get a Good Job and Keep It!"

29 pages of priceless, up-to-date information for this year's graduates and their friends . . . by a man who knows the answers. How to find the right job . . . how to make a good impression . . . how to get ahead. All this and more in an attractive little presentation volume bound in simulated red Morocco leather.

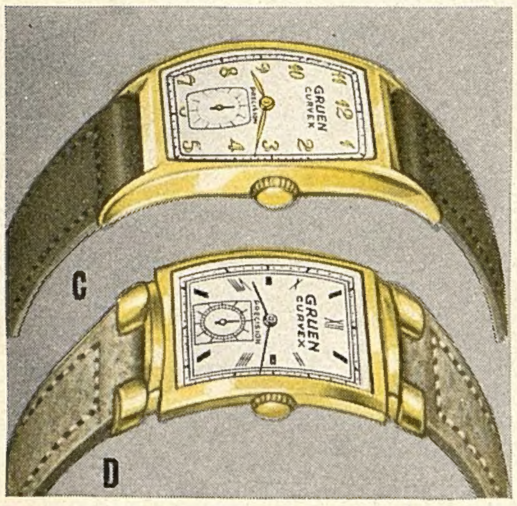
How to get a Good Job and Keep it!
Walter B. Pitkin

AT YOUR GRUEN JEWELER'S NOW!



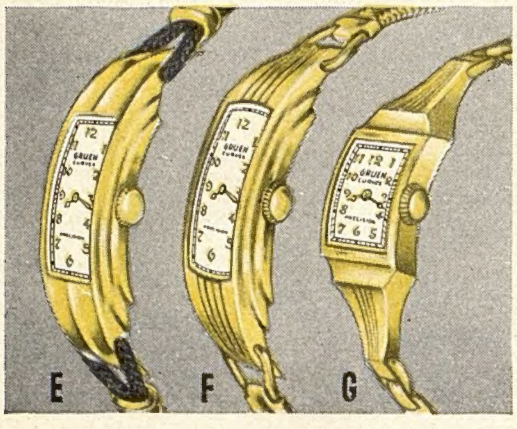
A. VERI-THIN‡ TRIUMPH, 15-jewel movement, yellow gold-filled case $29.75

B. VERI-THIN‡ BARRISTER, 17-jewel Precision* movement, yellow gold-filled case. $39.75

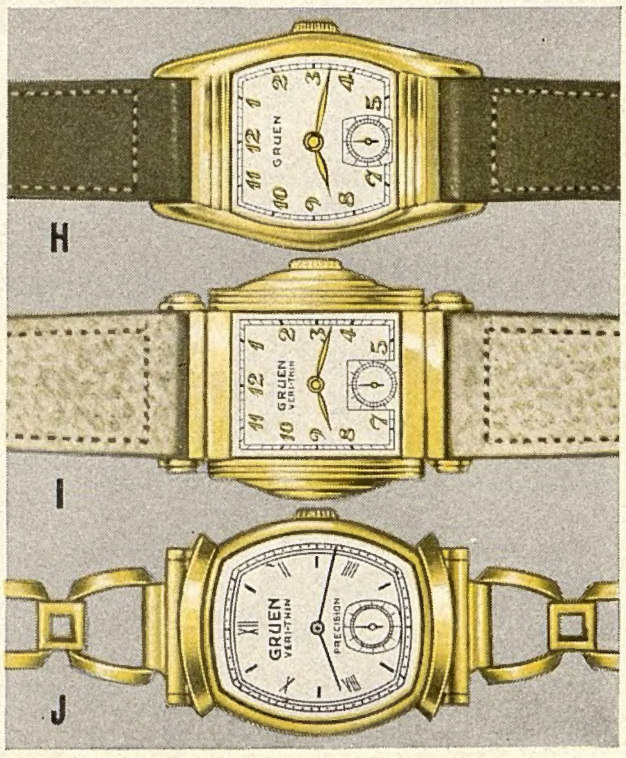


C. CURVEX† TROOPER, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case. $49.75

D. CURVEX† ROYALTY, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case. $59.50



Watch on girl's wrist—ROSALIE, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back . . . $39.75
Watch on boy's wrist—VERI-THIN‡ FULTON, 15-jewel movement, yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back $37.50



E. CURVEX† COUNTESS, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink, white or yellow gold-filled case $42.50

F. CURVEX† DUCHESS, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink, white or yellow gold-filled case . . $49.75

G. CURVEX† CRESCENT, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case $49.75

H. BLAIR, 15-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back. $24.75

I. VERI-THIN‡ LEADER, 15-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back . . . . . . $29.75 With matching flex band. $33.75

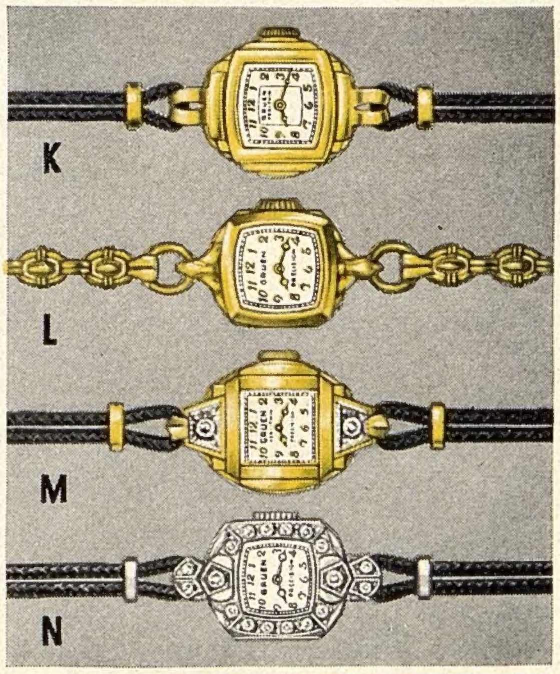
J. VERI-THIN‡ EPOCH, 17-jewel Precision* movement, yellow gold-filled case $39.75

K. VERI-THIN‡ STARLIGHT, 15-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back. $29.75

L. FLORENTINE, 17-jewel Precision* movement, yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back $42.50

M. VERI-THIN‡ FAITH, 17-jewel movement, pink, white or yellow gold-filled case set with 2 fine diamonds $49.75

N. MELANIE. 17-jewel Precision* movement. 14 kt. white gold case set with 18 fine diamonds $100



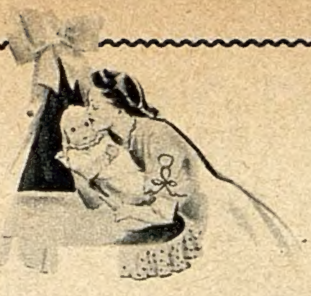
GRUEN

THE PRECISION* WATCH

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

GIFTS FROM YOUR JEWELER
ARE GIFTS AT THEIR BEST

COPYRIGHT 1941 THE GRUEN WATCH CO.
†REG U S PAT OFFICE. PATENTED U S. PATENT NOS. 1855952, RE. 20480 CANADIAN PATENT NO. 370997. COPYRIGHT 1940 BY THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY. ‡REG U.S. PATENT OFFICE. PATENTS PENDING.



A lesson in *Kissing Technique*

LISTERINE TELLS YOU WHAT THE MASTERS SAY ABOUT KISSING

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.
DR. HENRY GIBBONS

What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:
The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.
ROBERT HERRICK

A kiss, when all is said, what is it?
. . . a rosy dot
Placed on the "i" in loving; 'tis a secret
Told to the mouth instead of to the ear.
EDMOND ROSTAND

The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a great deal longer.
O. W. HOLMES

Kissing don't last: cookery do.
GEORGE MEREDITH

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.
SWIFT

And when my lips meet thine,
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.
H. H. BOYESEN

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me:
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.
LEIGH HUNT

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.
TENNYSON

Excerpts from "The Home Book of Quotations" by Burton Stevenson; Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers

WHETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son—don't be careless. Remember . . . nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love . . . yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's often so easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic conditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

* * *

"P.S." TO MEN: *Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before any important business engagement—or your date with Her. It pays. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

Will You try our

QUICK-DRY INK

if I mail you a bottle

FREE?

Dries 31% Quicker ON PAPER (than average)
Does NOT dry in your pen

Parker Quink
SAMPLE
Parker Quink
Quink
WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE IF YOU WILL
-WE'LL WAGER PARKER'S INTRODUCTORY BOTTLE AGAINST YOUR PENNY POSTAL CARD THAT YOU'LL POUR YOUR OLD INK DOWN THE DRAIN AFTER YOU TRY THIS QUICK-DRYING PEN-CLEANING QUINK!

Try It Without a Blotter!

BY G. H. SAYLER
CHIEF CHEMIST, THE PARKER PEN CO.

HOW would you like an ink that dries so quick ON PAPER that you rarely have to blot it? Dries by STEPPED-UP PENETRATION—not by evaporation—**hence does NOT dry in your fountain pen!** And look—This revolutionary ink—called Parker **Quink**—***actually cleanses a pen as it writes***—a Parker or ANY OTHER pen. For **Quink** contains a harmless agent that dissolves deposits left in a pen by ordinary pen-clogging inks. It's America's secret weapon against inks that shut off the flow, gum the point, and corrode the works.

What No Other Ink Can Do

Our engineers report such inks cause 65% of the pen troubles. So we spent 3 years and $68,000 to create an ink to stop it. That's why we offer this Introductory Bottle FREE. We want to guard pens from pen-clogging inks—especially the public's 50,000,000 Parker Pens.

Quink comes in seven brilliant colors—rich, full-bodied, never watery, never gummy. Just state the kind you prefer—**(1) PERMANENT Quink**, *as permanent as the paper,* in blue-black, royal blue, and black, or **(2) WASHABLE Quink**, an ink that washes away without trace if accidentally spilled.

Get 2 oz. bottle for only 15¢ from any store selling ink. Or mail your name on a postal for Introductory Bottle FREE. No obligation. No follow-up. Offer good only in U.S.A.

Address Chief Chemist Sayler,
Parker Pen, Dept. L7, Janesville, Wis.

VOX POP

OFFERS WAR AIMS FOR FREE PEOPLE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In defining the war aims of the various nations, we must not rely too much on the words "democracy" and "totalitarianism." They cannot properly present the issues at stake, because they bear reference only to the skeletal framework of government and are meaningless until clothed with the flesh and blood of personalities who give it life.

We believe that England is fighting in the cause of the man of good will, the man whose life finds a lodestone in service to others rather than to himself. Such a man believes in freedom of speech because by permitting every one to express opinions greater wisdom is achieved.

He believes in freedom of action because by freedom of action more good is accomplished. He believes in freedom of ownership and possession because he is convinced of the inherent impulse of the human race to own and use in the common welfare.

Our war aim must be to exalt the man of good will and restrain him whose only aim is his own enrichment.—*W. S. Maxwell.*

FREE ARMY-NAVY MAIL TO PARENTS AND GIRLS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As a senior parent who suffered administrative or departmental inefficiency during the World War—through which period both of my sons served (one Navy—one Ordnance) and both abroad, I suggest that all draftees and regular force—Air, Army, and Navy—mail be passed or franked to parents, guardians, and the girls left behind.—*N. E. C.*

ALIEN LOYALTY WORK CARD PLAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As an alien making my living here, I urge issuing alien working cards at five dollars yearly.—*Johan Frederick.*

IMMIGRANT'S CREED AS ADOPTED SON

BOSTON, MASS.—On the eve of his becoming an American citizen, Abraham Sussman of Philadelphia pays his tribute to this blessed country of ours. To quote a few lines:

"Flag of the States—banner of the Republic—emblem of democracy—symbol of the world to be—I salute you! I have a confession to make—a confession and a declaration.

"Listen! I have dreamed of you in my little Galician frontier town; I have dreamed of you under the flag of a dying monarch; I have dreamed of you in the cellar where I was born, under the burden of poverty, under the fear of progroms.

"I came to your shores not as a soldier of fortune but as your knight-errant—to defend you, my protector, to share your lofty aspirations and your human ambitions. I came to be your adopted son."—*Dr. Samuel Berstein.*

SHOULD PACK 'EM IN WITH SUCH DOINGS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Among the current theater marquees in downtown Los Angeles are:

MAISIE WAS A LADY—ALSO VIRGINIA.

ADAM HAD FOUR SONS—DR. KILDARE'S CRISIS.

COME LIVE WITH ME—SHE COULDN'T SAY NO.

THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER—THE BAD MAN.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE—GONE WITH THE WIND.

—*Ruth E. Ferguson.*

WE REGRET

Liberty regrets the publication of certain derogatory statements concerning the late Prince Alexis Mdivani and the members of his family which appeared in an article entitled I Knew Them When They Laughed, by Miss Elsa Maxwell, which appeared in our issue of February 15. Liberty wishes to disassociate itself from these remarks, which it is assured are not founded on fact.

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MAIL
82
A. SMITH
VICE
PRESIDENT

"Psst, Bud! Take these out and get a Talon fastener!"

POOR MISTER SMITH! He's been *in conference* all afternoon with a faulty slide fastener!

When he bought that suit last Fall he thought all 22 brands of slide fasteners were alike...

But here are some mighty important differences that Mister Smith didn't know about...

...He didn't know about Talon, Inc.'s 40 years of *experience* making over 500 million Talon slide fasteners!

...He didn't know about the *special* coining (forging) process that gives the slider in a Talon trouser fastener its great strength.

...He didn't know about the *37 different inspections* that every single Talon fastener has to pass while it is being made.

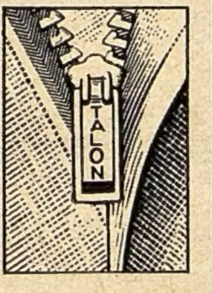
No, he didn't know about these differences!

Yet they all add up to *dependable*, trouble-free service...the big reason why men want Talon slide fasteners over any other brand by the tremendous majority of *more than 70 to 1!**

EXCLUSIVE IMPROVEMENT! Talon, Inc. has developed a slide fastener especially to meet wash slack problems. It does not iron-rust—stands up under the toughest washings and pressings!

OLD-FASHIONED. The five clumsy pants closings sometimes caused offensive gaps and bulges.

NEW-FASHIONED. The Talon trouser fastener—trim . . . convenient . . . top-locking for security.



ALWAYS look for the trademark "Talon" on the slide fasteners in *everything* you purchase.

"TALON"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

the dependable slide fastener

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

* *Based on the thousands expressing a preference in surveys by 43 leading stores*

DIRECT LINE
to engine pep!
P E N N Z O I L
BE OIL WISE!

LISTEN IN ON THIS!

Stubborn oil impurities that cause sludge and varnish resist most refining methods. PennZoil's 3 extra steps make it cleaner, tougher, safer.

THESE 3
EXTRA STEPS
MAKE PENNZOIL
OTHERS STOP HERE
REFINING OF PLAIN OILS ENDS HERE

"Z" man DIRECTORY SERVICE

For the location of your dealer, just call the number listed under PENNZOIL in your phone book!

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Sound your "Z" for this top PENN SYLVANIA OIL

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

HERE'S THE PERFECT TENNIS PARTNER!

● No other *ball can be made* like the Pennsylvania Championship Ball—so no other ball can play and last like it! Exact in uniformity of balance, bounce and flight. This year it has extra-latexed seams, guaranteed not to crack. Play the ball with the monogram "P"!

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO.
General Offices: Jeannette, Penna.

P
APP. U.S.L.T.A.
APPROVED BY U.S.L.T.A.
PRESSURE PACK
PENNSYLVANIA
TENNIS BALLS

PENNSYLVANIA Championship Tennis Balls

WELL, WE'LL BE DOGGONED!

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—It is utterly incredible, in an age of writers and editors who have done more than a fair share to make dogs more important than people, that any one, anywhere, should take umbrage at a proposition of horoscopes for dogs. (April 19 Back Page.)

Oculists now fit dogs with glasses, dentists fill dogs' teeth; tailors make clothes for dogs; jewelers decorate their trappings with rare and costly gems. Bonbons and perfumes are manufactured specially for dogs and by special formulas. Dogs have their own stationery, including letterheads. Ask Charles B. Driscoll how important dogs are.

Dogs' traffic rights supersede the rights of human beings, as was decided in a magistrate's court, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, May 6, 1940.

Dogs have public "rest rooms" at filling stations, notably in Danbury, Connecticut. News item, 1937.

In New York City, April 16, 1937, the court deemed it justifiable homicide when one man murdered another for kicking a dog.

Dogs everywhere have immunity in interference with persons performing their duty. Postmen, deliverymen, and messengers, when at work, have no redress when bitten by dogs. A volume would be required to cite the cases.

Dogs are the legatees of estates and pay inheritance taxes. Inheritance tax paid by a dog in Sacramento, California, in 1939, was $545.04. In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, recently a lady inherited $9,789.50 from a dog.

In Freehold, New Jersey, a dog was awarded $50 damages for loss of hearing.

In Coral Gables, Florida, September 13, 1937, it was determined that a German police dog was within his rights in "playfully" drowning Mrs. Louise Jones in the Tamiami Canal and that the dog should not be killed.

In Yorkville Court, New York City, Magistrate Curran, November 17, 1939, declared, "The noblest work of nature, regardless of color, is the mutt."

In Florida, a short time ago, a dog was given a college degree, and in Camp Barkeley, Texas, on April 10, 1941, Mike, a St. Bernard, died just twenty-four hours before he was to be made a sergeant.

A columnist (February 22, 1941) invites our admiration for "a noted specialist who left a human patient to his assistants" while he gave medical attention to a little dog. Says Mr. Columnist, "It was a fine case of big-heartedness."

And L. G. P. waxes indignant over horoscopes for dogs! And, by inference, so does Liberty. Where have you been all these years? Yours for more and bigger dogs—*Leland Lovelace.*

SCIOLIST TENDENCY

MOBILE, ALA.—When one reads between the lines of the vox pops by C. S. Brant (April 26 Liberty) and Marguerite Hamlett (May 3) one senses a strong tendency toward sciolism.

Mrs. Hamlett says that she can find no objection to the quotation from Dr. Rugg's book (March 8 Liberty), "Treat the War for Independence essentially as an economic struggle between ruling classes of England and the colonies."

His insinuations are partly correct; but I will suggest that she read Thomas Paine's writings for enlightenment, for it was he who kindled the fire of independence in the colonies, and if it hadn't been for Paine and Washington, she would not be allowed to express her opinion in Liberty as she has, or enjoy the economic wealth that is hers. These are just two of the blessings she can lay to Paine and Washington's economic struggle.—*Charles Whitney.*

CHAMPIONS MRS. F. D. R.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The article What is the Matter with Women? by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, appearing in May 3 Liberty, is timely.

In foreign countries women are relegated to the background. Here, in the home of the brave and the land of the free, women enjoy equal privileges. Mrs. Roosevelt is the champion of womanhood and typifies the American woman of today.—*Jessie R. Henderson.*

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST

HERE'S a semihistorical panorama of the early days of radio from crystal sets—date 1919 B. S. (Before Swing)—to the first coast-to-coast hook-up. On the way, it pauses to show the first air-cast championship fight, the Willard-Dempsey set-to that Fourth of July afternoon in 1919, using the authentic celluloid shot at the Toledo ringside. The story? There's Alice Faye as Vicki Adams of the cabarets, there's John Payne as the ex-war ace who gets the idea that the radio toy of his fat buddy, done by Jack Oakie, can be developed commercially. Then there's Cesar Romero who plays a millionaire who puts up the money for the

(*Continued on page 62*)

"They're high on our list of favorite dinner meats"

says **MRS. ELMER LAYDEN**
wife of the famous football coach

Always on the look-out for something new for dinner, Mrs. Layden was immediately enthusiastic about these new dinner-size frankfurts. "I didn't know *large* frankfurts *could* be so tender and juicy," she says. "Why, they actually cut with a fork!" We think you'll like Mrs. Layden's suggestion for a satisfying, *different* meal: Arrange hot Swift's Premium Frankfurts on a platter with baked tomatoes filled with creamed macaroni. Accompany with a green vegetable and ginger pear salad. (Simmer frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately.)

SWIFT'S PREMIUM
Tender **FRANKFURTS**
IN THE NEW LARGER *"dinner" size*

Made of fine meats—skillfully seasoned

After all, the meats inside *make* the frankfurt. Swift's Premium are made from juicy cuts of choice beef and pork, spiced according to a special Swift recipe.

Skins "tendered" in pineapple juice

Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains but the skins *couldn't* be more delicately tender and still retain the rich, savory meat juices. This new method (patent pending) is exclusive with Swift & Company.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires

In the aromatic smoke of real hardwood fires the tender juicy links are "done to a turn" . . . emerge a tempting ruddy brown, lusciously flavored . . . "fit for a king!"

In 2 sizes . . . Swift's Premium Seal on every fourth link

NEW DINNER SIZE
STANDARD SIZE

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

"What! you use diamonds in making telephone wire?"

Precious stones are an economy in Western Electric manufacture

You telephone over wires which were drawn through diamonds ranging from one-third carat to two carats.

Copper wire is pulled through a hole in the diamond at a speed of 120 miles an hour! The wire starts larger than the hole and, passing through diamonds with successively smaller holes, is pulled down to the required size.

About 20,000 miles of wire can be drawn through a diamond die before the stone must be repolished; about 200 miles could be drawn through a die using the next best material.

Machines like this, attaining new speeds in wire drawing, are designed, made, and operated by Western Electric in its capacity as manufacturer for the Bell System.

Their speed has special importance now in rushing wire for national defense.

. . . helping to keep down your telephone cost.

Making wire and thousands of items of telephone apparatus, Western Electric constantly finds ways to reduce cost and improve the product.

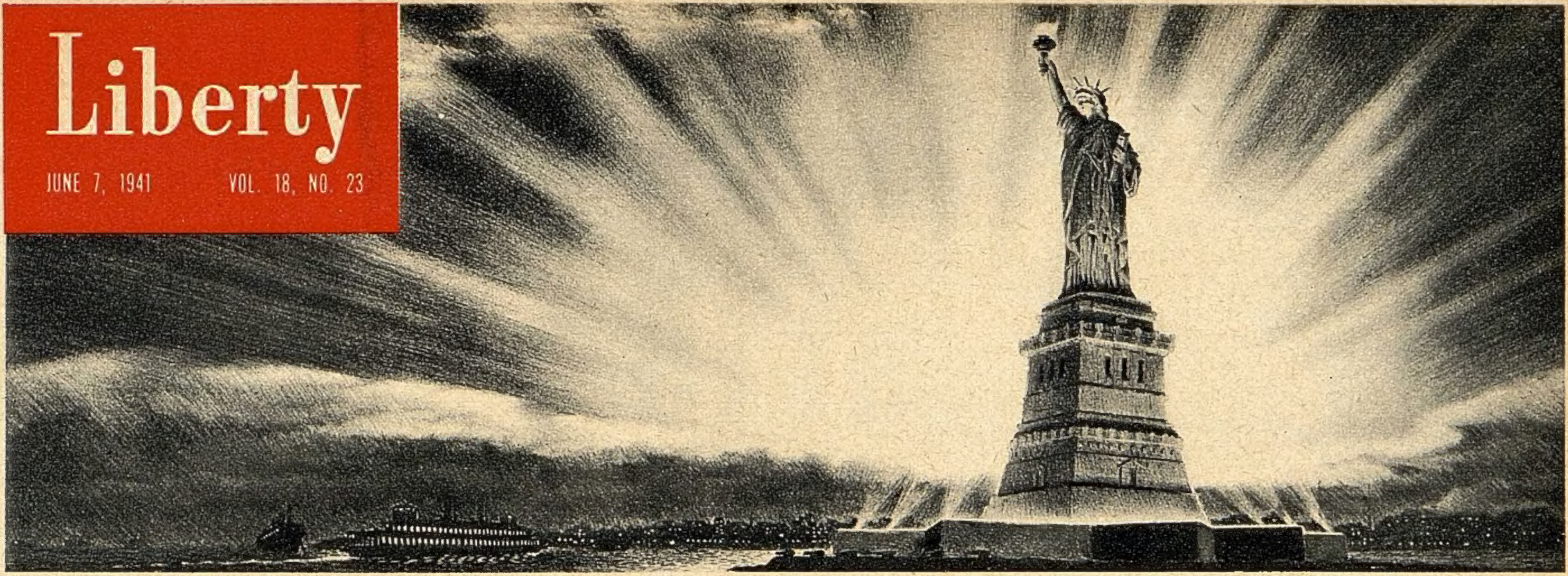
Western Electric

. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

JUNE 7, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 23



WHY NOT?

At a recent meeting in Indianapolis the National Executive Committee of the American Legion passed a resolution calling upon the President to give to the people a complete picture of the national emergency confronting the United States.

Today events are moving with breath-taking swiftness. By the time these words are before your eyes the President may already have informed the country of the true nature of the crisis. Whether Mr. Roosevelt has thus taken the people into his confidence or not, Liberty desires respectfully to offer a suggestion to the President and to the Secretaries of War and the Navy, a proposal offered in the interest of national unity.

Why not one great American family get-together on this coming Independence Day? Why should not all of us, soldiers and civilians alike, sit at table together and talk things over?

Obviously President Roosevelt cannot invite one hundred and thirty millions of Americans to the White House for a meal.

But he could, if he thought well of the idea, do something very much like it, and perhaps very much better.

On this one hundred and sixty-fifth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, let the President, or Secretaries Knox and Stimson, invite all the men, women, and children of the United States to sit down—*to a soldier's meal!*

Serve such a dinner at the White House, Mr. President—your menu from camp or battleship.

Ask the governors of the forty-eight states to follow your example.

The dining room of every American family would, for this one glorious Fourth of July, become a mess hall. Hotels and restaurants everywhere would surely co-operate.

The time of serving would vary with the divisions of time across the continent. On the Eastern seaboard perhaps we could all sit down at noon; the rest of the country could be scheduled in sequence so that noon would be the starting time for all. There would be a radio in every dining room. A bugler would begin by sounding the mess call. Army and navy bands would play the dinner music.

And finally, Mr. President, you or your Secretaries of the Navy and War could come to the microphone and talk to your fellow citizens. They have shown for you a trust and affection enough to stagger and sober any man. They look to you for the truth. They can take it, too!

Today they are confused and bewildered, these fellow Americans of yours, who broke their sternest tradition to give you a third term in the White House.

Their sons are in camps. Their taxes are already burdensomely high and are certain to grow much higher. You are asking them, if not for blood, certainly for sweat and toil and tears. They have a right to know why you, as the head of the American family, feel they should go so far, and do so much, when so many have been telling them it is not only unnecessary but unwise to do anything.

That is why Liberty suggests the greatest family reunion ever held—the greatest dinner party in all history. What a symbol of unity that would be! What an object lesson to Europe!

Let us break bread together. Let us hear from your own lips, on an historic occasion, the whole truth, however dismaying it may be. Then we shall rise and thank you, sir. And when, thus standing, we one hundred and thirty millions of Americans sing our national anthem and yours, you will know, and the whole world will know it with you, that the Star-Spangled Banner still waves not only over the land of the free but also the home of the brave.

On second thought—perhaps we should not wait for the Fourth of July.

Why not do it now?

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READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Hitler at the Panama Canal

HITLER and I were discussing the foreign organization of the Nazi Party with reference particularly to South America. He told me that if he could dominate the Panama Canal he would never have to fear America.

"The United States government will be too dumb to take over the South American nations," said Hitler.

It was then that I realized for the first time that Hitler didn't just want to liberate Germany but wanted to control the world, and that he intended to use the Germans living in South America as his jumping-off base against the United States. And if you don't think he is already at work at the Panama Canal, then he is right about you Americans being too dumb to realize what is happening.

In 1937 the publishing house of Goldmann in Leipzig, Germany, brought out a book entitled The Welsers Land in Venezuela. In this book Hitler's propaganda machine reminded the German people that Venezuela was "the first German colony." The book laid claim to this vast and rich territory on the basis of the activities of the Augsburg trading house of Welser some centuries ago.

In the fall of 1938 the Henlein Press in German-conquered Sudetenland published a so-called Program of the Future which bluntly declared that Brazil and Venezuela were overseas areas indispensable to the existence of the German Reich. Reference to the former activities of the Welsers was not overlooked in this Program. Brazil, it was pointed out, is a country larger than the United States, and has riches and raw materials which would make Greater Germany the mightiest economic power on earth.

On June 14, 1940, the Berlin radio broadcast a speech which described Uruguay and Venezuela as countries "unable to govern themselves." This time the strategic angle was brought distinctly into the foreground: Venezuela is a big base, situated within the projected Caribbean bulwark, which dominates the Panama Canal; Uruguay, because of its strategic position at the mouth of the Plata River, dominates the economic and political life of Argentina.

With things as they are, Venezuela is the more important to Hitler because of the possibility of checking from there the strong army, navy, and air forces of the United States. It is upon Venezuela, therefore, that he concentrates his greater political efforts, using the same old technique of propaganda and terrorism.

Hitler told me that he has a filing-card-index system which lists every key man in every South American country sympathetic to the Nazi cause. Each card tells exactly what the man can do, what his connections are, how well he is entrenched among his unsuspecting neighbors, and what he is expected to do when Hitler gives the word.

"Strasser," said Hitler, "for money and prestige I can buy all the key men I need, men in those South American nations who hold commanding places in the army, naval, and air forces. This is the *only* way to fight America—to dominate the South American countries and Mexico."

I know for a fact that since 1926 the foreign (Auslands) branch of the Nazi Party has been organized in the Western Hemisphere. Its members are constantly preparing for internal strife with eventual revolution to place the countries they infest under the Nazi wing.

During the first few years of the Hitler regime the Party elements did not succeed in influencing strongly the German colony in Venezuela. This colony, consisting of about 1,000 people, might not seem to be a menace to a total population of 3,500,000 were it not for its strong economic position. It was this very position which made infiltration by the revolutionary and lower-middle-class elements of the Nazi Party difficult; until the middle of 1936 only eighty-six people belonged to the Party as active members. However, the aggressive propaganda of the Nazi Party, with a Brown House of its own, its own newspaper, etc., was so disagreeably felt that the government of Venezuela passed a law forbidding all aliens to indulge in any political activity.

But the Nazis, despite this law, are continuing their work and are growing more dangerous by the minute.

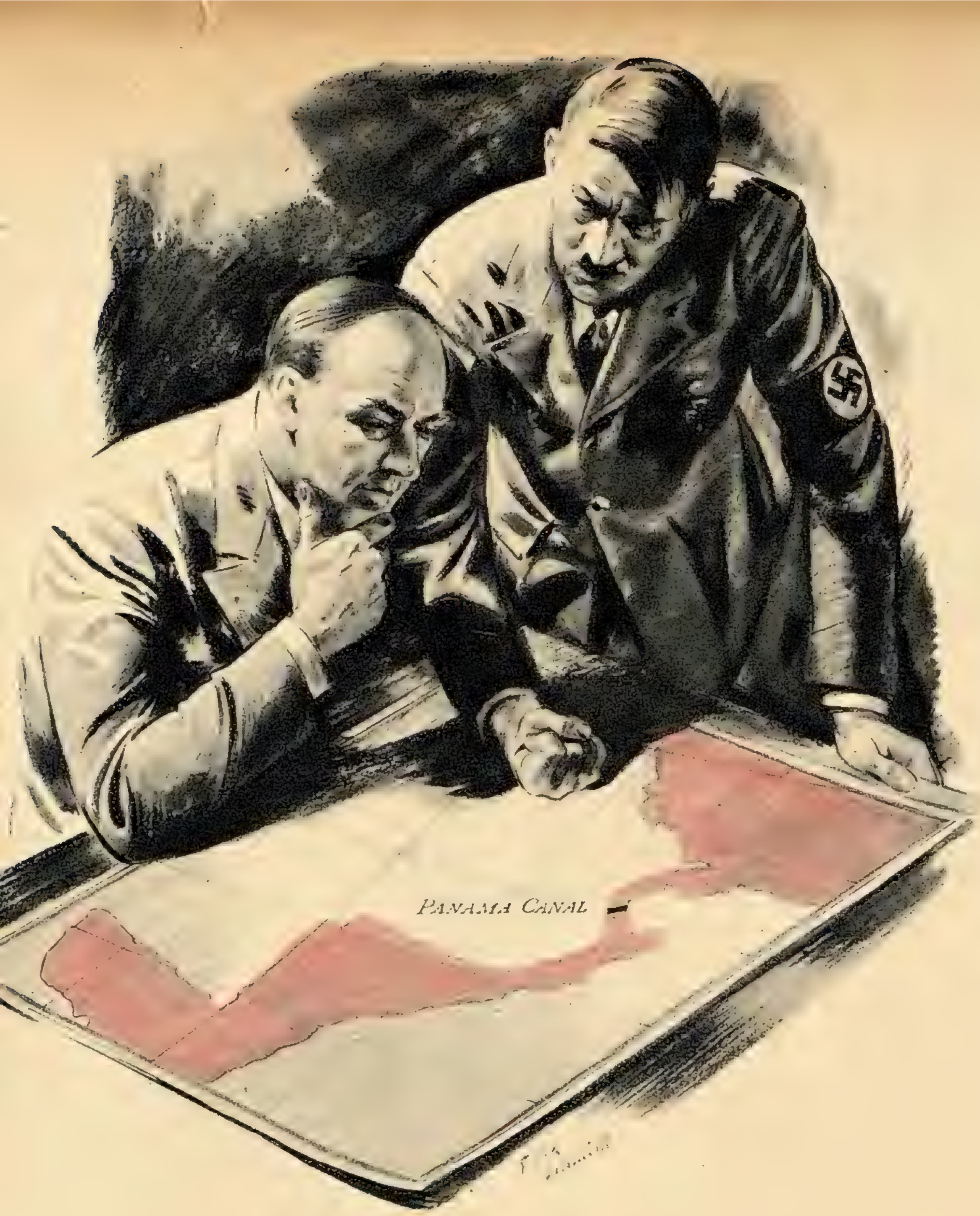
At the time when Venezuela passed the law Berlin was definitely preparing for the great war and was already taking the Western Hemisphere into account. Consequently the Nazi activities in Venezuela were completely reorganized. Here, as in other countries, the Hitler regime disguised its most dangerous agents as diplomatic and consular officials, thereby making them untouchable.

The German Minister in Venezuela, Eric Poensgen, a member of a renowned industrial family and a famous economic expert himself, serves only as an innocent façade. Behind him hide Secretary of the Legation Ramelow and Commercial Attaché Hesse, the Gestapo chiefs in Venezuela. Hesse's most important henchman was the notorious Gestapo agent, Dr. Hans Wesemann, who won international "fame" by the abduction of the renowned writer, Berthold Jacob, from Switzerland. Through a sensational trial at which Wesemann was charged with kidnaping, the world learned for the first time of the practices of the German Gestapo. In former cases these practices had been successfully veiled by the official lies of Berlin.

Even though Dr. Wesemann was sentenced by the Swiss court to several years of hard labor, he reappeared barely a year later as the right-hand man of Commercial Attaché Hesse in Venezuela and organized the Gestapo there. Because of his trial and the publicity it gave his name, the Nazi government at least dared not entrust this convicted criminal with an official mission. But those tactics could be used for the two subchiefs of the Gestapo in Venezuela, Herr Rahnert and Herr Hartwig von Jess, who were appointed German consuls in Caracas and Maracaibo, respectively. This diplomatic status gave them immunity in their Gestapo activities.

By this time you must have realized that, so far as the Nazis are concerned, the Venezuelan law is just words written down which mean nothing to them.

"For several hundred years we Germans have been living in Venezuela, Costa Rica, Colombia, Guatemala. These, my people, will be my outposts for a Greater Germany. I am going to organize them, make them powerful, supply them with arms, and most of all we must pre-



Grim warning: A famous ex-Nazi leader reveals startling news for the U. S. A.

BY DR. OTTO STRASSER

dominate in the air. We must make these countries dependent on us economically, politically. And we must do all this from within the countries themselves."

That is exactly what Hitler told me, and he has gone about doing it with almost unbelievable speed and accuracy and with hardly any hindrance. See how much he has already accomplished:

As a result of the Nazi diplomatic immunity in Venezuela, the Party could carry through its reorganization in camouflaged form. A German " Sport Verein of 1926 " was now coordinated with the German Embassy. A special chapter under the name of Department for Culture and Sociability was added to include the official Party members. As a matter of course, a special Party Tribunal was created, of which Herr Gathmann is in charge. At the same time, nonpartisans were induced to join the newly founded German Labor Front, supposedly nonpolitical. Likewise, youngsters were to join the Hitler Youth or, when older, the Youth of the Sport Verein, all part of the Culture Department.

The special attention of Commercial Attaché Hesse and his chief of staff Wesemann was directed toward the foundation and promotion of the Sport Verein, which in reality meant the organization of illegal SA and SS formations. The organization was led by Herr Heinisch, supposedly a physical culture instructor, who also works closely with the Labor Front and the Hitler Youth.

Besides, Hitler has in Venezuela, as everywhere else, these sister organizations: Joy through Strength, of which Party member Kuhn is in charge; the Winter Community Chest, under the leadership of Party member Sittel; the German Womanhood, led by that Hitlerian Valkyrie, Sandmann; the German Relief Organization, with Herr Hafermalz in charge; and the German Club, under Herr Heinz Blohm. The last two are the wells into which well-to-do merchants of the German colony are constrained to pour their financial sacrifices for the sake of the Party—a procedure comparable to the methods of gangsters who extort from the business men of a city.

With the above organizations as fundamentals, the Nazi Party started a monstrous propaganda campaign in the beginning of 1940. It directed its influence mainly toward the political circles of Venezuela, toward penetration of the entire public life of the country. Its principal weapons in this campaign were movies from the Reich, organized propaganda shipments from Portugal and Spain, a flow of information bulletins in Spanish, as well as the regular publications in German and the native language. Particularly effective was the coupling of business advertisements in the daily press with political information.

The creation of a special (export) mark in 1936 had immensely increased the sale of German goods in Venezuela and also guaranteed a big margin of profit to the Venezuelan exporters of coffee and cocoa. You can get an idea of this effective combination of business and politics if you realize that the local head of the Casa Beyer (a part of the powerful German chemical trust, I. G. Farben), Mr. Margerie, is also the head of the Nazi Party in Venezuela.

In addition to all this, Dr. Hans Wesemann has become the head of the Gestapo in Nicaragua, on the other side of the Panama Canal. I know only too well that he is using the same tactics there which the Nazi Party has been using in other Central and South American countries, such as Colombia, Guatemala, Argentina. Gestapo threats, forced financial contributions, fear of injury to relatives in the homeland—all these and more are Hitler's weapons.

He has been forming German Storm Troopers in every South American country, supplying them with arms, with money, with everything. He has his secret service men organizing seamen stationed at all ports so as to prevent them from sailing on Allied or American boats.

What he told me about buying key men in all the important countries has been borne out by such traitors as Quisling and Laval. That is how he expects to conquer South America, and he has his air lines spanning all of these countries. Americans don't seem to realize that his planes now take off from Italy, go to Dakar, and then go on to South America.

I know that once he controls South America, he intends to offer the United States a peace in which he would give Canada to America and he would keep all of Europe.

THE END

READING TIME ● 36 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Sure, Money Talks But—!

THAT night it was spring and I was rich. I had two dollars. I shouldn't have called Candy; because it was spring. "Candy," I said, "tonight we will have dinner and then we can walk in the park. There will be a moon." And she said, "Oh, grand! But can we afford to?"

"We can't afford not to," I said.

At six o'clock I met her, on the corner of Sixth Avenue, and I walked up slowly because she was waiting and I could look at her.

She was really very small, Candy. Small and brown, with great serious eyes, and hair that glinted clean and clear-spun, fresh, and you could have thought, Here is just a girl who is tiny-cute. And then you would have seen her mouth and chin, and the firmness there, and you would have thought, Here is a girl who thinks things out and does things; and you would have been right.

"Good evening, Duchess," I said. "It was such a grand evening that I told Jeffers he could take the car. I thought we could walk. Do you think we can?" And she tucked one arm through mine and around it, very close, and walked in long swinging lazy strides, looking up at me.

"I think we can," she said, "like this." And we walked a whole block with my eyes down to hers and my hand over her arm. "Hello, Tack," she said up to me, very soft, and I said, "Hello, Candy," and it was swell. It was the way it had been for a year almost.

Four blocks over and a few up, and there was the place. One of those spots that faces on a street they are trying to promote, with cheap awnings and phony doorman, and runs through to a street they haven't cleaned up yet. A street where the rents are down and the kids play, swarming. Dinner fifty cents, drip candles, a little brass, tired waitresses.

Our table was far back in a dim corner, and, as we pushed the heavy curtains back, there was the moon, glowing up over a tall building.

"See," I said; and Candy saw, and her nose wrinkled just a little bit, the way it would, and her eyes were bigger even. "He's ours," she said; and I said, "That's right."

And he glowed up higher and brighter, and they brought food, and people went out, and we just kept looking at our moon, sort of, and smelling the spring through the open window. Spring with pushcart yells, and swarms of kids, most hundreds of them, and bouncing balls and the damp cement. But spring just the same.

And after a while our eyes just seemed to catch and hang together, and I was saying it. I hadn't meant to say it. Not ever, maybe. But I did.

"I love you, Candy," I said, and she said, "I love you, Tack." And the room could have fallen down and the lights gone out and still we could have seen. We knew.

And I let it stay that way for minutes, lost in it, until there was that look in her eyes, that question that she couldn't keep away, that I had known would be there, and it brought me back. It brought me up sharp, and I shook my head to clear it. "Candy," I said, "I've got to tell you something." And she said, "Yes, Tack," waiting. Just waiting.

How can you tell those things? You plan, you have the words, and then the moment's there, your careful thoughts are gone, all gone, and you're groping—frantically.

"Candy," I began, and she didn't help me. "Candy, for a year we've been together, done things, and had fun. Grand fun. And now—now it's happened to us, and I've got to be fair. I've got to tell you how I feel."

She just kept watching me. I dove.

"We can't get married, Candy," I said. I didn't look at her. Coward.

"Why not?" she said very softly. "I thought that would be fun, too."

My eyes came up to hers—quick. "It would," I said. "If things were right it would be marvelous. But—" and I was searching for words, clutching for them. Then, through the window, were the sounds of the kids playing in the street—shrill, screaming, excited cries—and the dim lights of cars edging carefully through the ball games, and glimpses of stockings down over thin ankles, of dirty knees, and stringy hair brushed hurriedly aside. "Look, Candy," I said. "You see those kids out there?" She nodded, watching them.

"I was out there once," I said, the words coming now, slow, "in one of those brick rattletraps that haven't changed a bit—just gotten dingier. Eleven of us, there were. We had two rooms. It was hot in summer. Stifling, beating down heat, so that you cried. And in the winter—cold—numbing, creeping cold. And you didn't care. About anything. Here we tried it, and in Chicago, and then in the country. Four years in the country. But not the kind of country you think of. The poor country, where there wasn't a crop, and there

Romance! The stirring story of how a young man learned about love and the girl he left behind him

by

NEWLIN B. WILDES

weren't clothes, nor food—not of a sort that made you grow."

Her eyes were on mine, watching, waiting, reading. I shifted.

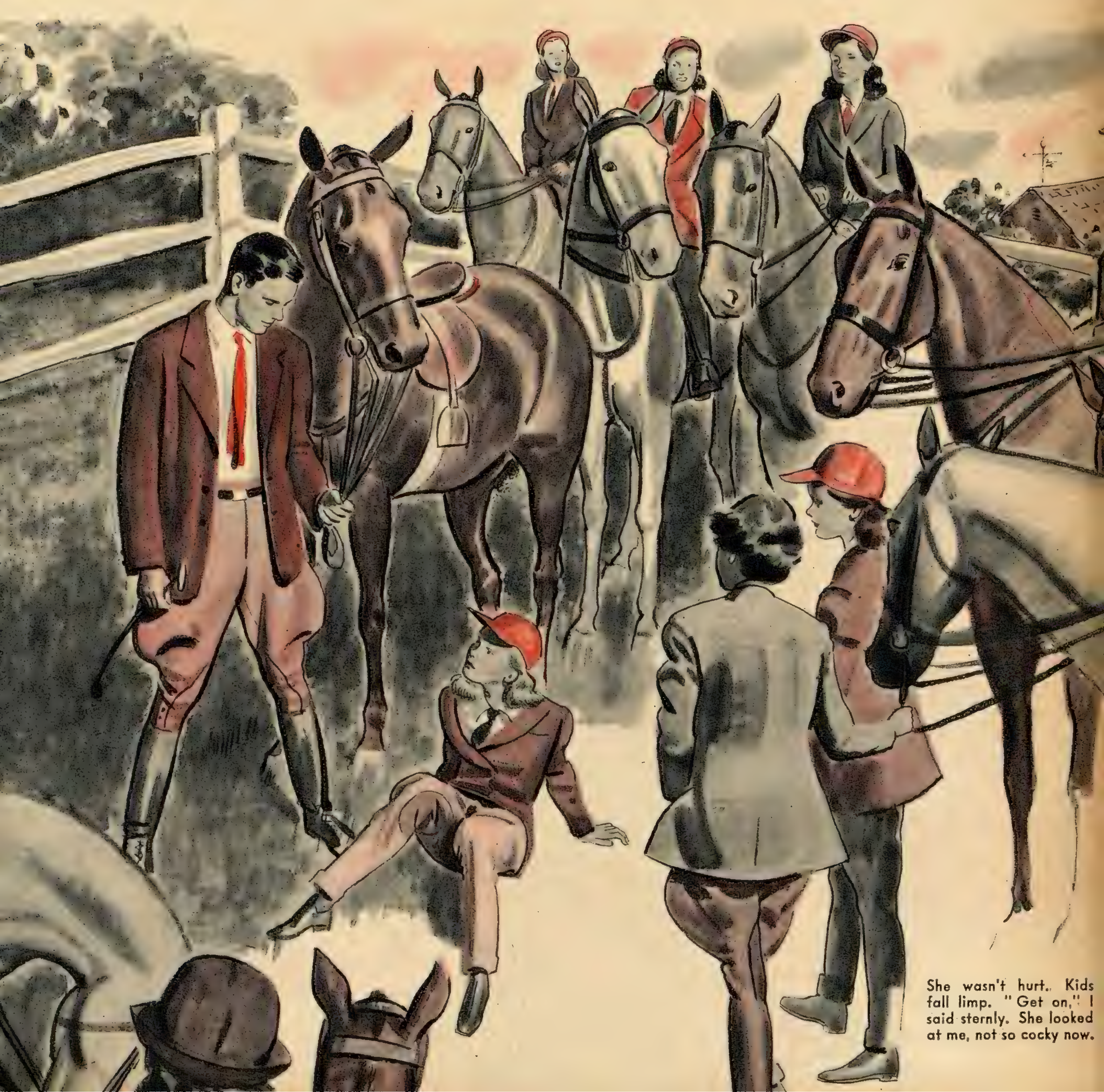
"I was eighteen," I said, "before I had a bit of clothes that were new. I was the youngest. Hand-me-downs. Patched. Worn. And ma—she never had anything. Not that I remember. All she had, ever, and pa too, was scrape and worry and get bent and tired and move on. Always so tired, she was. I can remember."

"Was she happy?" Candy said, very quiet. I looked at her, amazed.

"Happy?" I said. "Like that?"

"I just thought she might have been," Candy said.

"Of course she wasn't," I said.



She wasn't hurt. Kids fall limp. "Get on," I said sternly. She looked at me, not so cocky now.

"She couldn't have been." Where was I? Oh, yes. "And so," I said, "I got away. When I was eighteen. I got a job and I got through school, working for my board, and I saved some here and a little there, working summers, nights, and now, by golly, I'm near through law school. Just night law school; nothing swank, but I'm on my way. I'm going, Candy, and I've made a vow. Years ago I made it, and it's gotten stronger and stronger, and it's true."

"What is it?" Candy said.

I didn't stumble here. This much was clear.

"It's this," I said. "That families—kids and getting married—those are for the people who are up there, who can afford it, who are safe and sure, secure. For the others—no. It isn't fair. Not to any of them." And she was looking at me with a queer little expression in her face. I could read it. I'd expected it, half.

"No," I said; "that isn't true, what you're thinking. I'm not just selfish about this. It's simply that it isn't right for any one concerned. Not for you, as it wasn't for my mother, and not, more than anything, for the kids we'd want to have. Kids are for the people who can take care of them, who can give them advantages. And I couldn't do that. Not for a long time."

SHE wasn't looking at me. She was tracing her finger slow over the red squares of the tablecloth, studying it, with a wisp of inward smile. "I thought," she said, very low, "that that would be fun, too, sort of. Working—"

"Fun?" I said. I leaned forward. "Look, Candy. I'm trying to be a lawyer. Struggling at it, because I want to move up. But it'll be years, without drag or influence, before I make any money at it. Real money. What do I do now? I study all I can, and afternoons or evenings I go over to Breen's Riding Stables, by the park, and I take people around, give lessons on commission, like the rest of the boys there. I do it because I can ride, because I'm keen about horses, and because it's the only thing I can get to fit my hours. But it's not a living; it's just makeshift."

"I could work," Candy said. She sold things in a store. A good store.

"No," I said flatly. That was out.

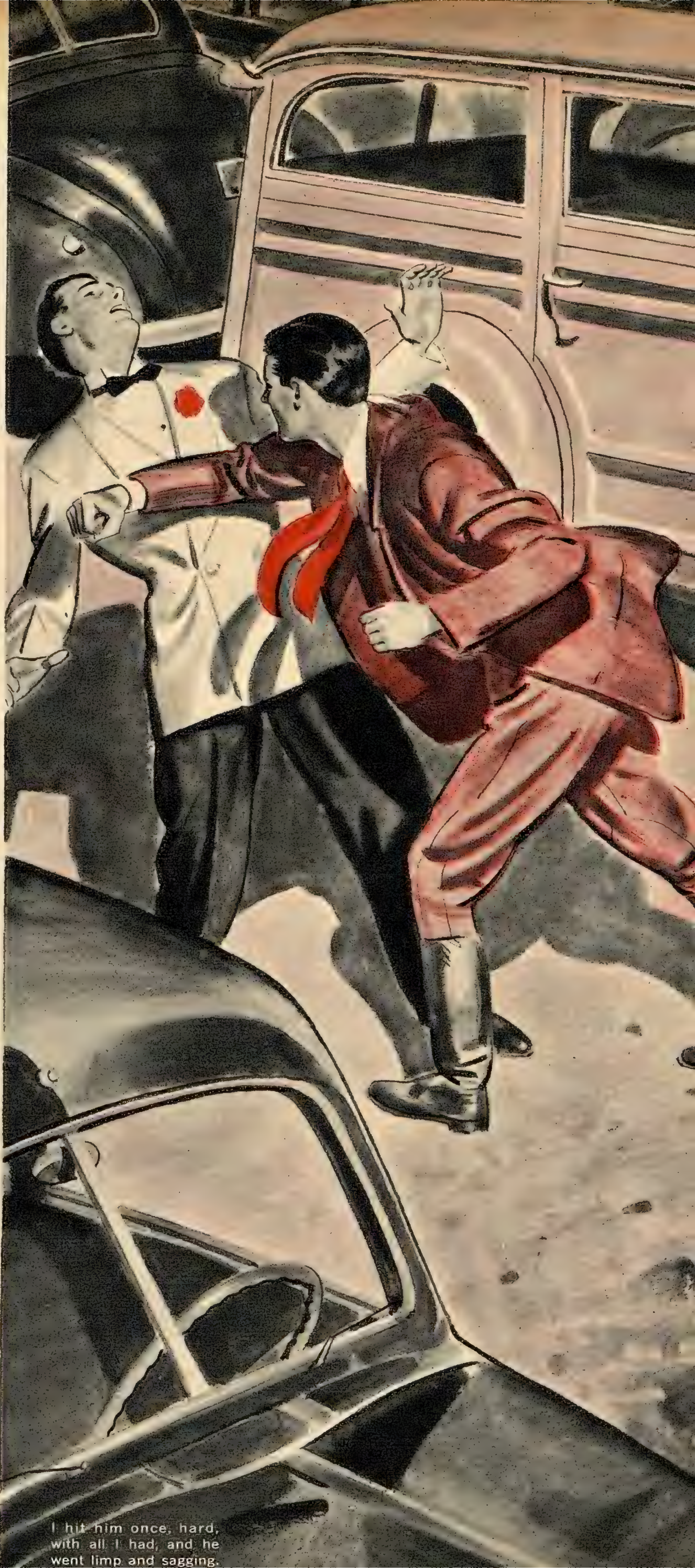
Candy got up. It was a drab and crumpled tearoom now. The spell was gone. We went out. We walked three blocks without a word.

"Movie?" I said finally, and my voice was funny, all different. She looked at me. She was tired.

"No, Tack," she said quietly. "I—I think I'll go home." I took her home, and, at the steps, the ROOM TO LET sign was shadowy ghostly white in the window.

"You're not mad, are you, Candy?" I said.

She shook her head. "No, Tack," she said, but there wasn't any life in the words. "No, I'm not mad. I—I guess I know you too well to be mad.



I hit him once, hard, with all I had, and he went limp and sagging.

I hope I do. But"—and she looked up at me and some of the firmness came back into her mouth and chin—"but you're wrong, Tack. Advantages, satisfactions, those aren't just for people with no money worries. Others can have those, too. I know, Tack. And you'll know too. Sometime. Something willl make you realize it. I'm sure of that. Good night." And she was up the steps and through the door, quickly, silently. I hadn't made her understand. But I was right. That much was sure. I went on up to Breen's.

BREEN'S on the park. About the last of the old riding academies. With a great tanbark ring inside, gallery-circled, and the stables down below, and the smell of horses and leather, and the great dim echo of the place, and old man Breen's little office by the dressing rooms.

"Hurry up and change," he said, seeing me through the door. "Got a lesson for you."

I changed my clothes, sighing. It would be another momma. I knew. There to reduce or because she thought a derby set her off. Well, it was cash. I went out. Breen came limping up. My eyes went wide, involuntarily.

"Miss Dorland, this is Mr. Carew, one of my instructors," and I mumbled through it.

Tall, she was, willowy, and her clothes were right, flared and tight where they should be, the derby bringing out, accenting, the flat white line of her cheeks, the cool set, tailored poise of her eyes—very dark eyes—and there was a way about her of efficiency, authority; but cold, self-possessed. Not like Candy; not warm and friendly.

"How do you do?" she said. We rode. Around the ring. There were several others.

"You've ridden a lot," I said finally, walking after a canter.

"In the summers," she said, a bit more friendly now, "I'm at a camp."

"Oh, yes," I said. You didn't ask questions at Breen's. I was a step ahead and I could feel her watching me.

"I'm assistant to Mrs. Sheldon," she said. "She owns the Nahiti Camps. Probably you've heard of them, in the riding game."

"I'm not in the riding game," I said; "not much of the time."

"I didn't think you were," she said evenly.

We rode out the hour. I gave the horses back to a boy.

"Cigarette?" she said. I looked at Breen. He shook his head; no more customers. "We could sit down in the gallery," she said. I followed along. We found a spot near the rail.

"You can stop me if you want," she said, screened by the blue smoke. "But why this? For you?"

So I told her. About the law, and all.

"And when does the practice start?" she said.

I shrugged. "In the fall, I hope."

"And till then? Through the summer?"

I shrugged again, grinning. She nodded. For a minute, several of them, she didn't look at me, thinking. Then she did look at me—carefully. I could feel the red creeping up my neck. I wasn't on display.

And then she smiled, and it was a different sort of smile. As if I'd passed. As if I were some one, a person. And she wasn't all cold front and business. "I told you," she said, "that I was with the Nahiti Camps. Mrs. Sheldon, who owns them, is getting old. I—well, I am in charge of things, pretty much. She takes my word on matters—usually."

I just watched her, feeling this leading somewhere, not sure just where.

"They're expensive camps," she said. "Children from the best families; girls; every advantage. Riding is important with us. We have forty horses." She put her cigarette out carefully. "Our riding master," she went on, "has just been hurt. I heard today. He can't be with us. It isn't a bad position. It pays well." She looked at me, half questioning.

"Go on," I said; "I'm not insulted."

"I didn't think you would be," she said. "Would you like the job," she said, "if it can be arranged?"

I thought quick. Summer coming; Breen's dead; heat. The woods; the mountains; money for the winter. There were advantages. But leaving Candy? Maybe I ought to leave Candy. Maybe that would be better now.

"Sure," I said.

She got up, gave me that smile.

"It wouldn't all be work," she said. "We do have fun." She put on her coat. "Come down to the hotel tomorrow," she said. "I'll speak to Mrs. Sheldon." She went on out. She knew I was watching her. She was worth watching. Smart. A success.

IT was a nice hotel, quiet, no lobby crowd, and the Dorland girl was at the suite door.

"Come in," she said, all business now. "Mrs. Sheldon, this is Mr. Carew." And I liked the old lady; I liked her right off.

White hair, she had; she must have been near seventy; and the clear-cut features, the way of holding her head, as if once she had made a fight for things and put them over and talked up to people. But she was tired now—you could see it—and she leaned on the girl.

"Oh, yes," she said, and I could tell that the award had been made and she was just pinning on the ribbon. "Katherine—Miss Dorland—told me about you. And you think you could handle the riding for us?"

I told her that I thought I could, and why. She nodded, only half hearing me, I guess.

"I think you'll do," she said finally. "Katherine will talk to you about the details. And we'll see you at camp."

There were a lot of those details, and we sat at a desk side by side, and finally, when I left, she said, "You'll like it there." Her smile was open now; I belonged. "It can be very pleasant." And I had a feeling, walking home, that it could be.

I didn't mention Kay to Candy. What was the sense? I just told her about the job.

"I think it's fine," she said. "Being with the children will be such fun. You'll learn a lot."

"The money won't be bad, either," I said dryly.

Candy and I weren't talking together, close, the way we had. We were standing back and talking at each other—unimportant things—keeping away from that last night. I saw her several times before I left for camp, though.

"Perhaps you'll come up for your vacation," I said.

"Perhaps," she said, smiling. And I was on my way—to what, I wasn't quite sure.

CAMP NAHITI. It was like a lot of others, I suppose, only new to me. Twenty miles back through the hills in the station wagon that met me, and the air was dry and fine, with a lift. And then there was the lake, blue glistening, and, rising from the shore in the pines, rows and rows of little houses. Tiny things.

"Trick bungalows," I said to the boy, and he said, "Yeah. 'Banyas, we call 'em." (I didn't know all summer that there wasn't a *y* in it.) "Fifty of 'em we got. Four girls an' a councilor sleeps in 'em." Two hundred girls! I took a breath. That was a lot of girls—rich girls.

And then we wound through and up to a high plateau, and there were the main buildings, the dining hall, all screens and white birch, and the tennis courts, and over beyond, by a long flat stretch of field, the red barns and the ring, and the gilt-horse weathervanes flying gaily.

"Neat," I thought, and the boy said, "Your 'banya's by the stable, if you wanna leave your bags." And I left my bags. I felt lonely. Camp wouldn't open for two days; no horses had arrived. I wandered round.

Everything was tops. The dozen little sailboats bobbing. The racks on racks of canoes, bright painted, the swimming floats and bobbing lines of cork for safety. "This is the kind of stuff to give your kids," I said. "This is what I meant to Candy. This is living." She'd see. Some day.

And then the rush began. Horses next morning. Forty of them, good gees. I worked with them, sorting them, placing them in my mind, talking to the stableboys, getting set. And Friday the kids came in.

They roared in. From trains, a few, but most in cars, big swanky shiny cars. The councilors were frantic, running round; but through it all, very cool, very calm, shuttling

(*Continued on page 54*)

Why Lindbergh acts that way

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART ONE—PATRIOT OR COPPERHEAD?

THE question why he acts that way, in one form or another, in one language or another, is being asked by millions of friends and enemies, admirers and fearers of Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

It is, in fact, the most often asked question in America, perhaps in the world.

I heard it first, in the almost forgotten days before this war, from the lips of a Kentish man, an inhabitant of the Weald, near Sevenoaks, where the Lindberghs lived out most of the dreary years of their self-imposed exile.

A man of few words he was, like most of his neighbors, and, like them, he had helped to keep secret the comings and goings of the American couple, to cater to the much publicized passion for privacy of the long, thin, silent man who lived in the big L-shaped "hard-to-heat" house of Harold Nicolson, M. P., and novelist Victoria Sackville-West.

The Lindberghs were not overpopular in the Weald. The grim young man was hard to know, his smiling little wife more friendly but almost equally elusive, seldom seen. But the Nicolsons, their friends and landlords, *were* popular—and, to an Englishman, an Englishman's friend is an Englishman's friend.

This man felt somehow that he had been "stabbed in the back" when, almost on the eve of war, the Lindberghs flew to Berlin and the Colonel accepted from the hands of Field Marshal Göring Herr Hitler's medal of honor, and he expressed his hurt in an Americanism which he felt sure I would understand.

"How does he get that way?" he asked.

Before this series of Liberty articles is over, perhaps we shall, by deductive reasoning, find the answer to that curious enigma.

Directly after the Colonel's Boston speech last October, I heard that same question, in the very same words, but with intonations of anger rather than grief, on the lips of an American boy now in uniform. He had just been reading in his newspaper about the draft, which he well knew would jerk him away from the new job which he had been working three long wearing years to land—but he was ready.

He had been reading, too, about the man who had been his childhood hero, the man he used to know as "Lindy," the man whom he and millions of other Americans had delighted to honor. He had been reading about the speech his former idol had made which no less a person than the Attorney General of the United States had characterized as "perfectly calculated to undermine confidence in American leadership" and had said "in its timing and substance . . . served the purpose of those who would weaken the morale of democracy and undermine the spirit of our defense effort."

"Our defense effort"—this American boy's defense effort, to which he was prepared to give a year of his life, perhaps many years, perhaps life itself.

The young man didn't stop to reason that his hero *might* be proving himself even more heroic by daring to battle against the head winds of an already aroused national sentiment. No, the American, like the Englishman, was hurt. He was also not a little bewildered. But, most of all, he was mad.

"How does he get that way?" he asked.

The question in each instance was a natural one but perhaps not a carefully considered one. We might, if we were so inclined, have put it down to what Lindbergh himself describes as "hysterical chatter." But more recently, as events in Europe have seemed to prove the much criticized prophet of evil so right—and also, some of us believe, so wrong—I hear the inquiry in regard to what lies behind Lindbergh's words and actions voiced solemnly, portentously, in quarters not given to "hysterical chatter."

I say that recent events in Europe have proved Lindbergh both right and wrong. In the spirit of a fair investigation, I think we must admit both premises. Otherwise we cannot hope to understand his relation—or ours—to the changed situation which has come into existence since he began his talks.

The flying Colonel's prognostications as to the apparent invincibility of Germany in the air—he has an uncanny way of being right about most air matters!—have been abundantly borne out, not so much by the bombing of British communities, which may or may not have been offset bomb for bomb by the exploits of the R. A. F., as by the Nazis' proved ability to land troops and mechanized equipment by air in faraway spots like the Greek mountain passes and the Libyan Desert.

Yes, Lindbergh was indubitably right in his estimate of Germany's apparent invincibility. But it would be an ostrichlike person indeed who would not admit that he was at least presumptively wrong in saying that this apparent invincibility need cause us no concern.

Anyhow, right or wrong, until this country is definitely in the war or definitely out of it, the doctrine ascribed to Lindbergh—whether erroneous or not—of planning *now* to live in a future dominated by dictatorship is one that we shall hear discussed, perhaps increasingly, in the councils of all types of Americans; and no one can hope to discuss it intelligently without appraising the set-up of facts or aims or influences which leads him to advocate such a doctrine.

Therefore the question, what makes Lindbergh act the way he does, not only is but should be inescapable.

Seldom, however, is it being asked, as it is asked here, in the spirit of impartial inquiry, or with the intention, as is the intention here, of arriving at an impartial answer.

Fear, some wise man or wise woman has said, is an emotional and not an intellectual reaction to a problem, and it is one of the curses of our time that the problem which centers around Charles Lindbergh is being posed—not alone by his opponents but by his friends and by the man himself—in an atmosphere and in the specific terms of fear.

" If we heed Lindbergh's advice we are lost."

" If we do not heed Lindbergh's advice we are lost."

Excusably, certainly—for almost anything is excusable in the present state of the world—and inevitably, perhaps, isolationist and interventionist conspire to make us weep with Walt Whitman:

Must I indeed learn to chant the cold
 dirges of the baffled
And sullen hymns of defeat?

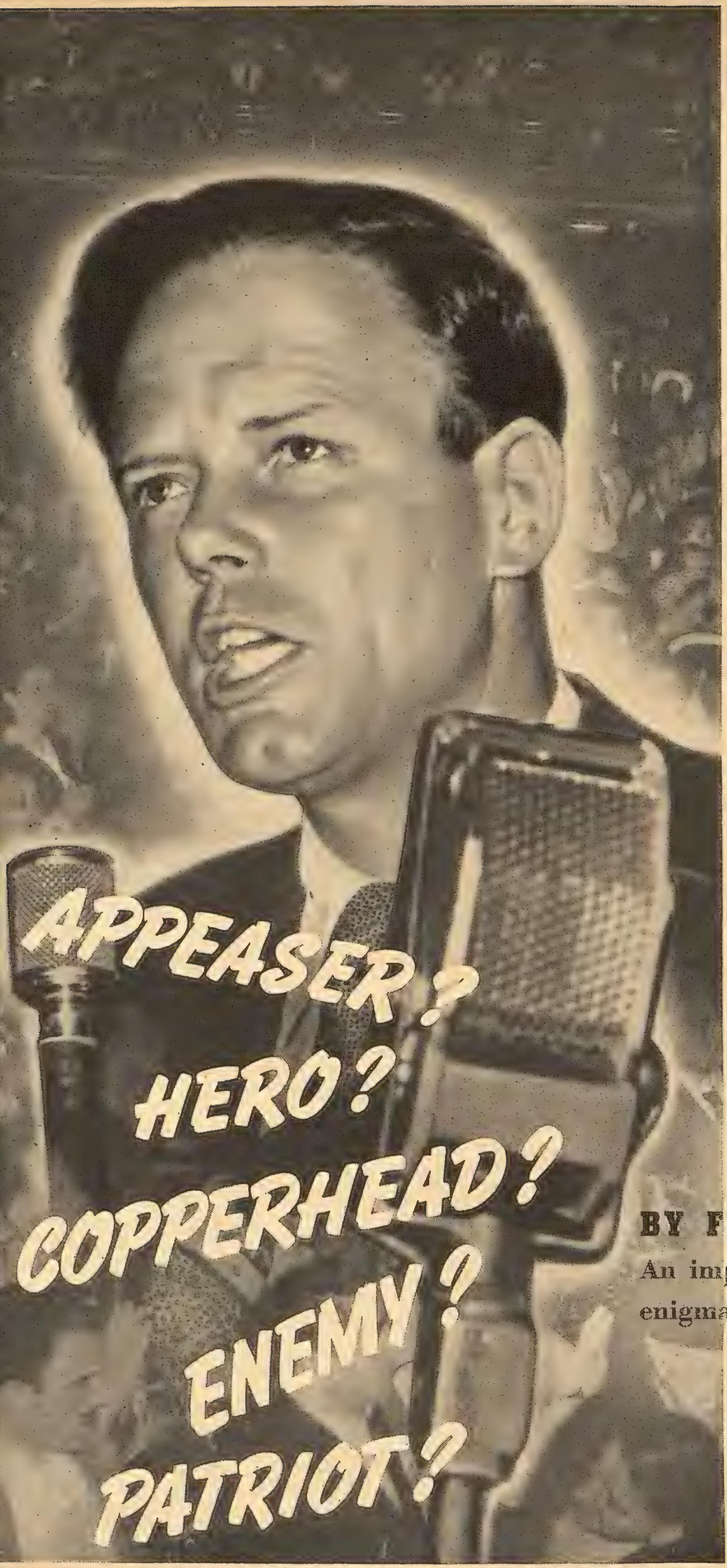
But, while there is still time, may we not consider, with some attempt at sanity and without prejudice for or against a fellow American, a question which may be of final import to millions of *his* fellow Americans who are still climbing, not without hope of the future, the earth's western façade?

Lindbergh's views may not be our views. They certainly are not mine. As a long-time observer of the international scene, I think Lindbergh is wrong, terribly wrong, and that it would be a tragedy for our country and for the world if we followed his leadership in this crisis. But I see no reason to doubt the sincerity of that leadership.

The more deeply we disagree with him, the more willing we should be, I think—so long as we are not actually at war—to grant him not only the presumption of honest convictions but the hallowed American right of expressing those convictions freely, without subjecting himself to the charge of being a Quisling or, as one critic was brash enough to imply, a Benedict Arnold.

It is sometimes difficult to maintain this detached attitude in view of the tendency of certain types of organizations which contrive to turn his meetings into something which " resemble those that Hitler organized in Germany during his rise to power." For example, these reports of his New York meeting, announced

(*Continued on page 46*)



APPEASER? HERO? COPPERHEAD? ENEMY? PATRIOT?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

An impartial observer explores the enigma of our erstwhile No. 1 hero

The Real Purpose of Defense Bonds

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

UNCLE SAM is asking everybody to become a stockholder in the United States government—the biggest business the world has ever seen. You have read about this in the newspapers and on billboards. You have heard about it on the radio. Perhaps you have already bought one of the national defense bonds that were put on sale a few weeks ago in 16,000 post offices and in banks all over the country.

You are being told that the dollars you invest in these new government securities are to pay for the airplanes and rifles and tanks and warships our army and navy require, and that is true as far as it goes. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau expects that $4,500,000,000 worth of defense bonds and savings stamps will be bought in the next twelve months. That is not even a third of the sum the government is committed to spending on armament within the same length of time. The rest of the needed money will be borrowed through banks by the regular subscription sales of the usual government securities.

Now, your government, in which you are an equal partner, whether or not you are a bondholder, could have borrowed *all* that needed sum from the professional financiers more quickly, with less bother and at much less cost, instead of seeking 30 per cent of it from the general public.

The whole truth of the defense-bond issue is that it is not so much a *money-raising* scheme as it is a lid on prices and a cushion under us all against the day that the war boom collapses. Every bond, in the hopes of the government experts, is an insurance policy against inflation now and deflation later. They believe that " National Defense Bond " is a name with a three-way meaning—defense against an external aggressor, defense against extortionate prices for necessities, defense against postwar depression.

Unfortunately, however, there is small apparent belief that the general public is smart enough to understand all this, and so the loan is being sought through the appeal to our patriotism first, and to our somewhat neglected sense of thrift. A lot of folks are being quietly amused at the spectacle of the New Deal preaching thrift and economy, no doubt.

Here, then, in the terms of everyday living of the average American, is the story.

First of all, let it be understood that the bonds are as good as money, maybe better. If you buy an $18.75 bond today and put it away in your tin box, you can turn it in for $25 ten years from now; and if you happen to lose it your investment is still safe, because your ownership of the bond is a matter of record, and the bond itself would be worthless to thief or finder. It is *your* bond. You can get dollar bills for it, plus accrued interest, from any post office at any time. There is no danger of stock-market manipulation, because the bonds are worth what the government says they are. Many persons of limited means had to sell their Liberty Bonds at a loss in the postwar slump of twenty years ago, when the wave of distress selling forced the value down. The bonds were gobbled up by the wealthy, who could afford to wait and who knew that no investment in securities was as sound as a federal bond. Eventually the Liberty Bonds sold at a premium, but by that time a lot of the original owners were on relief.

Let us next briefly review the several kinds of defense investment. You can start with as little as a dime. Savings stamps are being sold in denominations of 10 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents, $1, and $5. When you have pasted up $18.75 worth of stamps, you can—and should—exchange the folder for a $25 bond. It won't be worth $25 until 1951, but it will never be worth less than $18.75 in money to you, and every six months its value will increase by compound interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent. Bonds can be had in denominations up to $1,000.

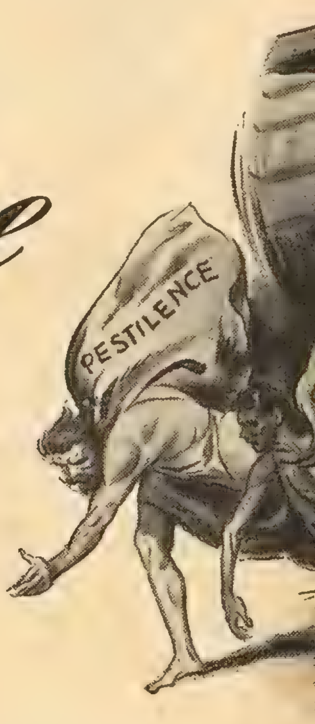
Only individuals can buy the savings stamps and the bonds into which they are expected to be converted because the stamps do not draw interest. And no person may buy more than $5,000 worth in a year. They are designed particularly for the small investor.

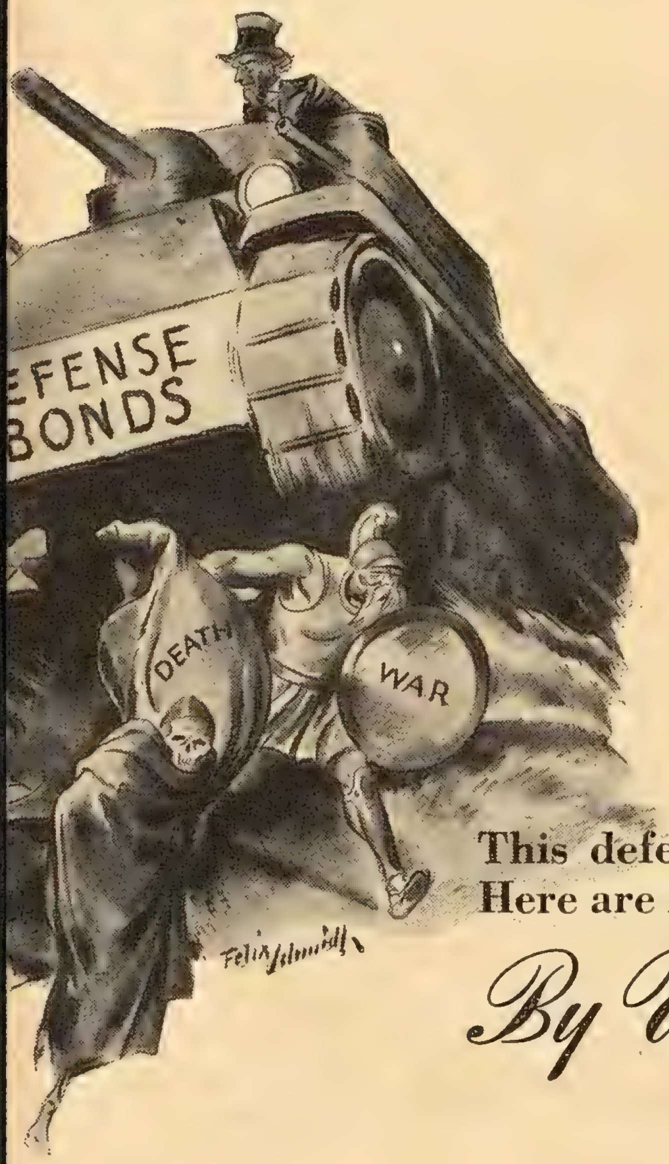
There is a second series of bonds, Series F, sold at 74 per cent of maturity value and redeemable at 100 per cent in twelve years. That means an all-over interest yield of a little more than 2½ per cent. Anybody can buy them, corporations and pension funds and trustees, but no purchaser may own more than $50,000 worth of any one year's purchase.

Finally there is the Series G issue of savings bonds, which are sold at par and draw 2½ per cent interest. A $100 Series G bond costs $100, and you collect $2.50 a year interest. Of these bonds, likewise, no one may buy more than $50,000 worth a year, but that isn't going to annoy very many persons. Thus the maximum amount any person can purchase of all three defense-savings issues in a year is $105,000 worth, matured value. The object is to keep the loan spread out over the whole population and to prevent its concentration in the hands of the wealthy.

You may ask, with reason, why the government should care where it gets its money from and why it wouldn't rather get it from the rich instead of ballyhooing it out of the wage earners' pockets in driblets.

Secretary Morgenthau's salesmen say that *everybody* should have a stake in his country's finances, and that this method " will give all American citizens a sense of taking a direct part in the defense of the country." Also they will say a lot about putting away for a rainy day and point out that no bank is as generous with interest as the United States Treasury.





This defense works *three* ways! Here are facts you may not know

By Walter Karig

The real low-down is that the government does not want its citizens of the lower-income group to spend as much as rising wages are tempting them to spend. It is a complete reversal of policy. Up to now the government urged everybody to buy things—anything: extra food, more clothes, a new automobile. It wanted to get money in circulation, to drive money out of hiding. Banks dropped their interest rates, abolished them on certain deposits and on all deposits above a certain amount, but still the hoarding went on. Now the Treasury provides means and argument for hoarding, just as something resembling prosperity has returned.

Sounds silly, perhaps, but in theory it is the soundest of economics. We have learned a whole lot about the mysteries of economic trends and the real meaning of money in the last decade.

Wages are rising, unemployment is decreasing. There are shortages in many branches of skilled labor. But it is a false prosperity, caused by the joint demands of arming the United States and supplying the British and their allies with the materials of war. Baby-carriage factories are making machine guns, and so on down the line. The aluminum that went into pots and pans is going into airplane parts.

With the national effort bent on the production of munitions, labor, materials, and plant capacity for the production of civilian consumer goods contract. The more airplanes and guns and shells the United States turns out, the less it can produce in automobiles, baby carriages, clothing, xylophones, yachts, and zarfs. But the billions being poured into the nation's payrolls for producing munitions itch to be spent. They have to be spent on consumer goods, including zarfs, and no kidding. I saw some lovely zarfs in a Connecticut Avenue shop window just before Easter. They are silver gadgets meant to hold eggcups or demitasses. They were not there in the 1930s.

Well, with production of consumer goods curtailed and the demand for them increasing as the national income from war work rises, up go prices. We went through all that in the World War boom days, when a shirt worth $1.69 cost $6. That is inflation, pure and simple. People who have been having the jitters over inflation don't seem to realize that we had it in 1918 and again in 1928-29, when the public instead of the government was spending more than it had and bidding up prices.

Storekeepers, unable to restock at the price levels of the winter of 1940-41, will mark up the goods on their shelves in anticipation of having to pay more to the wholesaler for replenishments. As supplies go down while the consumer's income rises, prices tend to rise faster than income because the highest bidder in the end gets the goods. Presently the man who is getting $60 a week finds himself worse off than when he was earning $25, because his money won't buy as much.

That hits the government, because it too must pay more for the guns and ammunition and airplanes it is buying when the spiral of inflation rises. One cure, suggested by Bernard M. Baruch, is strict price-fixing, whereby the government steps in and declares that nothing shall cost more than it did, say, on January 1. That necessarily entails wage-fixing and profit-fixing, of course, and that looks so much like authoritarian government it makes one wonder what's the use of the war.

President Roosevelt has chosen the alternative, through Mr. Morgenthau, of siphoning a large percentage of the rising national income into defense savings bonds.

Do you see how it is supposed to work? If the $25-a-week man who is earning $60 at war work can be persuaded, cajoled, and perhaps even shamed into putting $10 a week toward a $500 defense bond, that is $10 a week less out of the price-inflating competition for consumer goods. Multiply that man by 2,000,000 or more and you get $20,000,000 *a week* that is being put aside instead of being plowed under to fertilize an inflationary boom.

That is one reason of the two for the defense-savings bond issue. The other reason is its Siamese twin. Buy bonds, first, to prevent inflation now and, secondly, to prevent deflation afterward.

The time must inevitably come when the baby-carriage factory will cease making machine guns, when all or most of this concentration on production of war goods will end.

After the last war the depression, deflation, readjustment, or whatever you want to call it, did not arrive simultaneously with the armistice. Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of war contracts were in the works, and were completed. The crash did not come until 1920, when the army emptied its ranks of millions of men and industry cut its millions off war goods payrolls. How many munitions workers and shipyard hands found themselves with a bureau full of $20 silk shirts, a grand piano with $200 in installments unpaid, and no job? It took a longer time for prices to come down than for employment and production to drop.

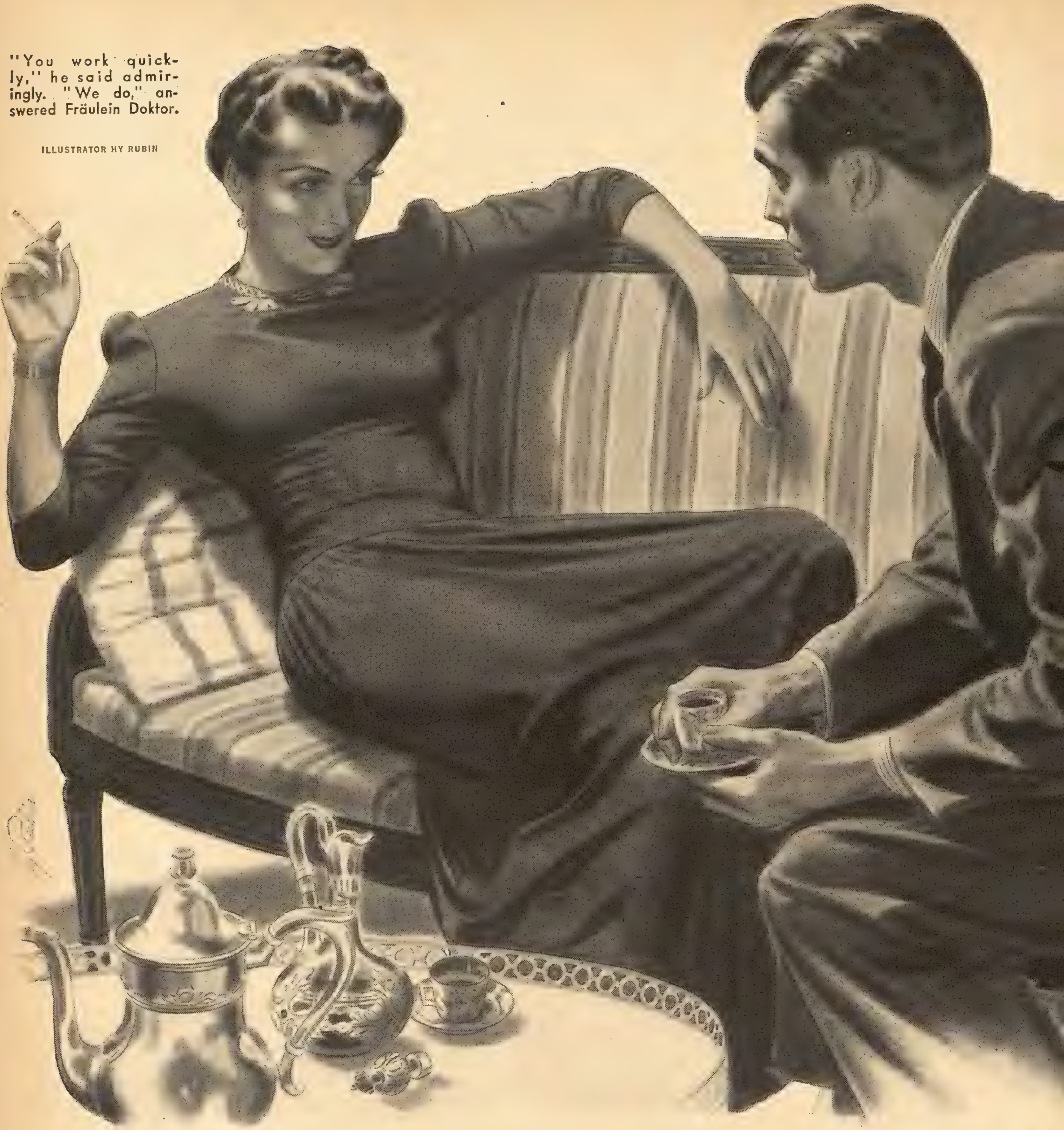
So the second object of the defense-savings bonds is to cushion the shock of the inevitable slump when the emergency is over. The government is all but forcing newly prospering Americans to provide themselves with a parachute of bonds.

If the American wage earners do provide themselves with this reserve fund, the economists calculate, then that period of readjustment will be greatly curtailed and a sound prosperity will succeed the war boom more quickly. Figure it out this way: If you suddenly have no job and no income, you can't buy anything—much. Perhaps you saved a little, perhaps you can sell some of your belongings, perhaps you can borrow a little bit more, but presently you apply for relief. When you stop buying, somebody has to stop making the things you were expected to buy, and so the economic spiral reverses itself and goes down in widening, sickening loop-the-loops.

But suppose you have $1,000 in defense-savings bonds. You contract your standard of living, to be sure, but you continue to pay rent or interest on the mortgage, you buy food and clothing, cashing in a $25 bond each week at the local post office.

The landlord's income doesn't vanish and he doesn't have to lose the house you live in at a tax sale. The men in the clothing factory, on the farm, in the grocery, are still providing you with your needs and getting paid for it so they in turn can keep on buying what they need.

(*Continued on page 65*)



"You work quickly," he said admiringly. "We do," answered Fräulein Doktor.

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PAUL STURM, a Nazi agent from Canada, is captured by the British and forced to give his credentials to Peter Stanleigh of the British Intelligence. Peter, passing as Sturm, goes to Antwerp where a mysterious woman, Fräulein Doktor, runs an espionage school in a house on Harmony Street. He is accepted as Sturm and sets about trying to find out what he can about the plans of the Germans.

Through D'Hasque, who has been smuggling young Belgians out of the country to fight against Germany, he meets Dupon, a hairdresser who operates a secret wireless through which Stanleigh hopes to keep in touch with his uncle and chief, Sir John Helton, in England. D'Hasque's daughter, Melanie, is also working against the Nazis. As Maria Luys, she has enrolled in Fräulein Doktor's school.

Fräulein Doktor takes a great fancy to Stanleigh; he reminds her, she says, of Karl Vronky, who was her husband and a great secret agent. Schmidt, her aide, is suspicious of him, but can find nothing definite to prove that the new student really isn't Sturm. In the meantime Fräulein Doktor has convinced General von Brauchmann, the military head of the district, that Stanleigh—alias Sturm—is a valuable man. She has put him in the wireless room, where he hopes to learn more that will help England both on her military and espionage fronts.

One day, just before the general is to speak with Hitler over the radio telephone, a message comes from Berlin, saying that it is believed that a British agent, one Peter Stanleigh, is somewhere in France. Peter reads the mes-

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

The House on Harmony Street

New thrills in a tense tale of love, spies, and danger—the most exciting novel of the year

sage to Fräulein Doktor, thankful that it gives no further details.

Then, with a "Heil Hitler," General von Brauchmann approaches the microphone for his talk with his Führer.

PART FOUR—A SINISTER HOSTESS ENTERTAINS

ONCE again the general leaped to his feet, shot his hand toward the ceiling, bent, and cried, *"Heil, mein Führer, Heil! Heil!"*

"*Stille! Pas auf!* Listen!" cried a peevish voice, and then it was no longer peevish. It crackled and snapped and sometimes sounded like static—but it was not. It growled and it exhorted—but it did it briefly. And it stopped.

"*Ja-ja-ja, mein Führer. Ich verstehe. Ich will! Ja*—" The general stood, stooping to the microphone, and in his excitement seemed to do a sort of bent-over dance before it with right arm stiffly waving. "*Heil* Hitler!" he cried at the end. "*Heil!*" The voice had stopped abruptly and apparently with finality, but the general was still crying "*Heil!*" until at last he saw it was over and stood straight and looked around at every one. "*Heil,*" he murmured as though running down. "*Heil.*"

Fräulein Doktor and Schmidt stood still with arms upraised, and Dietrich responded solemnly, a little apart from them. Peter had saluted too—from necessity—and stood there wondering if somewhere within the Fräulein there were not a silent wry smile. But it was not evident. Soon the three of them marched out like a full army with bugles blowing.

Dietrich sank into his chair, done in. "It was wonderful to hear Him, wasn't it?" he asked.

Peter could hear the capital H on *him* in the boy's voice. "God works in a mysterious way—" he murmured, and carefully filed into his memory every syllable and every intonation. He knew from experience that sometimes intonations were more revealing than the words people said. It was a voice that reached into every small corner. It crowded you—slapped at you—shoved at you. The room had seemed so much larger after the Voice had stopped talking.

Dietrich interrupted Peter's thoughts. "While you were washing up for luncheon, word came that we must watch the twenty-meter band again," he said. "It always happens around dinnertime or in the evening."

"What does?" asked Peter, his mind still on recent happenings.

"The enemy radio," said Dietrich.

Suddenly Peter came to. "What enemy radio?"

"The one that we are hunting," said Dietrich. "I forgot you wouldn't know. At first we didn't either. Germany heard it first. They tried to trace it from there. Then they realized it came from here. Now we are hunting it. But it moves around. For a while it was to the west. We nearly found it and then it moved. We know now it is somewhere in the town—north of here—or maybe just outside the town."

"What does it do?"

"Now it is a woman's voice. They use no key—always the phone. The code is different from what it was. They keep changing."

"What is its purpose?"

"Oh, to talk to England. We are sure because the voices from the other end are always English. But they talk a gibberish that changes just as we get the key of it each time."

That was Dupon's wireless, without a doubt.

"You say it's on twenty meters?" asked Peter.

"Yes." Dietrich indicated a small receiving set near him. "We are to tune this in now and watch it all evening. You will listen for it while I have my dinner?"

"If it begins, am I to drown it out?" Peter knew it could be done with the Nazis' more powerful beam.

"No, no," said Dietrich. "We listen and try to decipher, and our direction finder works nearer and nearer to its location."

"I see," said Peter. "Righto, I'll listen." Also, he must warn D'Hasque that they were after him again—or rather after the station which was in Dupon's shop.

But he did not help trace the maverick station that night.

JUST before dinnertime, Schmidt brought up a new young man who had flown in from Berlin. "Franz Schlapp," he said. He was to take Stanleigh's place at the decoding job and the teletype.

"Fräulein Doktor will see you at eight," Schmidt said to Peter coldly as he left.

Had the report concerning the British agent in France meant anything to her, or had the succeeding drama dimmed its significance? She had not yet sent any comment on it to be forwarded. Peter determined to get news out to Anton D'Hasque before he went into that room with the doors that slid too smoothly—the room from which he had once heard a shot.

(Continued on page 42)

It's Men Who Have th It

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHAT do you have to have to succeed in Hollywood?

We all know the answer to that one, or think we do.

You have to be orchidaceous like Rita Hayworth, curvaceous like Lana Turner, or sarongaceous like Dorothy Lamour. You have to have whatever the current appellation is for feminine It, Oomph, Ping, or Honey.

Well, folks, we were never so wrong in our lives.

What you have to have to succeed in Hollywood these days is hair on your chest, or whatever your favorite masculine equivalent may be, and plenty.

At least, that's what the box office says—and the motion-picture business, like most businesses, pays off on the pay-in.

As ticket sellers and pew packers, the ranking Hollywood stars are the Messrs. Rooney, Tracy, Gable, Autry, Power, Cagney, Crosby, and Beery.

How do we know that?

Well, the glamorous land of make-believe has spawned two types of journalists: those who tell us fans what they and their bosses want us to think, and those who tell the worried little man who runs the usually half-empty showshop on the corner what he must know if he expects to keep himself in shirts.

High in the ranks of the second class of movie journalists—the fact finders—is a knowledgeful man named Quigley and an equally knowledgeful man named Ramsaye, who publish and edit respectively a group of publications which we fans seldom see, but which are to the worried little man his cinema Bible.

So every year, for the past nine years, this Quigley and this Ramsaye—the old Dr. Gallups of the celluloid kingdom—have conducted a systematic annual examination of the worried little man's books and ledgers to determine scientifically which movie stars are poison at the box office and which are meat—and the meat on which the worried little man lives, this movie Crosley proves, is male.

Ever since 1934, with the exception of one year (1938) when the girls pulled up to a tie, boys (of assorted ages) have grabbed a majority of places in the Ten Best Sellers class. And, to give this amazing predominance its true significance, it should be noted that the feminine showing would have been even less impressive if it hadn't been for the fact that the current infant prodigy during most of this period happened to be a girl.

I don't wish to rub it in. Myself, I like the little cuties the gossip columnists are always telling us about. As a male and as an admirer of the symmetrical, I would rather gaze on the Lamarr physiognomy than on the Rooney. But truth must be served, and the conclusion is inevitable: It's a man's world, the cinema.

And increasingly so. In 1939 the score was six men to four women in the Big Ten, nine to six in the Honorable Mentions; in 1940, eight to two in the Big Ten and nine to six in the Honorable Mentions.

And all without the aid of "leg art"!

Even the two lone girls, Bette Davis and Judy Garland, who edged into ninth and tenth spots in this year's poll, hardly fulfill the specifications which have been regularly fed to us for Hollywood "It" girls. Bette can be alluring enough when the role calls for it, but she certainly doesn't have to hang her hat of popularity on the hook called Oomph. And Judy, although potentially in the same category, is—Allah be praised!—just a sweet kid.

Mickey and Judy, like Shirley Temple before them, make the Big Ten for reasons which have little to do with sex, so the real score as between adult man power and adult woman power among the box-office favorites is really seven to one.

The quick and easy answer to all this is that some 80 per cent of our moviegoers are said to be women, and that, being women, they like to see men stars on the screen.

This may be true; and it may also be true that most of the men who do go are content to sit through the pictures chosen for them by their wives and sweethearts. But the same factors presumably exist among patrons of the so-called legitimate theater. Yet there is no male stage actor whose popularity with both men and women compares with that of Katharine Cornell or Helen Hayes.

Superficially, the situation is a puzzling one. All we seem to know for sure is that movie patrons, both men and women, are nowhere nearly so faithful to their feminine favorites as they are to their masculine ones, and that, because of this fact, the woman star's reign is a precarious one.

Naturally there *is* an answer to this puzzle. The emergence of the male as the big box-office attraction didn't just happen. So let's look behind the record.

And what do we find? Well, we

JUDY GARL

CLARK GABLE.

SPENCER TRACY.

find that Clark Gable has been in the Big Ten every one of the nine years, Wallace Beery five times, and the Messrs. Cagney, Crosby, Power, Tracy, and Rooney three times each. Gene Autry, formerly segregated among the Westerns, is making his first appearance in fast company.

There would seem to be very little significance in these figures except to emphasize the overwhelming popularity of Mr. Gable year in and year out and, in general, to support the theory that the box-office appeal of a male star, once established, is a steady and continuing factor.

A comparison of these records with those of the annual Academy Award for the best performance of the year indicates that this continuing appeal is not necessarily dependent on an actor's reputation for acting supremacy. Mr. Tracy and Mr. Gable have received the coveted Oscar in the past, but neither they nor any of their six associates were so much as nominated this year for the honor. Moreover, none of the pictures in which any of these stars appeared was chosen for consideration as the best picture of the year.

emininity eclipsed!
ollywood statistics tell
surprising story

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

MICKEY ROONEY.

WALLACE BEERY.

BETTE DAVIS.

There is naturally a much closer relationship between the box-office success of these individuals and the financial, as distinguished from the artistic, success of the pictures in which they have appeared.

Which, interpreted in the language of the " movin' pitcher " business, means that a financially successful film a great many people see is apt to send a great many more people to see the next picture by the same star even if that picture is a vastly inferior one.

Mr. Gable's triumph as Rhett Butler in Gone with the Wind helped to make his next film, Strange Cargo, admittedly one of the worst pictures he ever made, an immediate $1,500,000 box-office success.

By the same token, all of the eight big-money stars of 1941 have undoubtedly profited to some extent by having appeared in financially profitable pictures of previous years. In a 1939 tabulation of some ninety-odd pictures which were known to have grossed $1,500,000 or more in American theaters, Gable was found to have appeared in six; Power and Rooney in four each; Beery, Cagney, and Tracy in three each; and Crosby in one.

Obviously not *all* male stars profit to the extent that Mr. Gable has, for instance, from " big picture " prestige. Or, to put it another way, it seems to take a certain type of male star to win out over the women stars year after year.

For example, the eight males in this year's poll are not there just because they are males but because, by and large, they are the kind of males who appeal to the largest number of people in every rank of life.

Young Mr. Rooney's impishness and straightforward youthful manliness obviously meet no social barriers that they cannot readily scale. Spencer Tracy is the least upstage person on the screen, a lovable, spiritual character, yet with a distinctly earthly appeal. Bing Crosby, since he has been allowed to play himself in pictures has lived down his crooner past and has won new admirers in all walks of life.

Jimmy Cagney is just the kind of wicked young cuss and Wallace Beery just the kind of wicked old cuss that Park Avenue and the Bowery take to their bosoms with equal fervor. Tyrone Power, in spite of his good looks, has a definite manliness and sincerity. Gene Autry is the outdoor hero, the singing superman we all admire.

And Gable—well, the fashionable young ladies of New York's Upper East Side Finch Junior College, who staged their own revue, News on the Up-Beat, as an answer to Labor Stage's Pins and Needles, made the point about universal appeal better than I can make it, when they sang:

You were born with a silver spoon
Sticking out of your face. . . .
You wear sables, I wear ocelot.
You own stables, I just horse a lot.
But we both go for Gable sweet and hot.
We're sisters under the skin.

As against the appeal of these eight male actors to all of the social groups who patronize motion pictures, we have the highly stylized appearance and personality of the average woman star, which, after the first novelty or the first shock of her beauty has worn off, leaves her with a limited following, whose cinematic interests are confined chiefly to displays of luxurious clothes and cold-creamed epidermis. Both appeals have their place and their audiences, but the latter are negligible beside Andy Hardy's or Father Flanagan's or, for that matter, Rhett Butler's.

Admitted, then, that the men stars we have been considering stand a better chance of breaking down social barriers than any similar group of women stars, we must also admit that their job of breaking down age barriers is an easier one, too.

To the very young and the very old, the average movie actress, with her extreme clothes and her swooning love affairs, is a pretty silly proposition. Older people don't approve of the highly sophisticated young women whom Hollywood delights to honor, and younger people—I mean children—don't understand them. Automatically, therefore, the average movie actress cuts off her possible public at both ends of the age scale—and both ends are important and exceedingly populous.

Proof of this point is the fact that Box Office Favorite Number One is almost always a child actor. For the past two years it has been Mickey Rooney; for four years before that it was Shirley Temple. Obviously the sex of the performer has not entered into these choices, but the fact that a good child actor appeals to more different kinds of people than any adult actor possibly can, has entered into the matter in a great big way.

The star who appeals to the largest number of ticket buyers is the star who appeals to *all* the family. The child actor has the best chance to do that. Even Mary Pickford, the most nearly universally popular movie star of all time, saw her box-office drawing power decline gradually with her curls.

And the same situation prevails today. If Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable could pack in the moppets at matinees the way Mickey Rooney does and Shirley Temple did, they

(*Continued on page 65*)

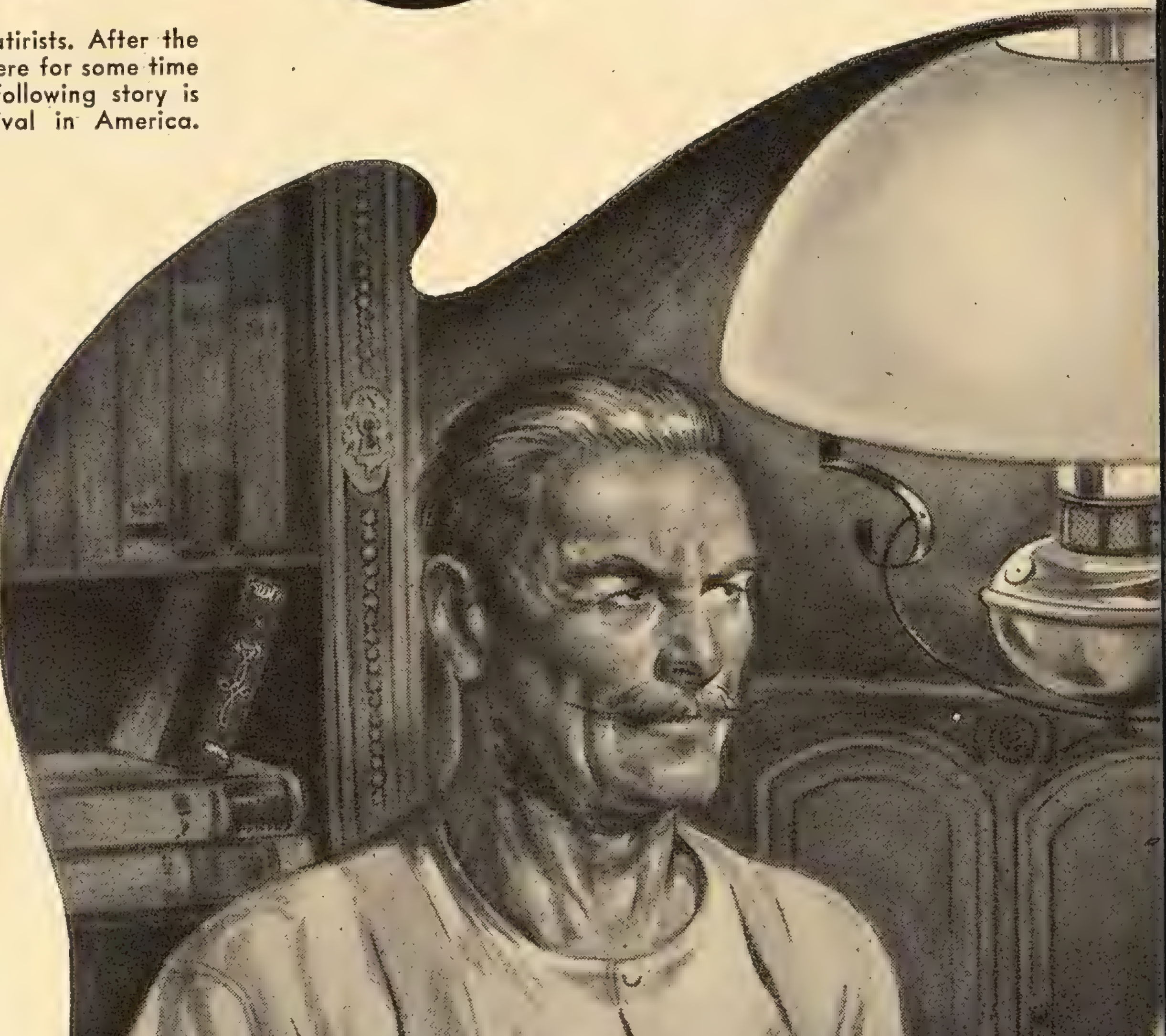
From one who knows—An eloquent, ironic tale of the heart and mind of Europe today

God and

BY RODA RODA

who was one of Austria's best known satirists. After the *Anschluss* he escaped to Switzerland, where for some time he published an anti-Nazi paper. The following story is the first he has written since his arrival in America.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 31 SECONDS



OLD Staak, the peasant, was an ignorant man, but even he realized that affairs had reached a point beyond which it was impossible to go. Before the war it had been bad enough, although the speeches he had heard then made the immediate future seem rosy indeed. According to the speakers—well fed men, very prosperous-looking men with loud voices and a positive, aggressive manner—the nation at last had found its proper leader and under his inspired guidance would promptly reach its destined place in the sun, with food and plenty for all.

But it appeared that inspired guidance alone was not enough to achieve this; it appeared that hand in hand with inspired guidance went higher taxes, higher prices, and higher everything. The phenomenon was far beyond Staak the peasant. He admitted readily that he was not clever enough to understand why, if you were so fortunate as to have an inspired leader, you must also scrape the bottom of your pocket for taxes.

Compared to the present, however, that time before the war had been a land of milk and honey. You still had the speeches; in fact, they were louder and more aggressive than ever, and the speakers were as prosperous-looking as ever, if not a little more so; and you still had the promises of a dazzling future; and you were assured that you still had the inspired leadership, and this above all was more inspired than ever. Everything, in short, was splendid except for the undeniable fact that he, Staak the peasant, was hungry, that he could not meet the latest demand of the tax collector, and that unless he did so soon he was going to lose the few acres he still owned and be deposited in a labor camp.

Undoubtedly Staak would have considered putting an end to himself, had he not been a religious man to whom the idea was an abomination. Yet what was there to do? He needed, as the barest minimum, five hundred marks; a thousand would be more like it. One thousand marks!

He wrestled with the problem for three nights without sleep. On the morning of the fourth day, hollow and worn out, he took a desperate decision. He was a humble man, an ignorant man, and conscious of it; but even for the humble and ignorant there is mercy somewhere.

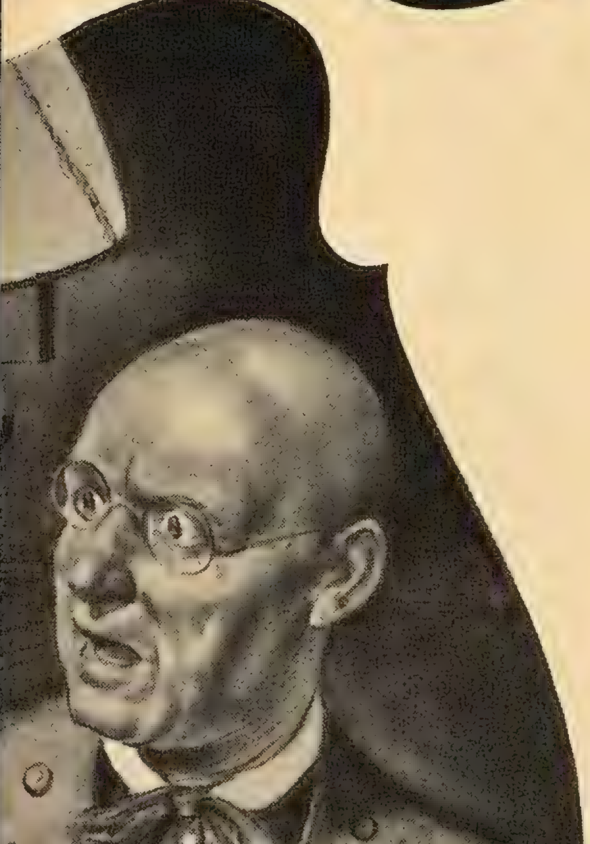
He went down the road to the cottage of Wahl, a very intelligent fellow of whom Staak stood in awe. Wahl could write. Old Staak had never had the opportunity to learn.

"I have here," Staak said, "a few turnips. If I give them to you, will you write a letter for me? A very short one," he added hastily.

"I suppose so," said Wahl. He inspected the turnips. "What do you want to say?"

Staak had thought it out painfully beforehand. He moistened his lips and said, profoundly respectful:

Doctor Goebbels



Wahl was incapable of speech."You mean you are writing to God?"

ILLUSTRATOR
H. BISCHOFF

" Please pardon me for writing to you, but, you see, things are so bad for me that I don't know what else to do. It may be that it is my own fault and I have not worked as hard as I should; I don't know. I am not complaining and I am not saying that any one else is to blame, for, you understand, I want to pay the tax collector just as I have always paid him before, but I won't be able to this time unless I have a thousand marks by next Friday, next week. And so, forgive me, I am asking you, will you take pity on me and send me this thousand marks?

" Very humbly and worshipfully yours, E. STAAK."

Wahl could not suppress a smile as he finished. " It's easy to guess where you're sending this," he observed.

" Naturally," said Staak. " To the Lord God."

For a few moments Wahl was incapable of speech.

" You mean you actually think you're writing a letter to God? "

" I know I shouldn't," Staak said simply, " but there's no one else."

Wahl addressed the envelope, sealed it, gave it to Staak, and took the turnips. His expression was that of a man who says to himself, " After all, who am I to refuse turnips if a simpleton offers them to me? "

Staak took his letter to the village post office.

Here at first he met with a rebuff. The postmistress flatly refused to accept the letter. " At your time of life," she said severely, " you should know better! Or are you trying to make a fool of me? A letter to God! "

She was interrupted by a man standing near by. " A letter to God? " he asked. " Let's see it."

He wore the party uniform and the postmistress meekly handed the letter to him. He tore open the envelope and read what was inside. After a while he smiled at Staak, who was just beginning to protest the sacrilege of opening the envelope.

" Well, now," he said, " don't you worry. I'll take care of this myself, personally. I'll write out a new envelope and see that it's sent right away, fast as possible."

The old man's indignation turned to gratitude. " But the stamp, sir? " he asked. " How much? "

His new friend grinned more widely. " That's the best thing about writing to God. No charge."

Still a trifle abashed by the step he had taken, but deeply relieved and hopeful, Staak went home to wait. But the man in the party uniform sat down to write a letter himself.

He was a highly ambitious minor functionary, and he saw an opportunity to draw a little attention his way. He wrote to a friend in a very big Ministry. " This is worth looking at," he wrote. " It would make a nice item for the papers. See if your chief doesn't agree, and remember who sent it to you."

In due course, therefore, the letter of E. Staak, addressed to God, came to the attention of an august and mighty individual indeed. In him and in his associates it aroused a good deal of laughter and some comfortable reflections on the ignorance of the masses. Also, it was indubitably a first-class chance for a bit of amusing and favorable publicity.

" Write to this fellow," said the chief, " and say that his request came to my attention en route, and that I put in my good offices for him. And enclose the money. And then print the whole story, with a picture."

" Enclose a thousand marks, your Excellency? "

The chief considered. " Oh, five hundred will do."

" Very good, your Excellency."

And lo, the old peasant Staak had five hundred marks in very neat crisp bills, as crisp as if they had just come from the press, which indeed they had. With the letter that explained the circumstances of their arrival came an efficient young man who carried a camera, who took Staak's picture, and who also read the letter for him when he discovered its recipient could not, and who then left as briskly as he had come.

Staak regarded the five hundred marks. His head was beginning to clear, and he thought heavily, and remembered certain things he had heard. So, a few hours later, once more he presented himself at the cottage of Wahl the letter writer. He would not pay turnips this time; he would pay five marks for a letter.

" Where to now? " asked the astounded Wahl.

" Once more," said Staak, " to the Lord God."

" You haven't got over that yet? "

" Do you want the five marks? "

Wahl shrugged. " Go ahead."

It had been said of Staak the peasant, by those few who had really known him, that he was slow, he was stupid, but he was as meticulously and conscientiously honest as any man who ever lived. Thus he said, in a firm and righteous voice:

" With all my heart I thank you for hearing my plea and answering it, and for all the rest of the days of my life I will thank you for listening to the humblest of your servants. But I know there must be many others in our land as poor as I am who ask you for help. So for their sake, and in gratitude to you, I must tell you this—if you will pardon me: When you send money to them, don't ever send it in care of that man. Because, dear God, you see, every one knows that that Dr. Goebbels, he keeps half of everything for himself."

THE END

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Footloose!

BY

Grace Perkins

LILI KETTRIDGE, beautiful, reckless, seems fated to run into trouble. After her grandmother's death, by which she came into a considerable fortune, she falls in with a gay crowd and wins the disapproval of the town of Croton, where she lives in her grandmother's old house, and of Sawyer, an old servant who runs the place. She is also lectured for her fast and useless life by Peter Higgins, a young law student whom she loves. Peter is in love with Lili, too, but he has no money and an orphaned niece to support, so marriage seems to him to be out of the question.

Lili's father, Shelley, an artist who lives in Arizona, and her mother, who has long lived in England, are divorced and seem to have little interest in their daughter. However, when Mrs. Kettridge arrives on the Clipper and realizes that a scandal about Lili and Horace Rumford, a rather weak but amiable young man, is about to break, she insists that they become engaged. The engagement ends when Horry rushes to the bedside of an old love who has been hurt in a plane crash. Driving home from New York that night, Lili runs down Peter's niece, Peggy, without realizing it, and is later arrested.

Peter and the whole town turn against her. Her mother is ill in New York; her father comes from Arizona—and drowns his sorrows in brandy. Lili has no one to whom to turn. Some of her old friends come to cheer her up and, while she is out, stage a drunken party at her house. Lili, enraged, orders them to leave. After they have gone, while broken glasses, liquor bottles, stub-filled ash trays are still in the room to betray what has been going on, Peter comes in.

"I want you to come with me," he tells Lili. "Put on your coat."

PART TEN—LILI MAKES A DECISION

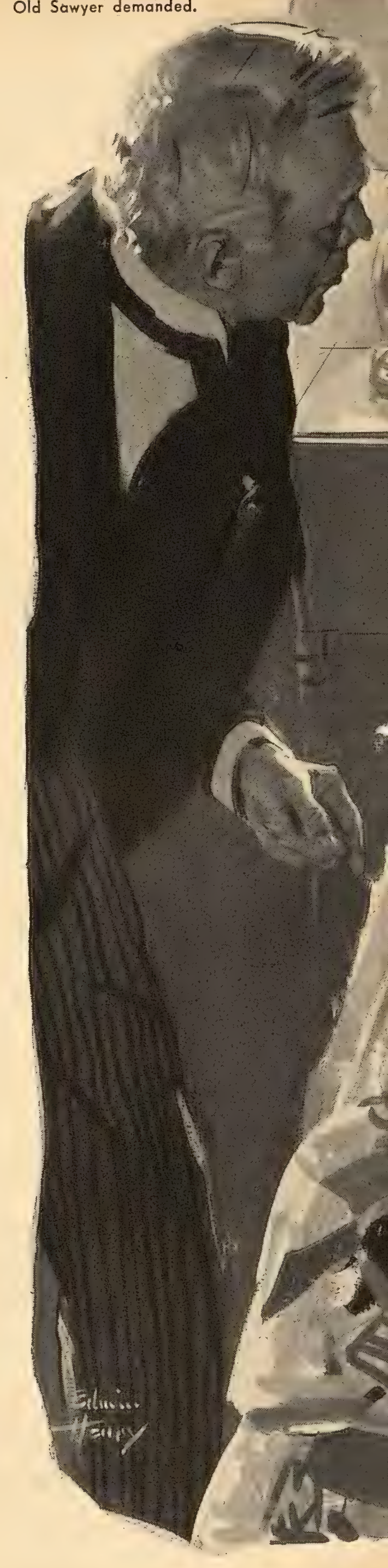
HE meant it. He might speak as if he had glue in his mouth, but he meant what he was saying. His eyes might have a bedeviled light, but there was no denying their intention.

Lili wet her lips and gave one fleeting glance around, helplessly. No use trying to explain—no use trying to tell him anything. Her heart was banging against her ribs so that she could scarcely breathe. She crossed to the hall closet and put on an old corduroy swagger coat.

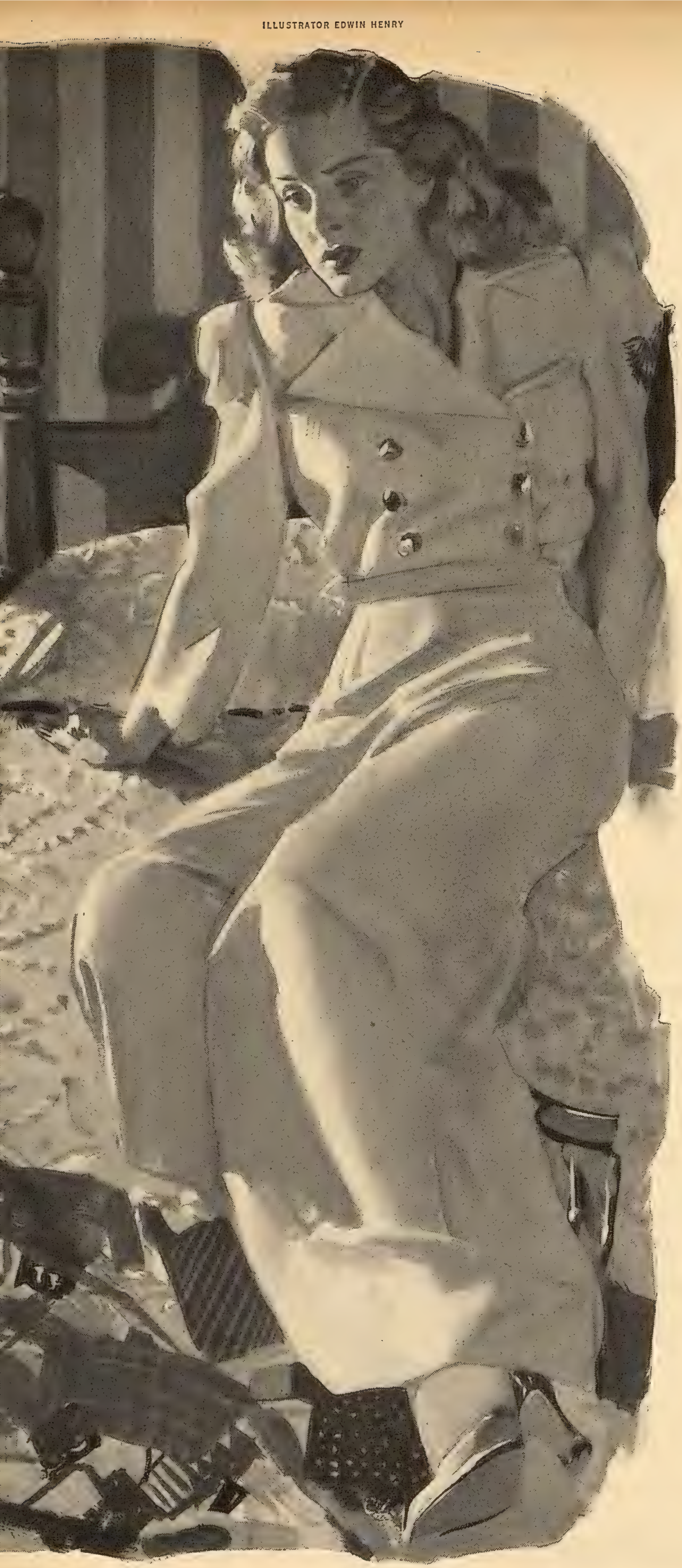
With a humble look, she turned to Peter. Without a word he went outside. Was it habit that made him hold the door open for her?

In the driveway was a coupé she didn't recognize; evidently one he had borrowed. She settled down and closed her eyes. For a space her mind was blank. Even though she heard him start the car, her thoughts were blessedly blank until they were well out on the road. Then, without asking his permission, she wheeled down the window and breathed in some night air. The dashboard clock said ten after three. The whole town of darkened houses seemed deserted. There were a few street lamps and the lights on the main highway. She recognized the light before the firehouse, and then within a few moments those from the hospital on the hill.

Her heart turned cold and she dared a glance at Peter. He was sitting very erect, eyes straight ahead of him, and he was breathing


"I can't talk," Lili said. "Why can't you?" Old Sawyer demanded.

ILLUSTRATOR EDWIN HENRY



heavily. He drove up the long gravel driveway and to the rear of the main building, where he stopped and parked the car.

She got out when he did, and followed him around to the entrance. But her knees failed her as she reached the steps. If little Peggy had died . . .

"Peter," she whispered.

But he didn't glance at her. "Come on," he said, "and come quietly."

She thrust her hands deep in her pockets and hunched her shoulders stiffly. She felt as if no blood were running through her body. Surely this was some sort of rank dream—surely she would wake up in a moment?

It was some comfort, however little, to realize that she was following him down the length of the main hall and up a broad granite staircase. On the second floor he led her down the corridor to a room at the far end. And at the door he turned and looked at her for the first time.

He's wild, she thought. He's mad—quite mad with prolonged grief. And even at that moment she heard a child's screams, and shrank as Peter pushed open the door.

"Go in," he said briefly. "I want you to see. I just want you to see!"

His voice impelled her. She bit her lips and walked into the room.

It was almost dark, but at first it didn't matter what one saw. Lili was conscious only of the cries—drear, dry little cries, exhausted, from a child who had been moaning for hours with a scraped throat. They lapsed like ebbing waves into rumbling sounds of animal fatigue, and then suddenly, with a sharp intake of breath, the child would scream: "Water, water—give me water! Water, please. I'll be good, I'll be good."

Lili covered her face with her hands and turned away, but the sounds beat around her ears and pounded on her brain—the choked wails of a protesting child, an angry child, and then a pleading frightened child. No wonder Peter was half mad if he had sat in this room and listened to that for hours. She felt his hand clutch her coat and turn her around. He didn't speak; but he didn't have to. He wanted her to look and see.

Now, the darkest hour . . . and a frightened girl faces the crisis of a tragic surrender to despair

(*Continued on page 49*)

Anything ca

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"ANYTHING can happen in a golf game," said Jack Doyle, the Sage of Broadway, "but everything *does* happen in a golf tournament." We were discussing this year's Open Golf Championship which will be held at the Colonial Club in Forth Worth, Texas, on June 5, 6, and 7. No one knows more about these tournaments than Doyle. "Trying to forecast the result of the Open Championship," he continued, "is the most futile thing in the world. The fellow who shuts his eyes and makes a stab at the entry list with a fountain pen has as much chance of picking the winner as anybody, and the tough part of it is you never know who the winner is until the last ball has been holed. Even then you aren't sure, because the thing is liable to end in a tie, or even a triple tie, and you have to wait until the tied players have played it off."

The Sage pointed out that last year the fixture, held at the Canterbury Golf Club links in Warrensville, Ohio, ended in a tie between Lawson Little and Gene Sarazen, while the year before it wound up in a triple tie among Byron Nelson, Craig Wood, and Denny Shute. Little won the play-off last year, and the year before Nelson took top honors, but not until after the first play-off had also ended in a tie between Nelson and Wood.

"I guess that's because golfers today have the game down to an exact science," I ventured.

"Exact science my eye," snorted the Sage. "Do you know that out of all the Open Championship tournaments which have been played since 1895, fourteen have ended in ties, and out of these fourteen, four were triple ties? Why, Jack, it looks to me as if the best bet in this tournament is that it will end in a tie for first place! The first triple tie I remember was back in 1910 when Alec Smith won the play-off from J. J. McDermott and Macdonald Smith. This was followed the next year by another triple tie, won by McDermott, and in 1913 came the greatest of all triple ties, when Francis Ouimet, the Brookline caddie, defeated Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, two of the greatest golfers who ever lived, in the play-off. This was what really made golf popular in America.

"Before Ouimet's incredible victory, golf in the United States was a snobbish, patrician game, consecrated to the Social Register blue bloods and the moneyed class. Its sponsors sought to keep it an exclusive sport, to make the then conventional pink jacket a badge of social prestige.

"Ouimet the caddie changed all that and did it in that stronghold of landed aristocracy—*The* Country Club of Brookline, Massachusetts, one of the five charter members of the U. S. G. A., and founded and supported by the swankiest families of Boston's Beacon Hill district. It was in this exclusive setting, against a broad-A background, that young Ouimet wrought the miracle which made the ordinary American golf-conscious. If he hadn't beaten Ray and Vardon, the 'old man's game' curse would have clung to the game for many more years, and you and I wouldn't be trying to dope out the winner of the Open right now!"

This year considerably more than 1,000 entries have been received from all over the country. Some of them come from places the publishers of atlases never heard of. For the *first* time, all former Open champions are eligible for exemption from qualifying rounds; and for the *last* time, the thirty lowest scorers and those tying for thirtieth place in last year's Open Championship also are eligible without competing in the sectional qualifying rounds, which this year were held over twenty-seven courses in twenty-four states. Next year exemption will be granted only to the twenty-five lowest scorers in this year's tournament and those who tie for twenty-fifth place. The professional of the club entertaining the Open, if he has been club pro for at least one year, also rates this privilege. Bobby Byrnes is the home pro of the Colonial Club, Fort Worth, Texas, which is playing host this season. Among the many lucky stars are Little, Sarazen, Smith, Wood, Hogan, Guldahl, Lloyd Mangrum, Nelson, Metz, Dudley, Walsh, Armour, McSpaden, Picard, Ghezzi, Foulis, Revolta, Snead, Hutchison, Ray Mangrum, Farrell, Parks, and Szwedko.

What effect the draft will have on the field, I don't know. At this writing Ed Oliver, who would have made last year's tournament another triple tie if he hadn't started his last round too soon, thus drawing a disqualification, already is in the army. But, regardless of the draft, I'm prophesying here and now that this year's tournament breaks *all* records for attendance, money taken in, and low scores for this fixture.

Doyle tells an interesting yarn about Little last year. "About two weeks before the opening of the big tournament," he says, "Lawson Little asked what odds I would lay against his chances of winning. He had forty dollars he wanted to bet on himself. 'You're pretty hot,' I told him; 'I rate you only about fifteen to one.' Lawson was as pleased as a teething pup with a rubber bone. A few days after the tournament I saw him again and he said, 'Jack, I felt pretty confident of winning this tournament, but when you told me you rated me so highly I felt that I had a cinch. I kept that idea before me all through the play when the going got tough, and I think the encouragement you gave me helped me to come through.'

"Just to show you that there is no cinch in this tournament," went on Doyle, "I recall back in 1936 when Harry Cooper had broken the record with a 284 and everybody thought he was in. It was all over but the shouting. The news photographers and the newsreel men had taken a load of pictures of the 'winner,' a banquet was being arranged, autograph hounds besieged Harry—and then came word that one Tony Manero, whom nobody seemed ever to have heard of, was burning up the course with a Garrison finish. Manero came through with a 282, breaking the record that had been set only a few minutes before."

Ralph Leaf, pro at the North Hills Golf and Country Club, believes the caddies will play an important part in this year's Open.

"The importance of the caddie must not be overlooked," Ralph told me at North Hills the other day. "I remember the time Leo Diegel's caddie found a nickel in a trap on the last hole, and that nickel cost Leo exactly 250 bucks. When Leo arrived at the trap, the kid proudly displayed the nickel to him. Of course Leo went wild when he learned the caddie had picked it out of the trap. The two-stroke penalty which he incurred because the caddie had touched something in the trap shoved him down far enough to lose $250 in prize money.

"On the other hand, at Prestwick, Scotland, in 1934, when Little won his first British Amateur Championship, he went to the first tee for his first practice round and was greeted by a tall slim lad. The boy handed

LAWSON LITTLE

appen in Golf

A new champion's coming . . . but who? Even the experts can't guess

BY JACK DEMPSEY

Sports Editor of Liberty

him a No. 2 iron. The hole was a par four, about 355 yards, and Little asked why he shouldn't use a driver. The kid answered courteously, with a thick Scotch accent, that there was a big bunker and a ditch about 200 yards down the fairway and he thought it best 'we take the iron and play short.' "

Little hit the first shot down the fairway and it rolled over a hill. He turned to the boy, who assured him the ball was in the right position, but to Little's surprise the kid didn't appear to be looking at the ball. On closer observation he found the boy's eyes were crossed and he had to cock his head to one side to see the ball. Immediately Little decided the kid was lucky and his hunch turned out to be correct.

The history of the Colonial Club has been called fabulous. The layout is nothing like what Easterners would expect to find in Texas. Not long after I won the heavyweight championship in 1919, I was in Fort Worth visiting my good friend Amon Carter, publisher of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram and the No. 1 city booster. At that time there came to Fort Worth a couple of enterprising brothers named Leonard. They set up a little grocery store on Main Street. Today their department store covers a whole city block. Back in those days the southwest part of Fort Worth, where the Colonial Club is now situated, was a wild, wooded section along the bank of the Clear Fork of Trinity River. It was roughened with old gravel pits, surrounded by many thickets of great pecan trees.

One of the brothers, Marvin Leonard, was a golf enthusiast, and when he got up in the chips, he decided to build a course in Fort Worth of real championship caliber. He hired John Bredemus, noted golf architect and engineer, and spent more than a quarter of a million in creating the finest course in the Southwest. Advised by experts that fine bent grass couldn't be grown in that section, he risked thousands more in pioneering bent-grass greens in Texas. Today Colonial, with its fairways carved almost entirely out of a native pecan grove, with greens like soft velvet, has gained the distinction of having the blue-ribbon fixture of the golf world before it is six years old.

The course will play at 7,058 yards with a par of 35-35-70. The Masters' Course in Augusta is 6,800 yards, which gives you an idea of the size of Colonial. All the holes are "interesting," but I think Nos. 3, 5, and 7 will be the deciding holes of the tournament. No. 3 is a dog-leg to the left and requires a tee shot of at least 250 yards to be in place for a free shot at the green. It is best played by a hooked long drive, but failing in good distance with your hook you land in a clump of pecan trees. No. 5, in my opinion, is the toughest hole on the course. J. A. Gooch, who has played it, assures me it's probably the only hole of its kind in existence. It's 469 yards, par four, and at the right edge of the fairway is the Trinity River, while along the left edge is a creek. It is dog-legged to the right, following the meandering of the Trinity, and is tree-lined with those big pecans. And, just to make it harder, it is narrow and hog-backed, sloping from the middle to the river and to creek. Overshoot the green, and you land in the river.

As usual with Texans, they're going "hog-wild" over their Open, and Reuben Albaugh, the tournament director, predicts that between 35,000 and 50,000 paid admissions will be marked up. If so, it will be a record for the Open. Texas is strong for its own sons, especially Byron Nelson, 1939 winner, and Ben Hogan, both Fort Worth boys who learned their golf at Glen Garden, a club to which Leonard belonged before he built Colonial. Texans also like Dick Metz, who was pro at San Angelo; Ralph Guldahl, a former double winner; Ray and Lloyd Mangrum and Harry Cooper, all formerly of Dallas, and Jimmy Demaret of Houston.

Incidentally, when it became apparent that Fort Worth might get the Open if she put up the necessary $10,000 guaranty, the sum was raised in just ten minutes by Amon Carter over the telephone.

That's the way they do things in Texas. Ride 'em, cowboy!

THE END

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

First in the hearts of radio fans—Fibber McGee and his wife, Molly.

A four-star broadcast by Fibber McGee and Molly

Popularity surveys—those telephone polls that make radio sponsors pay off—report one program right now that almost all of us tune in every Tuesday night. It is the Fibber McGee and Molly broadcast, a hilarious half hour that according to the Hooper poll tops all other programs on the air.

Because broadcasts are such a perishable commodity, Liberty offers herewith a sample page of high lights from a regular Fibber McGee and Molly script, brought for the first time to the printed page, following its broadcast over the National Broadcasting Company network.

This is what America is laughing at in 1941: "'Tain't funny, McGee!"

THERE'S nothing like a handy man about the house, is there? Oh—is there? Fibber McGee would be a handier man if he could keep track of his screw driver. He thinks it's in his tool chest. So he brought the tool chest up into the living room. And here, emptying things out of the tool chest, we find—Fibber McGee and Molly!

MOLLY: For goodness' sakes, McGee, what have you got there?

FIBBER: Tool chest.

MOLLY: Well, did you bring that up out of the basement just to look for a screw driver?

FIBBER: Yep. Too dark in the cellar. Light socket's busted.

MOLLY: Why don't you fix it?

FIBBER: Can't find my screw driver.

MOLLY: Well, use the blade of your jackknife.

FIBBER: Can't . . . point's busted off.

MOLLY: How'd you do that?

FIBBER: Usin' it as a screw driver. Now, lesseeeee . . .

SOUND: *Thuds . . . clanks.*

FIBBER: Bicycle sprocket . . . auto crank . . . .

SOUND: *Thuds . . . rattles.*

FIBBER: Wood-burning outfit . . .

MOLLY: What's that book there—under the broken alarm clock?

FIBBER: This? Helpful Hints on Home Handicraft, by Henry Horace Hepplewhite. Great stuff, too.

MOLLY: Is that where you got the information about how to fix my sewing machine?

FIBBER: Yeah. How does it work?

MOLLY: Oh, fine! Except that the bobbin keeps coming loose and shoots across the room. I nearly got Mrs. Uppington the other day. She was sitting down at the time, too . . . which wasn't very sporting of me.

SOUND: *Clatter of junk.*

FIBBER: Umbrella handle . . . bear trap . . . (SOUND: *Clank.*) Let it lay there, Molly—might catch Gildersleeve in it. Hey . . . here's that old shotgun I was gonna fix the trigger spring on.

SOUND: *Loud shot; patter of falling plaster.*

FIBBER: Come to think of it, I *did* fix that trigger spring.

MOLLY: Isn't that nice! Now you can fix that hole in the ceiling, too. Or make it a little bigger and install a brass pole. Then we'd have a nice guestroom for visiting firemen.

FIBBER: Wouldn't be gettin' sarcastic, wouldja?

MOLLY: No—and incidentally what do you want the screw driver for?

FIBBER: Gonna surprise you.

SOUND: *Knock at door.*

FIBBER: Who's that? Oh, oh . . . it's Mrs. Uppington. The front bumper of the station-wagon set!

MOLLY: The queen of Wistful Vista society—and wouldn't you love to crown her! Come in!

SOUND: *Door open and close.*

MOLLY: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington?

UPPINGTON: How do you do, Mrs. McGee . . . . *and Mr.* McGee!

FIBBER: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPPINGTON: I just stepped in to—

SOUND: *Crunch of berry box.*

UPPINGTON: Ohhhhhhhh . . . what *have* I stepped into?

MOLLY: You stepped into an old camera, Mrs. Uppington. But don't feel badly. He never used it, anyways.

FIBBER: Aw—I was gonna fix it when I got time.

MOLLY: What was wrong with it?

FIBBER: Well, when you looked into that ground-glass plate, everything was upside down. I got so dad-ratted tired o' standin' on my head to take pictures . . .

UPPINGTON: Reahhly . . . how awkward!

MOLLY: Oh, no, he rather enjoyed it, Mrs. Uppington. He was always a bit of a pixie with a Brownie.

UPPINGTON: Well, I insist on making the loss good.

MOLLY: Why? . . . It was no good and it's no loss.

FIBBER: Why, Molly! How can you

tain't funny, McGee!

be so mean to Mrs. Uppington? You want her to have this thing on her conscience? You want her to go through life with the guilty feelin' that she's broke up a man's hobby with them big clumsy feet of hers when—

MOLLY: *McGee!* And don't worry about paying for the camera, Mrs. Uppington.

UPPINGTON: *Oh,* I wouldn't insult Mr. McGee by offering him money . . .

FIBBER: Eh?

UPPINGTON: It's just that I feel so badly about interfering with your artistic pursuits. So I am sending you over a little box of water colors I have had ever since I was a slip of a girl. Well, I *must* be going now, so—

MOLLY AND FIBBER: Look out! . . . *Look out for that bear trap!*

SOUND: *Loud clanging snap.*

MOLLY: Oh, are you hurt, Mrs. Uppington?

FIBBER: Why should she be? She ain't caught in it . . . *I am!!!*

UPPINGTON: (*Laughs*) Oh, I'm so soddy, Mr. McGee! And I *do* hope the water colors will make up for the loss of your camera. Remember the old poem, which I just made up—

Little Spots of Color,
Little lines of ink—
You may think you're an artist.
But confidentially—well . . . good-
byeeeeee!!!

SOUND: *Door slam.*

FIBBER: Oh, I do, do I?—Hey, Molly. Open this dad-ratted bear trap, will you?

MOLLY: How?

FIBBER: Well, take a screw driver—oh, my gosh . . . no screw driver! *Hey, wait . . . I can do it . . .*

SOUND: *Ratchets . . . Clank.*

FIBBER: Ahh, is that a relief!

MOLLY: How on earth did you get it open, McGee?

FIBBER: Just used a little logic and common sense. I says to myself . . . "Now keep cool, McGee." "Sure," I says. "Now what kind of a trap is this?" . . . "Well," says I, "it's a bear trap." "Of course," I says. "So what's the logical way to open a bear trap?" "Shucks," I says, "with your bear hands." . . . So . . .

MOLLY: Well, I'm glad it wasn't a mousetrap. You'd have had to give yourself a Mickey. *Now hurry up and get that junk off my floor and—*

FIBBER: But, Molly . . . I ain't found the screw driver yet.

SOUND: *Door open and close.*

OLD MAN: Hello, Johnny. Hello, Daughter. Goin' to the auto show?

MOLLY: I don't think so. Not this year, Mr. Old-Timer.

OLD MAN: Why not, Daughter?

FIBBER: They've took all the fun out of it. You used to go to auto shows so you could stand on the running boards and watch the salesmen show you how easy the clutch and gearshift worked. And now—no gearshift—no clutches . . . no running boards! All they got left is salesmen.

OLD MAN: Heh-heh-heh. . . . That's pretty good, Johnny. *But that ain't the way I heared it.* The way I heared it, one feller says, "*Sayyyyyyyyy,*" he says, "I see where Fibber McGee and Molly are back on the air. You hear their first two shows?" "Yep," says t'other feller. "Sure are in the groove, ain't they?" "That's an understatement," says the first feller. "That ain't a groove—that's a rut!" Heh-heh-heh. . . . Well, guess I'll take my gal to the auto show. She's a streamlined cutie with sealed-beam headlights and a choice o' paint jobs. And knee action? (*Whistle*) So long, kids!

SOUND: *Door slam.*

MOLLY: Hello, Mr. Boomer.

BOOMER: And a horrible Hallowe'en to you, False Face. Allow me to introduce my little nephew—Cedric Boomer. Cedric—take your hand out of the gentleman's pocket and say hello to Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

CEDRIC: If you insist, Neon Nose. Hello, Molly-Dolly. And greetings to you, Snooperman!

MOLLY: Ahhh, Little Sir Echo!!

FIBBER: *Hey, is that a real revolver he's playing with?*

MOLLY: Heavenly days! Do you permit him to have such dangerous toys, Mr. Boomer?

BOOMER: Certainly . . . certainly. . . . Spare the rod and spoil the child, I always say. (Put the heater away, Cedric, before I kick your teeth down your little pink epiglottis.)

CEDRIC: You lay a knuckle on me, Boom Town, and you'll wind up in a Forest Lawn mud pack.

BOOMER: Hah-hah . . . Well said, Cedric! Spirited lad, isn't he?

MOLLY: Sorry we can't stop to talk, Mr. Boomer, but we have to hunt for a screw driver. The hardware store wants two seventy-nine for one.

BOOMER: Two seventy-nine! Why, that's an outrage. I'll sell you one for only thirty-seven cents myself. Shortcake. Always carry a few tools with me, for one reason and another.

FIBBER: O. K., Boomer. Le'see it.

BOOMER: Of course . . . of course. . . . *Now let me see.* . . . Where did I put that screw driver? . . . Here's a letter from the draft board. Asking me to report in the morning. Hmmmmm . . . dated October 15, 1917. I should have dropped in some time ago. . . . Post card from Jefferson City, Moe. Poor old Moe . . . you should have seen the police report they had on him. Reading time, 20 minutes. Doing time, 20 years. . . . *Ah . . . what's this in my hip pocket?* A small grimy hand with arm attached. Oh, it's you, Cedric my lad. *Trying to follow in your uncle's fingerprints.* . . . Perhaps you know what became of the screw driver.

CEDRIC: Of course . . . of course . . . now let me see. . . . Where did I put that screw driver? . . . Here's a wad of bubble gum that had a blowout . . . must remember to have it vulcanized. . . . Boy Scout knife . . . what am I carrying that for? I wouldn't knife a Boy Scout. . . . The license plate off a hot tricycle, and a check for a short root beer. *Well, well, imagine that—no screw driver!!* But come on, Uncle Horatio. You said we were going to meet the mob and case a couple of joints for a heist.

BOOMER: Ah, yes. I forgot. Tonight is bank nite. Good day, my dear, and good day to you, Fish Fry!

THE END

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Book Quiz

Kenneth W. Thompson

BY DONALD GORDON

Counsellor and guide to 25,000 libraries and bookstores, whose "Book Tip" is now a weekly Liberty feature

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct	Excellent
30 correct	Good
25 correct	Fair
20 correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—In what best seller of the past few months does the hero pack more than figurative dynamite?

2—Who created The Wizard of Oz and the other Oz fairy tales?

3—What author is identified, through his books, with Cape Cod?

4—Eddie Cantor was the author of a best selling book about ten years ago. Know the title?

5—Gable and Laughton played together in a movie adapted from a book by James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff. What book?

6—Twenty years ago the name Warner Fabian was listed as the author of a "scandalous" success. Now it's a period piece. Can you identify?

7—What two masterpieces of the macabre, one written by a woman in 1818, the other by a man in 1897, have been revived to great popularity in book and film during the last fifteen years?

8—Can you recall the title of Negley Farson's big best seller of 1936?

9—Two other newsmen, Vincent Sheean and John Gunther, clicked with best sellers. Remember those titles?

10—This justly famous English author wrote the short story from which Jeanne Eagels' hit play, Rain, was made. Name the novel for which he is most noted.

11—Assuming that John Watson would be listening to Sherlock Holmes, toward whom would Archibald Goodwin be bending his ears? And in whose books would Mrs. Nicholas Charles be interfering with whom?

12—What is the common denominator of Jeeves, Wooster, and Psmith?

13—What was the title of the nobleman for whose crime the heroine of Rachel Field's All This, and Heaven Too was tried?

14—The most amusing literary hoax of the last fifteen years was by a gal. Remember its title and her name?

15—What in common have Reginald Fortune, Sir Henry Merrivale, Perry Mason, and Lord Peter Wimsey?

16—This 1928 killer-diller is a sympathetic story of the struggles of a young Bronx girl and her boy husband to find security for themselves and an imminent baby. It swept the country. Recall title and girl author?

17—A play from a book identically titled has probably been presented in the United States oftener than any other play. You should guess it.

18—M. K. R. wrote a fine novel about a boy in the Florida wilderness. Can you name it?

19—The names Paul Bäumer and E. M. Remarque are associated. In what way?

20—A play and a movie were made from Erskine Caldwell's best known novel. Do you know it?

21—Which living feminine poet's books of verse sell best in the United States?

22—What best seller has probably been irking the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution excessively?

23—In a triangle situation where marriage blocks the happiness of heroine and hero, what author almost invariably resolves the tangle by death, never by divorce?

24—A smoothly written English novel was a recent best seller even though the hero's name is "Huw." The novel?

25—What links the names of Mrs. M. Mitchell and Mrs. Frank Kennedy?

26—One of the most popular feminine practitioners of the mystery story doesn't always confine herself to that field. Her old mystery play, The Bat, still is in frequent production. Know her?

27—In the past fifteen years two men and two women have been successful to best-seller degree with books of satiric light verse. Can you name three of them?

28—This blatant but talented writer, 1940 Pulitzer Prize winner for a play, six years ago published a book of short stories whose title referred to an intrepid acrobat. Know his latest book?

29—One American twice has won the Pulitzer Prize for novels, the first time for The Magnificent Ambersons, in 1919. What is his recent novel?

30—The only Nobel Prize for Literature ever awarded to an American woman was given for a novel of foreign background and characters. Identify author and book.

31—For what unusual device of plotting did The Murder of Roger Ackroyd, by Agatha Christie, become famous?

32—This English charmer turned out a masterpiece of suspense in which the heroine's name was neither mentioned nor missed. Catch?

33—About ten years ago we chuckled over a little treatise upon the requirements of a job of bucolic carpentry. It was written by a vaudeville character actor. Remember title and author?

34—Published since 1938, this is one of the few novels that have been effective politically in turning attention to abuses. Title and author?

35—A novel by an English critic was published over here within the last five years with great success. The "hero" ended on the gallows. The author's name?

36—Two fine best sellers of recent years were by flying authors, one of them a woman. Names and titles?

37—A most successful novelist and playwright cleaned up in serial, book, stage, and screen production with a romance of nineteenth-century life on the Mississippi. Another of her hits made the best movie of the development of the West yet screened. Who is she?

38—Novels, The Financier and The Titan, were written by one largely credited with breaching the restrictions of censorship. His later novel about a young twentieth-century murderer was even better known. Title and author?

39—From a modern juvenile classic, "They gave him what goes with a cold in the nose and some more for a cold in the head . . . ." Identify.

40—A best seller of the last decade told the adventures of a young contemporary of Napoleon I. The initials H. A. and A. A. should reveal author and title.

(Answers will be found on page 60)

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Actual color photograph—Andrew Wright shows a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.

"I keep track of who pays what—

"—and I know Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter, milder tobaccos!" says Andrew Wright, independent leaf buyer of Kernersville, N. C.

"I'm right in the front row at the tobacco auctions—and I can tell you it's Luckies that go after the lighter, milder leaf and pay the price to get it. That's why I smoke Luckies myself, like most other buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen!"

Everybody knows you get what you pay for... and Luckies consistently pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike!

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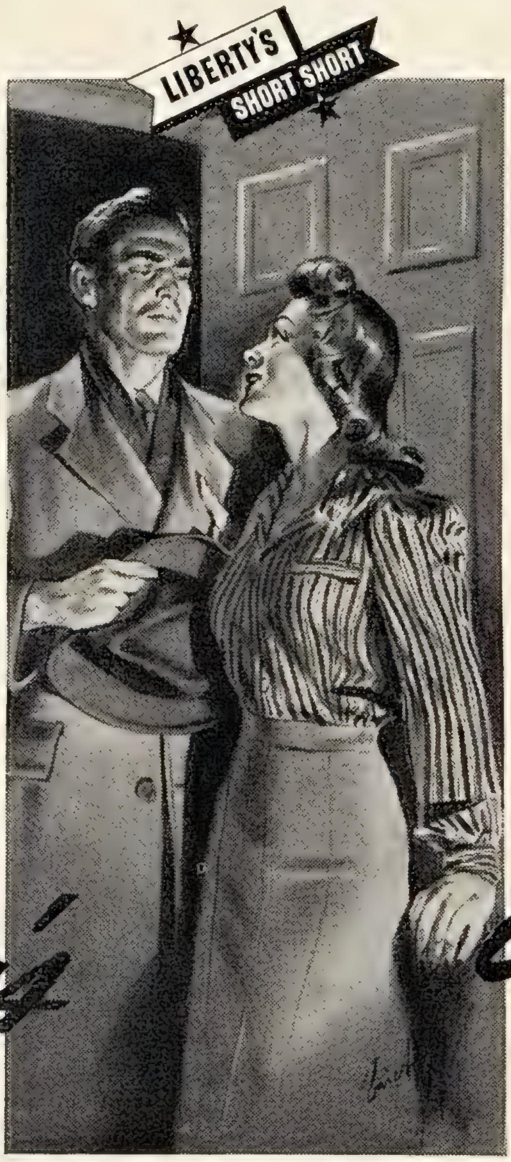
READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Nothing's Wrong

By WALTER DONIGER



"ME? I was home all evening."

Of course Anne would give the answer with a disarming frankness. For a moment he said nothing, attempting to quench the flame of rage that sought to sear his brain. Then he regained control of himself. Casually—very casually—he began to weave the net of evidence around her, weave it so subtly with words so carelessly thrown away that she would not know what he was doing until it was too late.

"Do anything much, Anne, or did you go to bed early?"

She tossed her tawny blonde bob back with a flip of her trim head, and her slender form sank gracefully back catlike into the sofa cushions as she lazily answered, "I was bored stiff. Washed a few stockings, helped mother plan the redecorations, and went to bed early."

"What about the Crosby program? I thought you stayed in to listen to him last night instead of—"

"*Of course* I did, Jimmy. I told you that was why I didn't go out with you," she quickly stemmed his question.

The caressing note in her voice almost made him abandon his suspicions and curse himself for a cheap suspicious fool, unworthy of a girl of Anne's quality. After all, Fred was out of her life for good. She had sworn that it was so.

But something made him keep on, perhaps the impatient drumming of her fingertips, perhaps the nervous wetting of her underlip.

He walked suddenly to the other side of the room, for he knew if he sat beside her he would forget about Fred, about the past, about yesterday. Anne had talked him out of many a quarrel before; once even when she had seen Fred, broken her promise. But that was before he had stumbled to his knees, and asked her, with all his flippant prepared words forgotten, to marry him.

No, he would not be talked out of it this time. She had promised things would be different.

He yawned elaborately.

"I didn't have anything much to do myself last night, so I listened to the Crosby program. You were right—it's darned good," he said, pretending not to notice the nervous twitch to her eyebrow.

"You did? . . . It's about time you started listening. There are some swell programs on. Tomorrow night . . ." Her voice had picked up his strained note and was echoing it.

He paid no attention to the rest of what she said as he noticed her attempt at a delicate transition to another subject. He reined her back on the conversational road he was intent on following. "Yes, that program last night was really fine. Did you hear it from start to finish?"

"Yes," Anne answered him, her voice a trifle unsure as she groped to find his object.

"First time I've heard Bob Burns, but he's an awfully clever guy. That politician's routine he did was terrific. Didn't you think so?"

Her eyes shadowed with a hunted look. "Why . . . yes . . . I thought it was kind of good."

"And that short play they put on —do you remember who was in it, Anne?"

She couldn't exactly remember who was in it.

"Could it have been . . . uh . . . Charles Treynor?"

"Now that I think of it, that's who it was." Her face was drained, hollows and angles. Her body was tensed as if awaiting a whiplash.

Suddenly he realized the evidence was all gathered. The trap must be sprung.

He spoke with the calmness of utter hate: "You—dirty—liar!"

She rocked to the words as though they were three separate blows.

"I say you're a liar! There was no short play. There was no Treynor. There was no show! The President spoke that whole hour—or didn't you hear him in *Fred's apartment* last night? Surely you had time? Some one saw you leave at eleven."

His voice was bitter, icy.

"Jim, please listen. . . ."

"To what? Your protestations that it will never happen again?"

He felt no emotion any more, just a sharp pain that made it impossible for him to breathe.

"We bumped into each other accidentally. I haven't seen him since . . . since that time," she pleaded in a voice that begged for mercy. "I was just going to talk to him for a minute."

"You love your charming little past, don't you?" he said, putting on his coat.

"It'll never happen again, I swear!" In a moment she would throw herself at his feet.

"That's what you told me the last time, my dear," he said with a loathing that could not completely cover the love he still felt for her.

As he shut the door behind him, he knew that he would never see her again. . . .

Yes! That's exactly the way it would happen.

He could see the whole scene before him as he stood in front of the mirror biting out the words he would say to Anne when he trapped her with the evidence of being seen leaving that apartment last night.

He gave his tie a final adjustment. Lord! He was late already. He drove wildly to her house. She opened the door and they said no word but hello until they were both seated on the sofa.

Casually—very casually—he began: "Did you hear the Bing Crosby program you wanted to listen to last night?"

"Why, no, Jimmy. I had to go out. A friend of mine who lives in the same apartment Fred used to was ill. Oh, by the way, did you know he'd left for the East?"

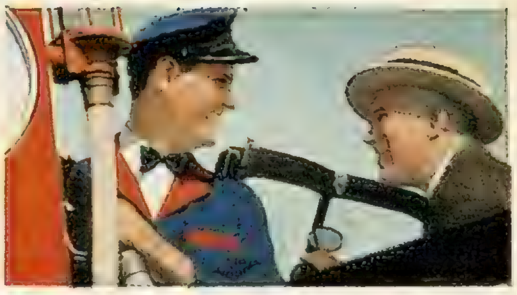
"No . . . no, I didn't know he'd left," Jimmy replied, still casually, but there was a very strange look on his face.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM



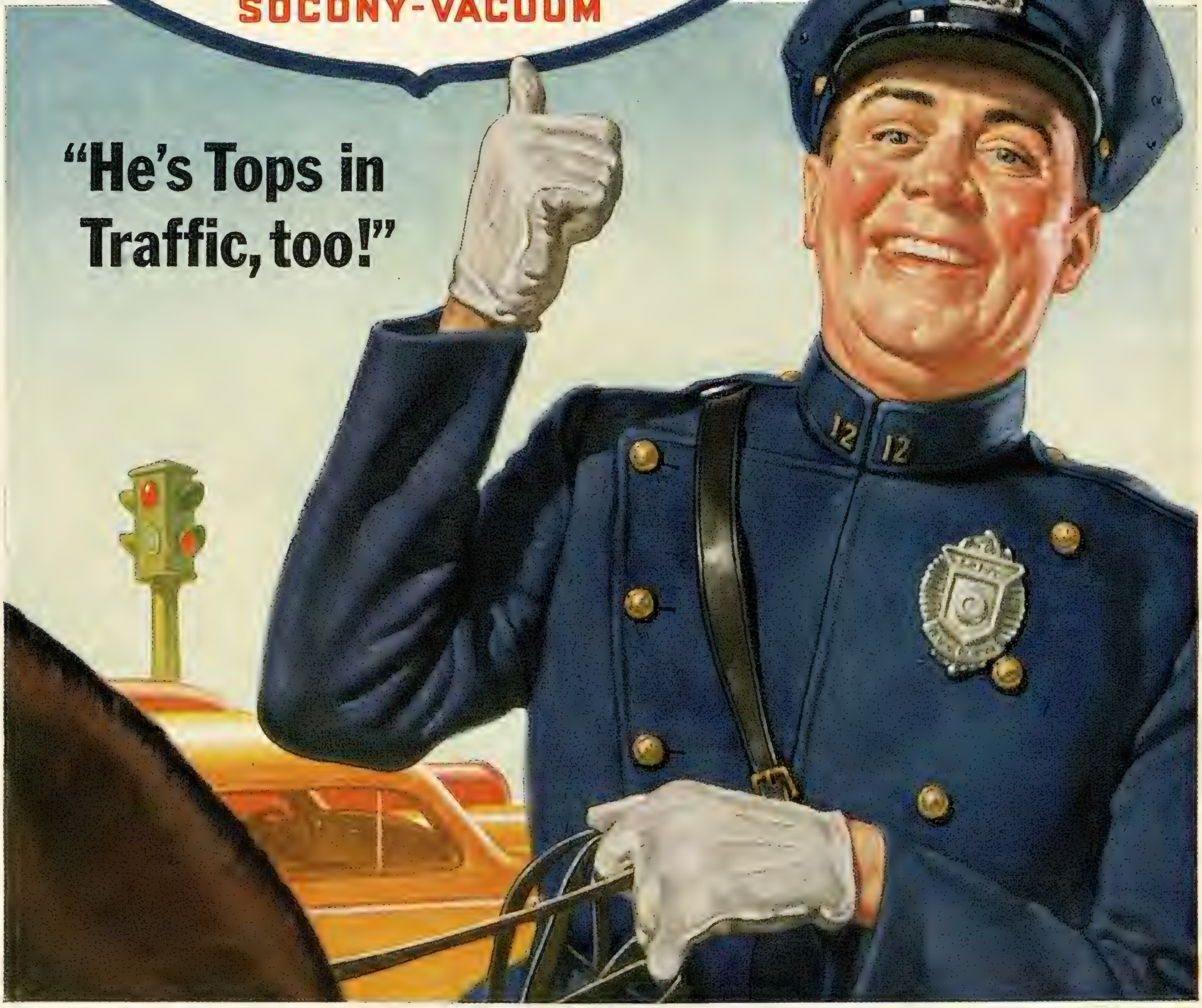
THIS MOUNTED COP'S HORSE was picked and trained for traffic. And so is the Mobilgas you buy at the Red Horse Sign.

"Picked" from fine crude oils...

Refined to have sensitive pick-up, full power and mileage.

Mobilgas is unsurpassed by other regular-priced brands in all-around performance. And our pledge is to *keep* it top value among regular-priced gasolines!

Drive in for Mobilgas — today!


"He's Tops in Traffic, too!"
12
12

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc., *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corporation of California

RE-ECHOED
A MILLION TIMES:

BETTER TIMES
WITH
Early Times

EARLY TIMES
This is the Whisky that made Kentucky Whiskies Famous
EARLY TIMES
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
THIS WHISKY IS 5 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED FOR EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
ONE QUART

Yes—every good time can be a better time with Early Times—the whisky that made Kentucky whiskies famous. Remember, it's

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EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., Frankfort, Kentucky
A Division of
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky

You Still Can Enter
LIBERTY'S $2,000 CASH PRIZE
History of Our Flag Quiz

THIS is week No. 8 of the History of Our Flag Quiz. There are still five weeks to go. Late-entry privilege is still extended to the readers of Liberty who have not yet joined the large group who are enjoying the experience of tracking down the answers to the quiz questions, securing valuable information regarding the history of our wonderful national emblem, how to display it properly, how to honor it in public and in private.

All of the questions are interesting and informative. At first glance some of them may seem somewhat removed from the flag itself, but when they have all been answered you will see that each has contributed its part to a clear and revealing picture of the history and background of our flag and the democracy for which it stands.

If you have not yet entered this patriotic game, take the necessary steps today. Instructions for securing foregoing material appear in the adjacent column. Send for it today, study the Rules carefully, and then go after one of the big cash prizes.

We cannot speak too highly of the beautiful Flag Chart described in the adjacent box. It is not necessary to get one, but if you do, it will save you hours of research, aside from being a valuable addition to the educational equipment of any home or school.

Late-Entry Opportunity

For the convenience of readers who have not yet entered this competition but who would like to do so, we have prepared a supply of reprints of the foregoing sets of quiz questions to bring them up to date with the balance of the field. If you require this material, mail your request to the contest address given in Rule 8, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. In the meantime watch for the next set of quiz questions in next week's issue of Liberty. There will be thirteen sets of quiz questions in all.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies, shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 8.

Why question the past that is framed in tradition
Of noble proportion and free of ambition,
When under the roof of an old Arch Street dwelling
A tale is retold with a stir in the telling?
Yes, credit the scissors that snipped in one clipping
Each star of the canton without pause or slipping.

—HOWARD WISWALL BIBLE.

1. Identify the flag described in the above stanza.
2. How should persons in uniform salute the flag?
3. Upon our flag what is the present star arrangement in the canton?
4. When was The Star-Spangled Banner officially made the national anthem of the United States by act of Congress?
5. What was the number and arrangement of the stripes upon the flag that inspired Francis Scott Key to write The Star-Spangled Banner?

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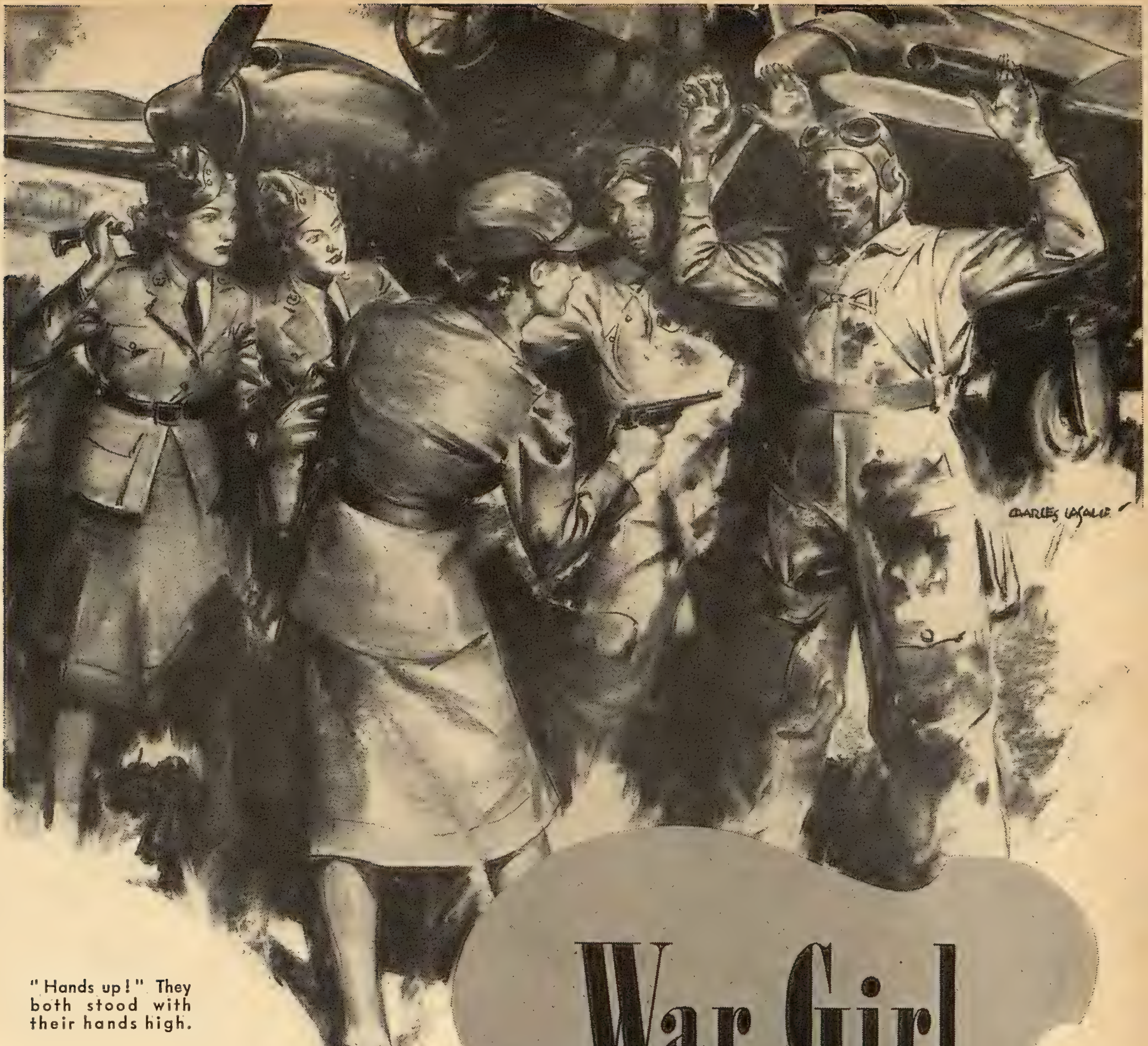


"Hands up!" They both stood with their hands high.

War Girl

Edited by KEITH AYLING

Love wins!—So the curtain falls on a revealing chronicle of courage

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

WE rushed to the hospital. A gray-haired sister wearing the Order of the Red Cross and a Mons Star took us into her office. "Girls, you've got to be brave. Your friend is much worse than she knows. We've done everything we could. She's had a blood transfusion and some sleep. She asked for you. You must cheer her up without exciting her too much. I am expecting Major Carstairs, her fiancé, at any moment."

We tiptoed down the crowded ward to a small screened cubicle at the far end.

"Whoopee yeaow. Hi, girls." Kay's voice was reduced to a whisper. Her face was as white as the pillow. She tried to raise her hand, but it didn't get very far. I kissed her. Her cheek was snow-cold and damp. Her eyes smiled at us. "Girls, it seems as though I've got a packet. I'll be parked here for a long time. They say Bill's coming this afternoon. I don't want him to see me so doggoned white."

"But Bill will want to see you, duckie," urged Doris. "You can't do that to Bill."

"If he takes one look at me, he'll just turn around and bolt," said Kay. "Gosh, I've never been one for dolling up, but I could use a bit of make-up now."

"Why not?" I said. "We'll make you up. I'll be back in a tick."

I went around to see matron. "It's against regulations," she said, "but I don't see why you shouldn't in this case. But you must be careful. The least shock and excitement might be too much for her."

I skipped to the chemist's and got some face powder and some rouge, and in a trice we had Kay looking as if she had just got in from the open spaces. It wasn't Kay—just a mask with color, but she looked better. When we let her see herself in the mirror, she smiled like a happy kid. Presently she said, "Joy, old thing, matron gave me a Bible. Will you read it to me? There's something I want to tell Bill. I've marked the page I want. I always remember this piece, because I got turned out of Sunday school for teaching it to the class. I still—" Her voice sounded as if some one was fading down the volume on the radio. "I still think it's beautiful. Every one should read it. It's a duty, and now—now I can't even remember the words." The tears swelled in her eyes. "Joy, please read it! I want to tell it to Bill to make him understand."

I read the lines she had marked:

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh. . . ."

Some one came in and Doris went out. When I had got to the end, Kay said, "Joy dear, I'm feeling fine now. I'm stronger. I want to tell Bill *that*, if he's worried about me. He's got to believe it too. Heck! This is the worst of being a woman in the war. It's so darned hard to tell a man that he's got to carry on and not to worry."

The nurse fetched me out. Bill went in. I didn't feel like speaking to him.

As we drove back, Doris said, "Joy, why couldn't it have been me? Kay was so good! And I'm—well, I'm not worth much—"

"She'll be all right," I tried to say.

Seamy was waiting for us in the orderly room. "Girls, the hospital has just telephoned to tell us that Volunteer Cullum died." She stood to attention and saluted. We did the same thing. Presently she said, "The antiaircraft officer whom she was driving has recommended her for the George Cross. He suggested that she take shelter and that he drive himself, but she volunteered to take him through a bomb curtain with which the enemy was trying to break our communications."

"Now we've got to work, work, and work, and keep going," said Doris as we were washing the truck the next morning. "That's what Kay would want. We'll show those Germans. Golly, if I see a German, I'll kill him with this." She brandished the monkey wrench. "I'll murder the swine."

We were down to give an act at the camp concert that night—Doris to tap-dance, and me to sing.

"We've got to do it, duckie," Doris said. "Remember what they told us: 'If you're wounded at your job, you don't notice.' Well, we've been wounded but we're not beaten. We'll do one better for Kay."

Doris' tap dance was a wow. She got lashings of applause. After the concert we both went back to our rooms and howled. There was nothing else to do.

Going on parade the next morning was like dragging your heart through a barbed-wire hedge.

The next day we drove the old three-tonner on our whole round with our chins stuck well out. It wasn't petrol we were carrying any more; it was Britain's life blood. It seems the Nazis are going to make their big push. We heard at lunch that the army was going to take all the girls out of the advance areas. I don't believe it. We wouldn't go.

DORIS and I began to get on each other's nerves. When you're trying to keep your pal from crying and you feel like doing it yourself, you're inclined to do stupid things. So I was crazy with delight when I heard that Norah, my cousin from Portsmouth, who joined the W. A. A. F., was coming over to see us. She's at the R. A. F. station across the river, a telephone operator at a fighter station, and her boy friend is a pilot in a Hurricane squadron. She applied to be near him, and the authorities fixed it up for them. They're going to be married soon; then they can have married quarters outside their station.

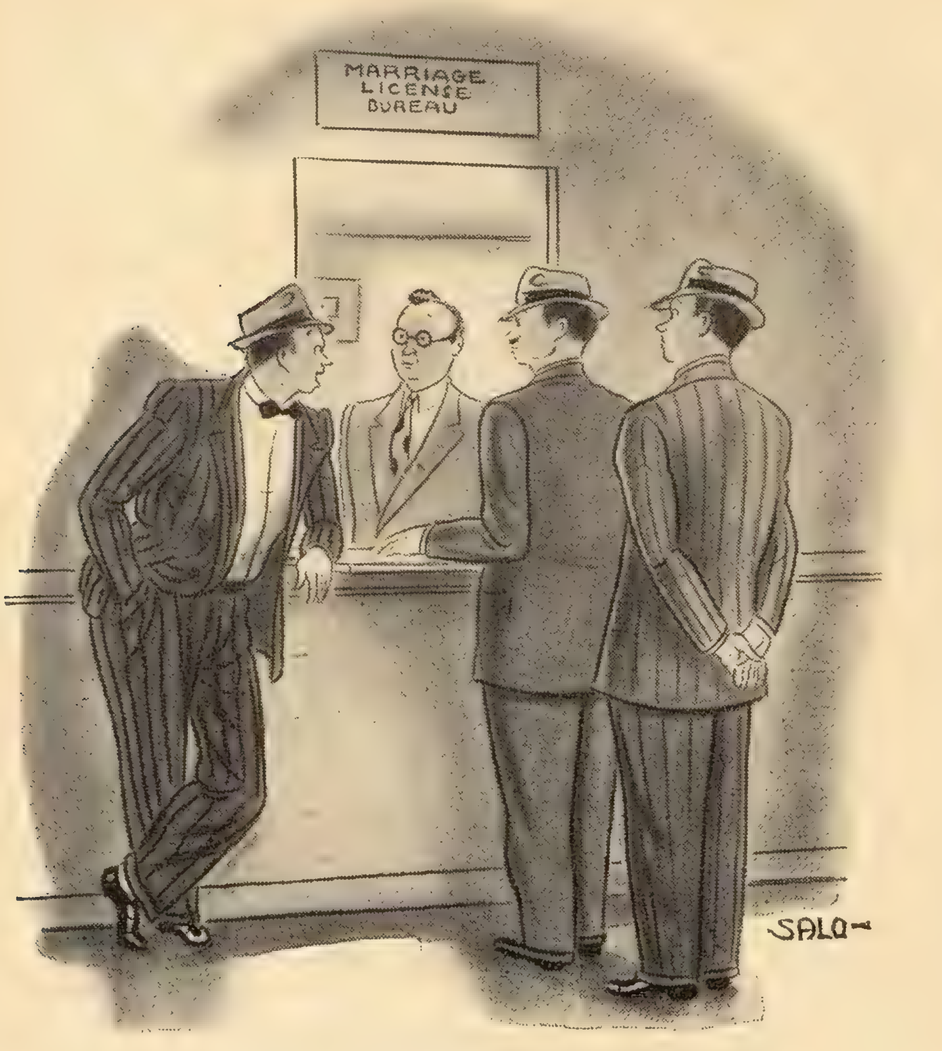
The day poor old Kay got hers, the Jerries made a raid on the air station where Norah works. They were blasting the place to pieces as the R. A. F. fighters went up to fight them off, and from all round urgent calls were coming into the exchange. One bomb shook all the glass out of the place. The air-station commander sent across to tell Norah's section leader, "Chips," that she had better curtail the service and hand over to the underground emergency lines. "Chips was wonderful," Norah told us. "She told him that we could carry on, and that if we switched we would only get ten per cent of the calls. Then she dished out tin hats and said that any one who liked could go below. We all stayed. Afterward, she rang up the canteen and ordered tea for us all. She's a brick. She deserved the Military Medal they gave her for that job."

In the W. A. A. F. the worst punishment is discharge. The ordinary ones are potato-peeling and washing up.

"We don't mind that, though, especially not if we do it for the pilots," Norah laughed. "I had three days of it for bringing my evening togs into camp."

Seems the W. A. A. F. get closer to their boys than we do. They darn their socks, mend their shirts, and give them concerts. The R. A. F. boys call them walking hussifs[1] on the q. t.

(*Continued on page 40*)



"Mind if I stand here and just laugh?"

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[1] Soldier slang for compendium containing needle and thread.

FLUID DRIVE...

A STATEMENT BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Gasoline and Diesel engines are making history. The very defense strength of nations is now measured in motor power. Combat plane, bomber, submarine, torpedo boat, freighter—tank, truck and military car—all are motor driven.

And in this vast field of mobile horsepower, Fluid Drive has revolutionized all previous conceptions of harnessing internal combustion engines. This new development of a time-tested basic principle provides smooth, vibrationless power transmission.

New applications of Fluid Drive are expanding its usefulness. It is indispensable wherever the flow of power calls for flexibility, instantaneous absorption of terrific impulses, peak engine torque and an absence of vibration.

An Aid To Defense

Where split-second timing is demanded, the Fluid Drive principle answers a vital need. A tiny Fluid Drive unit controls the speed of airplane superchargers—giving motors a regulated air supply at high altitudes and preventing disastrous vibration.

In submarines, Fluid Drive permits multiple Diesel Engine hook-ups—cushions volcanic power explosions—even disconnects the engines from propellers in three seconds—a necessity when submerging. Power-shovels now use it to absorb the shock of impact and prevent engine stall. It is solving countless other industrial and utility power problems.

Exclusive of automobiles, the Fluid Drive principle transmits over four million horsepower throughout the world today—energy equal to the combined installed capacity of Boulder and Coulee Dams. Already, Fluid Drive is transmitting over thirty million horsepower in Chrysler Corporation cars.

A Basic Principle

Fluid Drive has taken its place as a basic principle of power transmission—along with the lever, the inclined plane, steam, electricity and hydraulics. Its principle is a law of physics—kinetic energy—which is force through motion. Engine power is transmitted through spinning oil. There is no metal to metal contact between motor and drive shaft.

For 25 years, automotive engineers have sought a means of providing acceleration without the bother of gear shifting—to cushion ever-increasing horsepower with the smoothness of steam and the quiet of electricity. Fluid Drive is the final key to this accomplishment. After years of research by Chrysler Corporation engineers, Fluid Drive was introduced in 1938 on the Chrysler Custom Imperials—it since has been made available on all 1941 Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler models.

A Major Achievement

A new ease of car control—of distinct advantage under present-day traffic conditions—is provided by Fluid Drive. The motorist can stop, start again, speed up, slow down—drive all day without the continual effort of gear-shifting. Acceleration is smooth, vibrationless!

Fluid Drive adds new safety. The danger of engine stall is practically eliminated! On slippery, icy pavements Fluid Drive gives the car a more sure-footed action. Traction is obtained by the cushioned flow of power to rear wheels. Yet, with all these important advantages the motorist has nothing new to learn.

Over 300,000 owners of Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler cars are enjoying the benefits of Fluid Drive. Like Hydraulic Brakes and Floating Power—two other Chrysler Corporation achievements—Fluid Drive is a major, permanent contribution to motoring comfort and safety. It creates a new high standard of motor car performance and value. It is a modern miracle of power transmission!

* * * * *

PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

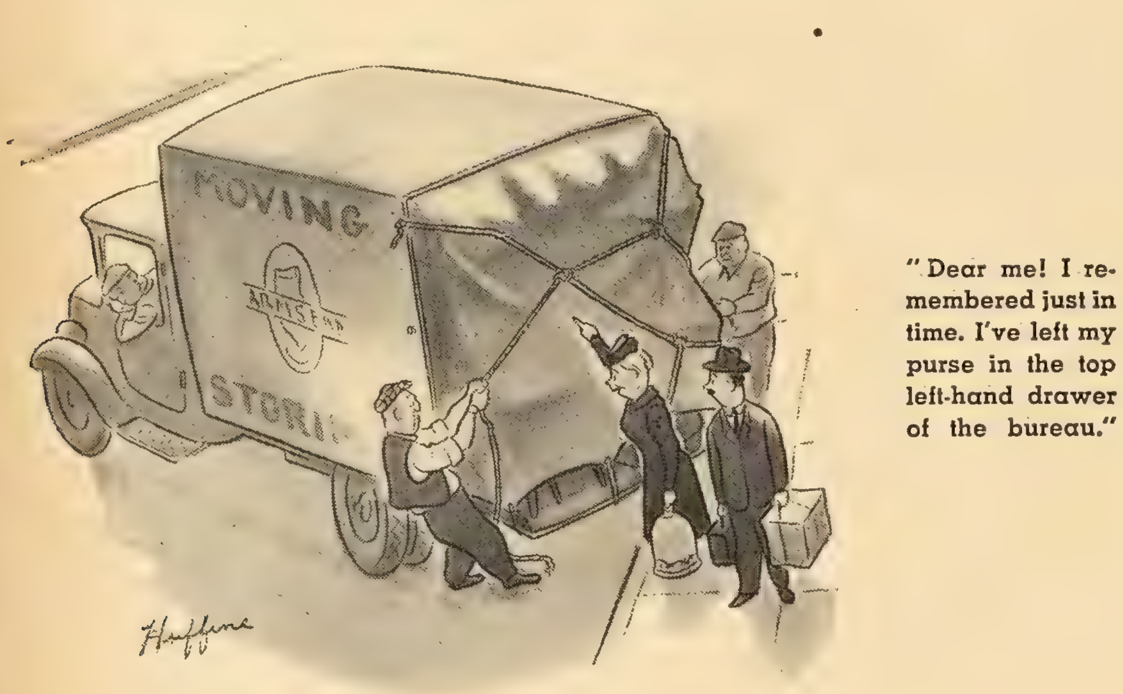
ARMY TANKS • ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS • AIRCRAFT PARTS • ARMY VEHICLES • PLYMOUTH, DODGE, DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER CARS • DODGE TRUCKS • MARINE AND INDUSTRIAL ENGINES • DIESEL ENGINES • OILITE BEARINGS • AIRTEMP HEATING AND AIR-CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT

YOU GET THE GOOD THINGS FIRST FROM CHRYSLER CORPORATION

(*Continued from page 38*)

There are so many officers whose wives are in the W. A. A. F. that the whole town is just like a big R. A. F. station. Most of the houses are occupied by airmen and their wives. One street has been renamed Hurricane Lane because the tenants are nearly all Hurricane pilots.

The W. A. A. F. girls get a lot of drill. When Norah was with the Barrage Balloon Center, they used to do a flag parade every morning, marching best with the men in threes. One of Norah's first jobs was running a field kitchen for the balloon squadron. The girls had over a hundred men to look after three times a day. They used to serve the boys in the outlying stations with food, packed in hayboxes to keep it warm. Norah used to stand at the door of her truck and play Come and Get It on the frying pan when the bunch arrived. Somehow the W. A. A. F. seems a bit more glamorous than the A. T. S., but I'm glad I'm where I am.



"Dear me! I remembered just in time. I've left my purse in the top left-hand drawer of the bureau."

When Norah went we were soon in the ordinary routine again—just camp life and rules to be broken. You certainly need a sense of humor to be corporal of the guard. One bright moonlit night at about 1 A. M., Bunface came barking into the guardroom: "Turn out the guard, corporal! Two volunteers are walking in the men's camp lines in evening frocks."

We turned out and went on the snoop. The sentries at the gate were sure that they had seen no girls in evening togs go in. Bunface insisted, and led us in a search party. Sure enough, one of our advance scouts spied two figures in evening dress walking arm in arm up between the huts at the men's lines, which are out of bounds even for Bunface.

"Wait there and watch them," commanded Bunface. "When they come back, head them off. Don't cross the lines—it's out of bounds—but immediately they set foot on our side, arrest them. Call out A Platoon and picket all the lines."

You could fairly feel her licking her lips at the thought of the capture.

Doris got hold of the section leader, who disturbed twenty-five sleepy volunteers in battle dress and arranged them in strategic positions while we continued reconnoitering. Presently, in the bright moonlight, two figures in dance frocks were seen strolling up arm in arm toward the hut.

"They're smoking," croaked Bunface jubilantly. "Disgraceful. How dare they, the hussies!"

In a moment we saw two pickets at the far end of our camp line walk up and accost the pair. There was a scream, and the two figures started to run madly toward us, their skirts well up, the volunteer after them.

"Hold them! Stop them!" yelled Bunface. Two more volunteers took up the chase. The miscreants headed toward the parade grounds.

"Tallyho!" yelled Seamy, and off we went. The parade ground is pretty big. How those girls could run! Finally two volunteers got one, and the other stopped. We crowded in, and there was a burst of laughter that must have awakened the whole neighborhood. Our captive was a man.

Bunface grampused up! The sergeant major of the Artillery arrived also—with the sergeant of the guard. Bunface marched us off, the old cat.

The next morning we heard the story. The Artillery boys were dress-rehearsing a play, Noel Coward's Vortex, for the camp show the next night. These two were playing the leading female parts. Poor old Bunface! She won't forget that for a while.

Ordinary life never lasts long in war, which is a blessing, although, as Norah said, even potato-peeling can be exciting when it has a purpose. Washing up is bearable if it means something. Chores with a cheer is the motto of our cooking squads. There are some girls here who do nothing but cooking and waiting on the officers and Tommies. They get up with the alarm clock instead of the bugle, as they have to have breakfast ready by the time the bugler calls the rest of the camp for parade.

Doris and I have a new roommate. We call her Mountain. She's only six foot tall without heels. She was a show girl after she got too fat to be a dress model. Here she's the drum major of the band, and a clerk ranking as we do. She can certainly swing a pretty hip even in battle pants.

Mountain is a grand person, but she isn't Kay. It used to hurt every time I looked across the room at night, to see Kay's bed occupied. They were tearful days. Doris and I hardly dared to look at each other. Once Doris tried to let out a whoopee yeaow. It died in her throat, and we both began to cry. It was terrible to have to go on parade with our red eyes.

We were driving Mountain to A. A. headquarters when adventure dropped out of the skies, just as if we'd been looking for it. The air-raid alarm went, and we drew up on the side of the road under an oak tree as the military field police cars came by, sounding their whistles to clear the roads. It wasn't the day for an air raid. The clouds were so low that you could almost touch them and there was a thick damp mist rolling across the fields. Somewhere in the distance the guns were hammering at something and the machine guns were popping all around at nothing.

Then the roar of a plane motor overhead swooped down so near that we ducked.

"Down!" yelled Mountain. "It's a Hun! He'll machine-gun us!"

WE all lay flat on the floor of the truck. No bullets came, so we sat up and stuck our heads out. We heard the engines of the plane cough and then die away; start again, then cough and stop.

"Look, it's landed over there!" cried Doris. About two hundred yards away in the field was an ugly green-gray German bomber tilted on its side, with the yellow dope paint underneath the wings looking like skin on a frog's tummy, and the red-and-black swastika marking on the tail. It was horrible to see that marking in an English meadow, even if it was on a dead war bird. We all tumbled out. Doris tore the cushion off the seat, opened the tool kit, and took out the big monkey wrench.

"Come on," said Mountain. "We're going to take some prisoners."

"But we can't—we're not armed," I said. "The Home Guard will be along soon."

"Come on. They're going to fire their plane," Mountain said, breaking into a run. Doris and I followed. We got to the machine as two fair-haired young men in overalls came out. They stared at us in frank amazement. The first one said, "Good afternoon. I am a German airman. I must be treated properly as a prisoner under international law." He spoke like a parrot, with the accents in the wrong places. He smiled a bit weakly and put up his oil-stained hands. I was petrified, but Mountain dashed forward and grabbed the pistol he had in his belt. He was so surprised that he took a step back and bumped into the German behind him, a spectacled young man whose overalls were smothered in dirty black oil.

"Hands up!" cried Mountain. They both stood with their hands high above their heads.

"Look," said Doris. "There's another one in the plane."

"Grab the other pistol. If he moves I'll settle him," snapped Mountain. Doris did. Mountain hurried to the door of the bomber that was hanging wide open. "Come out of there. Come out." Another German showed up, fat, dark-haired with a bald patch, rather like Mussolini. His face was a study of rage and surprise. He was oil-stained too. Directly he saw Mountain, he turned and scrambled back in. Mountain fired into the ground. He hollered and came right out in a hurry, to stand with his hands up, reciting the same piece that the others had, only in slightly better English.

"I am a German soldier," he kept saying.

"You may be," said Mountain, "but you're a swine nevertheless. You ought to be killed, but you're too valuable alive."

A SECTION of the Home Guard bumped across the field in a truck. They surrounded the Germans and searched them. Then the R. A. F. boys arrived in a tender, and the officer and another man went inside the body of the bomber with some kind of instrument and fire extinguishers. Presently they came out smiling, bringing a leather case and a machine gun.

"O. K. Good work, girls," said the officer.

Back at camp we had a surprise. A smart slick junior commander stepped out on morning parade—Pep, looking snappier than ever, and promoted! She sent for us that afternoon. "Girls, I'm looking for talent for officer training. There is a new order that all promotions are to be made from the ranks. Shall I put your names down?"

Cosmetics
SPECIAL ON LIP STICKS
SALE ON LIP STICK
alex young

"I'll take a dozen!"

"I'd like to think it over, ma'am," I said on the spur of the moment. Doris echoed, "Me too," and followed me outside.

"Joy dear, why didn't you put your name down? I thought you wanted to be an officer. That's what we planned. But whatever you say goes, dear. I'm with you!"

I had wanted to be, but I was worrying. We were doing such useful work with our truck. If we were going to be officers, that would mean more training, months of it. Wouldn't it be better to stay doing the job we were in? But Doris persuaded me in the end, and we put our names down on Pep's list.

THAT night Doris' boy friend George turned up. He was going abroad. He wanted her to marry him before he went. Doris came in after midnight on a late pass. Her face looked pretty determined about something. Presently she said, "No, I won't get married—I won't. I'll stick it out."

"But you love George, don't you?" I said.

"Of course I do, but I feel it'd be wrong to get married now. We did make up our minds to wait till the war ended. Suppose I had a child. They get rid of you for that here, even if you are married. I want a commission."

We lay awake all night, talking. I knew just how Doris felt, but by morning I had her convinced that by marrying George she would be doing a double service for Britain. Pep arranged for her to have a forty-eight-hour leave, and the senior commandant gave permission for an A. T. S. wedding. It turned out to be an Artillery wedding as well. The officers and gunners of George's battery took part. The church, built about a hundred years ago, with all the windows blown out by the last blitz, was packed with uniformed officers and other ranks. I was Doris' "best man." Pep gave her away. As I heard them say, after the minister, "Till death us do part," I thought of Kay lying outside in the same churchyard.

As they came out of the church, Doris and George walked under a triumphal arch made by our girls with their canes and the Artillery boys with the sticks they clean their guns with. Outside, an artillery wagon was waiting with our girls and a section of the gunners, instead of horses, at the ropes. Our band, with Mountain stepping out like a circus horse at a party, led the procession. We were well on our way when the air-raid alarm went. We carried on, though, and the band seemed to drum a new rhythm of defiance into Mountain's arrangement of the Wedding March.

Pep had arranged a cocktail-beer party at the Dog and the Duck. The landlord provided the wedding cake. Then we went to the station.

Doris and George were in the train when George's adjutant came running up. George went over. Doris leaned out to me. "I'll miss you, dear. I'll long to get back."

George came up, his face red. "It's tough luck, old thing," he said, "but I—well, I have to leave. We're going East. The departure's been advanced a little. Here's a car waiting for me."

In a few minutes he was gone. Doris and I walked back to the camp. "Perhaps this is the best way," she said queerly. "I'm not going to cry about it. I'm going to work. I'm going to get my commission. I'll make myself into a good officer. I'll train enough girls to relieve a hundred men."

I wouldn't have taken it quite like that.

That evening Max arrived unexpectedly—Max, as thrilling as ever, bronzed and tough; still hopelessly in love and asking me to marry him. But I couldn't say yes. I seemed to have a plum in my throat.

WHEN we kissed good-by that night, I wanted to cry. After I turned in, I did. Doris heard me. She came over and put her arms around me. I was frightened. If Max went to Egypt or Greece, like George, I would feel more alone than ever. I could carry on alone. Work would keep me busy, but— but—

The next morning Doris came over again. Mountain had gone to have a swim. "Listen, Joy dear. You blitzed me into marrying, so now you've got to take it yourself. Don't be a mule! Be a woman! You've got to carry on. I realize that. Look at the people of London. *They're* carrying on, aren't they? We're young. We've got to carry on; we've got to be women as well as A. T. S. volunteers. We've got to live women's lives and help men to live."

Doris choked a bit. "I know you think I'm talking nonsense. But I've changed now. This war has done things to me. It has changed me. It is an accident; it's like a storm, an act of God perhaps, but it's shown me the way. We're women, we're citizens, and we've got a double duty to do—and, by Jove, we're going to do it!"

We went outside in the sunshine. The camp band was marching past playing a lively march. Three hundred smart uniformed girls were swinging their arms like guardsmen as they marched proudly past the Union Jack flying bravely in the breeze.

Doris put her hand out. "Whoopee yeaow, Joy—carry on! Let's shake on it!"

We shook. I went to the clubroom, my heart at the salute, and wrote to Max. I'll be an officer and an officer's wife! I'll be a woman, too. I'll remember our motto is *Noblesse oblige*.

THE END

THE HOUSE ON HARMONY STREET

Continued from Page 21

He went downstairs, and out into the fresh evening air. He strode toward the Chaussée de Malines and kept an eye out for a messenger from D'Hasque. It was the time he should find one. He turned down a narrow side street and into the small estaminet run by Emil Moon. He was surprised to find that it was Dupon who had come to meet him and who instantly took him into a small room off the main one.

“I came myself. It is well we see one another again,” he said.

Peter gave him his message for Colonel Helton. It was a lengthy one. Dupon had nothing from the colonel for him. But had he seen the Libre Belgique? It was too bad it had been necessary to kill Glück before making him talk, but it had been unavoidable unless he was to escape as his companion did. And had he had a chance to read the article on the recruiting? A new lot of men—true Belgians—had got through since the publication. They had had word this morning. So, as always, just after men got through, D'Hasque was lying quiet. Dupon was very happy—especially when he considered that he and D'Hasque had stayed alive so long. There was news, too, that the people of France were becoming much more active again and gaining confidence in England.

THE poor souls!” said Dupon, all sympathy. “It is good the Nazis have been hard on them. It wakens one faster after the first numbness. We Belgians know. Yes, our old proverb is true: ‘The cord that binds too strictly snaps itself.’ ”

“I'm glad D'Hasque is safe,” said Peter. “And I'm glad he sent you.” He told of the discovery of the patriot wireless and of the efforts to trace it.

Dupon said calmly, “To be sure. This is the seventh house it has been in. And lately we have changed the code so often that Elise complains bitterly. But we can't change it except when some of our men get through to enlist and also carry a new code with them to your headquarters.”

“I know that,” said Peter, “and I'm glad you are not alarmed. But if they get much closer, we'll have to move the wireless again. Have you and D'Hasque figured out the next place?”

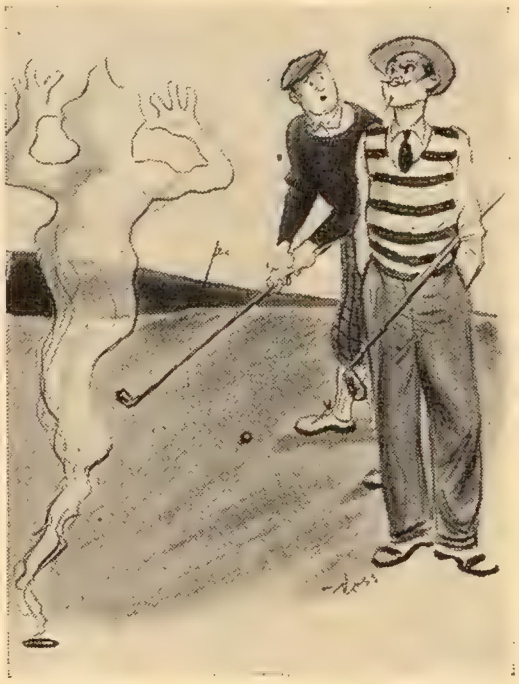
“We have three ahead. Bastyns' is the next one. The trouble is now to fix it so that we do not travel the same route as the printing press of the Libre Belgique. It takes co-operation.”

Stanleigh regarded the mild-looking little hairdresser who was making a game of tag out of the German occupation. Certainly he looked like anything but a hero. “What a good lot you people are!” he said. “Well, take care of yourself and Elise—and tell D'Hasque what I've told you.” He rose to go.

“Good luck!” said Dupon. “I'll stay till you've gone a block or two.”

Stanleigh hurried back to the House.

When he presented himself before Fräulein Doktor that night, he thought he was ready for whatever she might do. But he was surprised. She received him in a dinner dress that had all the marks of Schiaparelli. Peter let his eyes roam over her admiringly.



“Aw, cut it out, Swami!”

“It was very effective in Paris, too,” she said in French with no sign of a German accent.

“It must have been!” He looked down at his ordinary suit. “I must get more clothes—for special occasions,” he murmured, and added with a grin, “I'll need them in America anyhow.” Then his eyes went back to the easy job of admiring her. What the devil was she up to?

“You will be no good against women,” she smiled; “you are too susceptible.”

“On the contrary,” he answered. “I have a charm against the attractions of all I may meet.”

“Yes?”

“There is no other Fräulein Doktor,” he said, and hoped it was not too blatant. He observed that it wasn't. Well, she was a woman.

He thought of it even as she thought: Well, he is a man.

She had abandoned the desk and the whole officelike corner of the room. She sat down and motioned him to the divan, before which there was a table with coffee and brandy.

She handed him coffee. “Why did you suggest, this morning, that we send Schnabel to Spain?” she asked.

“From the other wireless messages, it seemed sensible,” he answered, “with so many German ‘tourists’ in Spain ready for the final effort before open action. The diplomatic battle is on there now and the Intelligence in this war co-operates with the diplomats.”

“You did not know he was to go there unless the orders were changed?”

“No. As you know, I was in the wireless room only yesterday and part of today,” he said easily. “But from what I heard, it was good sense—just as it would be good sense for that British agent they mentioned in France today—why shouldn't he be headed for Spain too?”

“Because he is somewhere else,” said Fräulein Doktor definitely. “Have more coffee.” She poured out another small cup for him.

Peter picked it up and his hand was steady. “You work quickly,” he said admiringly.

“We do,” she answered.

Peter put down his coffee cup.

“Brandy?” said Fräulein.

“Thank you,” he answered, and again his hand was steady.

“We've found him. In fact, we have him,” she said with satisfaction.

“Marvelous,” said Peter, and had all he could do not to down the brandy in a swallow.

“Yes,” she said. “Taussig shot him.”

“Then he is dead?” asked Peter wonderingly.

“No,” she said. “They had a kind of duel. The man attacked Taussig. This Stanleigh is still alive, but we have him. A report on it came during dinner. We hope to make him talk if he does not die too soon.”

“You are sure it is Stanleigh?”

“It seems so,” she answered. “We are lucky.”

“Lucky!” said Peter. He thought: I hope the poor blighter doesn't talk in a delirium. Who can it be? Warwick? Hamilton? Who? Or was she playing him? Anyhow, Taussig had been attacked. That meant that D'Hasque's whole message, of which Taussig was only a part, had got through and they were acting on it—even in France. Good, so far.

“First Glück and then Taussig,” she commented. “The enemy seems to be getting brighter lately. Well, it won't last long.”

HOW is Taussig? Dead?”

“Oh, no. He will have to rest. But perhaps Taussig does not matter so much as long as Schnabel is all right. He gave them our orders in Paris in place of Glück. Taussig was merely to carry on. We can send another for that.”

“With the diplomatic offensive going so well in the Balkans, and Spain helpless to stop an advance if one is made— Perhaps I am stupid,” he added impulsively, “but I don't see why Mueller left Norway for Thorshavn—it is a small place and—”

“And important in the long run,” she said. “The Faeroe Islands are strategic up there, north of Britain, and Britain controls them—yes—but they belong to Denmark, and we hold Denmark and the families of people who are in the Faeroes—”

“Even if Britain continues to hold them under a protectorate?” He asked the question dubiously.

"Continues for how long? They may have them till spring." She laughed a little. "Yes—if they can keep them till spring."

"To prepare for spring, Mueller should go on to Iceland," he said with conviction—"if he can get there." The last was a challenge.

"Oh, he can," said Fräulein, "he can if he needs to. But it may be over before then. It will be." Suddenly she turned to him. "They tell me you have a mind for strategy. I believe you have."

"I hope so," said Peter fervently.

SHE replenished his brandy glass again, and her own. She leaned back and sighed.

"Do you ever wish for the life you belong to?" asked Stanleigh, deciding it was time to get closer to the interesting lady.

"What do you mean?" she answered sharply. "I belong to my work!"

"Yes, you belong to your work—but you also belong to something else," he said; "you belong to—" What did any woman want in her heart to belong to, even one like this? He worked on it. "You belong to your work but also to moments of gaiety and color—and"—he put what he could in his voice—"moments of—ease."

She laughed at the last abruptly. "I had them in Paris. Do you know how much women had to do with the fall of France? I knew those women. Moments of ease! *Lieber Gott!* All those months were moments of ease! I had only to tell them, and they were all Du Barrys or Pompadours in their own minds—as long as I stayed away from their men!" There was real merriment in her laughter.

"I can imagine that," said Peter. Yes, there was no doubt she had stayed away from their men longer than she would have liked, if you considered her as she was and not as she had made herself.

She was quiet a moment. Then, "It reminds me. We believe that somewhere in this place is a leak. You can help."

"Tell me how," said Stanleigh.

"I have wondered about the girl I introduced you to the other evening at the party—the brown eyes you came home with that early day," she added, with acid in her tone.

"Surely you know I'd never seen her before the doorstep."

"The doorstep?"

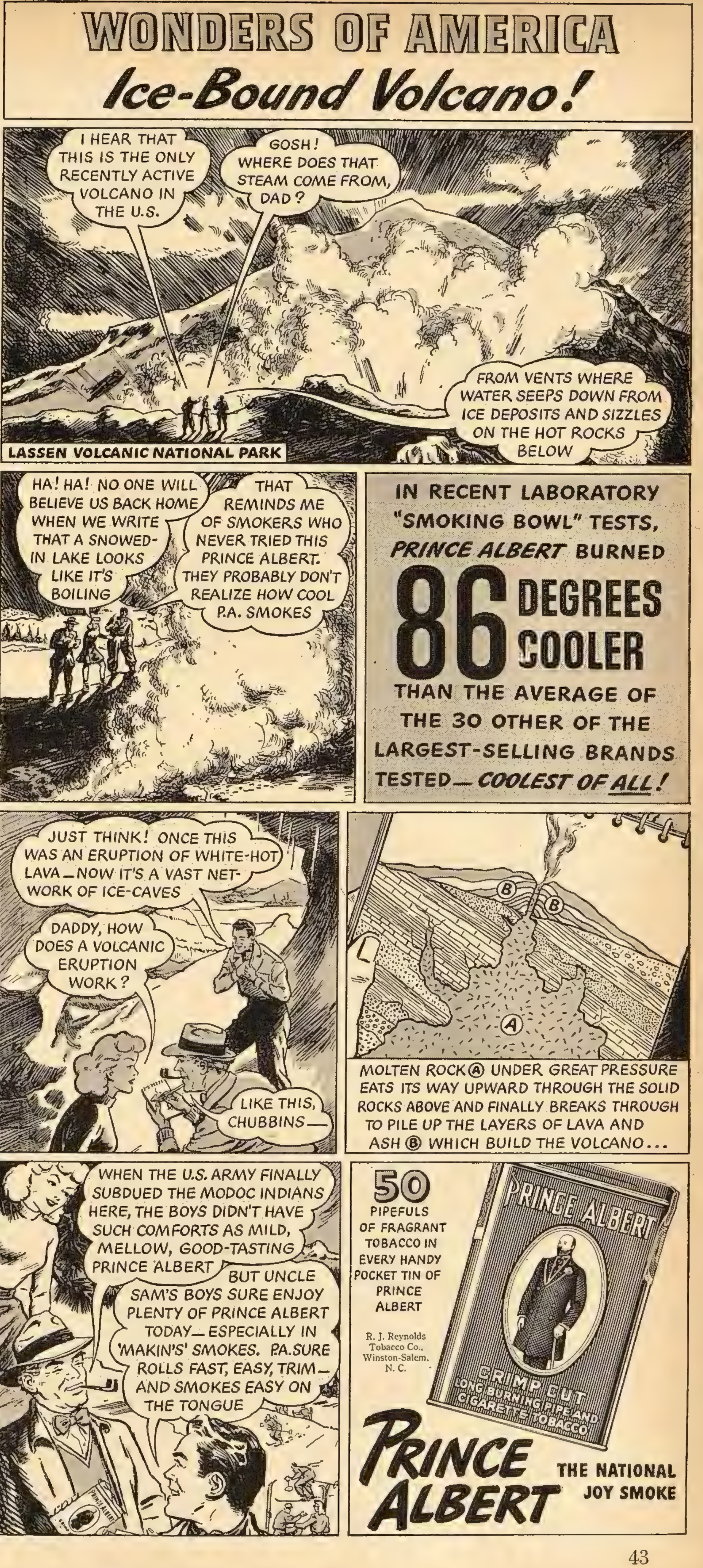
"Of its nature is an innocent place," said Peter, disparaging the word *innocent*.

"For you, Paul Sturm, but not for her," said Fräulein.

His first name—heaven help him!

"What do you want?"

"Watch this Maria Luys a bit," she said. "I am not sure of her. There is the leak—a very little leak—in this house—or else in the Steen—and we must know where it is and who it is!" There was no doubt, as her voice hardened, what she would do to the leak—if it were found.


WONDERS OF AMERICA

Ice-Bound Volcano!

I HEAR THAT THIS IS THE ONLY RECENTLY ACTIVE VOLCANO IN THE U.S.
GOSH! WHERE DOES THAT STEAM COME FROM, DAD?
FROM VENTS WHERE WATER SEEPS DOWN FROM ICE DEPOSITS AND SIZZLES ON THE HOT ROCKS BELOW
LASSEN VOLCANIC NATIONAL PARK
HA! HA! NO ONE WILL BELIEVE US BACK HOME WHEN WE WRITE THAT A SNOWED-IN LAKE LOOKS LIKE IT'S BOILING
THAT REMINDS ME OF SMOKERS WHO NEVER TRIED THIS PRINCE ALBERT. THEY PROBABLY DON'T REALIZE HOW COOL P.A. SMOKES

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

JUST THINK! ONCE THIS WAS AN ERUPTION OF WHITE-HOT LAVA—NOW IT'S A VAST NETWORK OF ICE-CAVES
DADDY, HOW DOES A VOLCANIC ERUPTION WORK?
LIKE THIS, CHUBBINS—
B
B
L
A

MOLTEN ROCK Ⓐ UNDER GREAT PRESSURE EATS ITS WAY UPWARD THROUGH THE SOLID ROCKS ABOVE AND FINALLY BREAKS THROUGH TO PILE UP THE LAYERS OF LAVA AND ASH Ⓑ WHICH BUILD THE VOLCANO...

WHEN THE U.S. ARMY FINALLY SUBDUED THE MODOC INDIANS HERE, THE BOYS DIDN'T HAVE SUCH COMFORTS AS MILD, MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING PRINCE ALBERT
BUT UNCLE SAM'S BOYS SURE ENJOY PLENTY OF PRINCE ALBERT TODAY—ESPECIALLY IN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES. P.A. SURE ROLLS FAST, EASY, TRIM—AND SMOKES EASY ON THE TONGUE
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

"This girl looks hardly intelligent enough—" he said, recalling Melanie's report of Fräulein's opinion.

"I have thought that too, but sometimes one cannot tell with those as young as she is." The bitterness of the older woman was in it. "Get acquainted with her. Find out what you can. It is one thing I cannot do—and," she added with a touch of humor, "Schmidt cannot do."

"But if you suspect her, why not—?" He dared the question because he had to know now what Melanie's chances were.

"Because of Callowaert, who sent her here. He is still useful. We cannot move against her until we know more."

"I see," said Peter. "Well, I'll do my best—but it is sniffing at a red herring across the trail—"

"Don't speak to me of herrings!" said Fräulein Doktor. "I detest them!"

Peter laughed and so did she.

"But again that reminds me," she added and got up and rang a bell.

Schmidt's assistant, Heinrich, answered it. She had gone to her desk meanwhile and got some papers. Did the woman's brain never stop?

"Give these to Lisa Schelling, Y7. She is to deliver them to Bordeaux. She is to start in the morning," she said, and he left. To Peter, she remarked, "Y7 has not succeeded lately. The British know the code in those messages. We use it no longer. Lisa will not return. We have plenty better than she is."

IS she one of the other girls I met at the party?" asked Peter.

"Yes," said Fräulein, "she was with Maria Luys. She has not proved clever enough when she has to depend on herself."

"But if she is caught, the British will—"

"She will be caught—and the British will," Fräulein said. "It saves explanations to her people in Dresden. We need not waste bullets on such women when our enemies will do it for us."

"I heard a shot one night," remarked Peter, thinking of the man whom Fräulein had said was "inefficient." "You don't give women the same compliment."

"No," she answered; "they are a bother." She sat down beside him again. "Let's talk of pleasanter things. I hate weakness—especially in women."

"Have you never been weak," he asked—"not once in your life? I don't mean in that way. Just—sometimes there is a gentleness about you that—" How could he reach this woman? What hold could he get?

"They are not the same thing," she said, and seemed quietly pleased. "Yes—I know what you mean. But it isn't weakness. To give the whole of oneself and then always to remember takes a kind of strength." That strange warmth he had heard in her voice the first day and often in small moments since had come back. She looked at him with little of the hard Fräulein Doktor and with something of an odd wistfulness. "Sometimes," she said, "I put on a dress like this because—" She didn't go on.

"— it becomes you." He filled in her pause.

She pulled herself out of it. "I think you and I can work together," she said briskly. "I think you are the one to be of use on certain affairs that will develop this week. That is why I put you into the wireless room —to get a larger view of what we are doing."

"Yes," he said grimly. "I got it."

"Later you will take up your preparation for the United States again. You have wanted to work on England. We do not work on what we like here but on what we can do best. However, for a time now you *shall* work on England."

She took a cigarette. Peter lit it.

"As the new offensive gets under way," she continued, "there will be great tension. You will have time for nothing else. I discussed it with General von Brauchmann when we left the wireless room this morning. We agreed that I'd need a man who is very quick with code, has a sense of strategy, and who can work with me." Unconsciously she stressed the last phrase. "A good part of the work will be done here in this room. You know the British psychology and you have the other requirements—it will be your opportunity. You will have your chance, since Schnabel is not here."

Schnabel's face with its long nose flashed into his mind. "Good old Schnozzle," murmured Peter, glad of this chance to take his place.

"What?" It was a parenthetical inquiry. Her mind was busy.

"I'm glad he is away."

"I thought you said 'schnozzle,'" said Fräulein.

"Perhaps I did."

She held down a smile. "You can laugh even when you are getting what you want most."

"Perhaps because I'm getting it," said Peter. "Just what do I do?"

"You sit in this room with me," she said, "and you *help destroy England.*"

THERE was silence. He tried not to show the hate that flared up in him. If he could take orders and then swiftly transmit it all through D'Hasque—but could he do that? If he risked it and did not succeed, he would be the strangest, most unwilling traitor in history.

"You are very silent," she said and looked at him quizzically. "I thought you would be glad."

"I am silent because I know how much it means," said Peter Stanleigh and tried to think what Paul Sturm would say. "To work with you directly is an unexpected honor."

"I am sure you will do it with enthusiasm," she said. "I hope you will be all I expect you to be."

The damned female enigma! Did she still think he was Paul Sturm, or did she believe him to be Peter Stanleigh and intend to keep him incommunicado and put him through the torture of helping to destroy his own country? If so, why not kill him instead? Because she enjoyed playing with human spirit perhaps. He looked her straight in the eyes. "I hope I shall be even more than you expect. I shall try," he said earnestly.

"Good," said Fräulein; "and you will look a little after Maria Luys?"

"In my spare time—if I have any," said Peter. "May I ask one favor?"

"What is it?"

"If I am to investigate Maria Luys, I must be able to speak with her—at least clandestinely. Herr Schmidt must be told—or he will have us up for breaking rules."

"Herr Schmidt will be told," she assured him. "Herr Schmidt will not like this new work of yours. You must be prepared for that."

"I shall be prepared for anything," he told her.

"Schmidt is faithful but he is getting old," observed Fräulein. She moved restlessly — more restlessly than Peter Stanleigh had ever seen her move. "I need men who are alive!" she said, as though the words were pushed out of her by some force of criticism or demand. "I cannot do everything myself!"

IN the next couple of days the news that Stanleigh had been able to send through to London began having an effect. Additional troops were sent to strengthen those at Gibraltar, and there was fresh activity in Egypt. In England, prominent Cabinet members spoke encouragingly but warned the men and women of Britain against thinking there was no chance of an attempt at invasion till spring. They were told to keep alert.

All of this came in via wireless. But there was also the news that Eire had once again refused to give England sea bases. Fräulein Doktor smiled when she got the report.

"Surely Raeder hasn't had time—" said Peter.

"Eire itself doesn't realize how earnestly we've worked for Eire's independence," she told him, "nor quite how much we've encouraged her neutrality. The spadework has been done. Now Raeder goes in and we take advantage."

In the House on Harmony Street there grew a seething activity. Peter told Melanie of Fräulein Doktor's suspicion of her. Once again he begged her to leave the place.

"Soon she won't give you a moment to get out of the house," said Melanie. "Then who will take the information you get to father or Dupon? And if it does not get through to Colonel Helton and his men, you will truly be helping with the destruction of England. No, I'll stay and you can keep track of me and I can keep track of you." She glanced past his shoulder. "There's Schmidt. I'd better make a guilty start." She did, but Schmidt pretended not to see them.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," he muttered to himself. He had tried to find something wrong with this new man not because he suspected the recommendations of the "Canadian *dummkopf*," but because he saw him moving steadily into a position of confidence with Fräulein Doktor and himself being relegated to routine. It made him fearful for Germany, not for himself. And he was fearful for Fräulein. For eight years he believed she had not trusted any one but him.

He was loyal to her and, in his way, fond of her. With Karl Vronky and the first Fräulein Doktor, he had helped train her in the old days. Now those two were gone. He was responsible. If he had believed it possible, he would have called upon the spirit of Fräulein the First to descend upon this old house she had known so well and put it to rights. *Himmel!* What a whirlwind that would be! Not that Frieda hadn't been remarkable! He had sometimes thought her even more clever than the amazing "First." She had all the new ways and she took nothing to heighten her energy. It had often made the older one erratic. But that was at the end of more years of strain than Fräulein Frieda had met so far. And here she was, after eight years in which she had despised all men because they were not Karl Vronky, and she had found this one to have some reminder of Karl. It was not good. He stamped on down the hall, muttering imprecations. He would show her that he, Baron Rudolph von Rautter—Schmidt! Pah!!—could do things as well as ever. He went to see Callowaert.

And while Schmidt was seeing Callowaert, von Brauchmann saw Fräulein. When he left, she began punching buttons and giving orders.

TIME after time in his walks Peter Stanleigh had gone down to the river and walked around near the Steen, that strong old castle with its narrow pointed towers—never beautiful, always sinister. He knew every bystreet near it. Now he alternately stood and walked around there, trying to keep from being too conspicuous and at the same time to watch the large door. Melanie was in there. Fräulein had sent her—that much he had learned and had left the house as swiftly as he could to follow her. He did not catch sight of her until he arrived just in time to look across the flat place before the path to the entrance and see Melanie going in through the doorway and the sentry pull the big door shut after her. Had she gone into a trap under orders?

Is Melanie walking into trouble? Will Peter be able to save her? Is Fräulein Doktor suspicious of them both? Or does she really trust Peter and want him to work with her? Learn more about the real motive behind the actions of this mysterious woman! In Liberty—next week.

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THE BOSS CAUGHT ON QUICK ABOUT *KLEENEX*--IT'S SO SOFT AND SOOTHING ON HIS NOSE WHEN HE HAS A COLD.
(*from a letter by* L. K., Chicago, Ill.)

I Stumped the Experts...
SINCE USING *KLEENEX* FOR MANICURE CLOTHS, IT'S HARD TO TELL MY "HOME-MADE" MANICURES FROM A PROFESSIONAL JOB.
(*from a letter by* H. H., Fairfield, Me.)

Sprain with Less Pain!
OUR COACH WRAPS *KLEENEX* AROUND A SPRAINED WRIST OR ANKLE BEFORE TAPING IT... NO MORE AGONY OF TEARING THE ADHESIVE OFF.
(*from a letter by* F. D., Bronx, N. Y.)

7 Years Bad Luck
I THOUGHT... BUT DECIDED IT WAS *GOOD LUCK* WHEN I FOUND THAT DAMPENED *KLEENEX* IS PERFECT TO PICK UP TINY GLASS SPLINTERS.
(*from a letter by* T. M., N. Y. C., N. Y.)

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WHY LINDBERGH ACTS THAT WAY—Continued from Page 17

as being held under the auspices of the America First Committee:

"The hall was packed with members of the Christian Front, the Christian Mobilizers, American Patriots, Crusaders for Americanism, Social Justice clubs, Committee for the Preservation of America, German-American Bund and various other Fifth Column organizations. Outside the hall thousands of persons milled about. Inside, the speakers were frequently interrupted by Jew-baiting cries from the audience."

"Young boys and bespectacled elderly women sold copies of Father Coughlin's Social Justice (outside the hall) and did a good business. . . . All the stops of sympathy were pulled when John F. (Jafsie) Condon, the go-between in the Lindbergh kidnaping case, got up from a second-row seat, mounted the stage and shook hands with Col. Lindbergh. . . . In a moment Col. Lindbergh was engulfed. He was rescued by detectives of the Alien Squad, a group of policemen assigned exclusively to the task of ferreting out un-American activities."

Demonstrations for which Lindbergh has been in no way responsible have also complicated the situation for those of us who wish to think straight. For example, this sort of headline is hard to take:

KLAN AND BUND CHEER LINDBERGH AS THEY KISS UNDER FIERY CROSS—THEY UNITE FOR FIRST TIME AT JERSEY RALLY—INDORSE FIFTH COLUMN WORK, etc.

Difficult, too, is the task of the observer who wishes to be fair to Charles Lindbergh, and to assure him of his fellow countrymen's belief in his disinterested patriotism, because much that he says in support of his thesis may be interpreted as following the "Nazi line" as enunciated by Herr Goebbels and his radio echoes, Lord Haw-Haw, E. D. Ward, Okay, and other propagandists in Hitler's employ. For example:

In July, 1940, Okay, the Goebbels propagandist, radioed, presumably from Berlin: "Farsighted people, including a few Englishmen, have said that the Americans have the noble task of laying a solid foundation for a coming peace."

Within two weeks, in Chicago, Colonel Lindbergh was radioing: "If we desire to keep America out of war, we must take the lead in offering a plan for peace."

The above is only one—and perhaps the least controversial—example which I might cite of what has been called "the striking similarity . . . between Lindbergh's speech and Goebbels' short-wave propaganda."

Which may or may not be important—but which goes a long way to explain why even those of us who believe absolutely in Lindbergh's sincerity find it difficult not to believe also that he is being used—presumably without his knowledge or against his will—by forces of which he may not be conscious but into which we have every right to inquire.

Comment on this point has been widespread. "To understand how Hitler is at this moment waging war aimed at the corruption and eventual destruction of U. S. democracy," wrote one observer, "it is necessary to understand how and why he uses Charles A. Lindbergh, Father Coughlin and other Americans as his allies in his campaign . . . Whenever Hitler has some propaganda to feed us, these leaders of pro-Hitler thought speak out. Lindbergh's address parroted what was officially put on Berlin's short-wave radio."

Even more disturbing is the open rejoicing in Berlin following each one of the former colonel's appeals to his countrymen. Johannes Steel, WMCA commentator, is authority for the statement that this "recurring last verse of a five-stanza number" is a "current Nazi night-club favorite":

"Roast beef, mashed potatoes, string beans, apple pie, coffee, and what time do you get off tonight?"

Heil Lindbergh, Führer of America,
Who will destroy plutocratic democracy,
The Jews, and Freemasonry
In the United States.

Personally I dismiss this sort of thing as part of the "hysterical chatter" incident to all war, just as I dismiss on the same grounds the reaction of London theater audiences who rise to their collective feet and "raucously cheer" when the comic sings:

Then there's Colonel Lindbergh
Who made a pretty speech.
He's somewhere in America.
We're glad he's out of reach.

We cannot dismiss so casually, however, the fact discovered by a broadcasting company's short-wave listeners that "Rome broadcast Colonel Lindbergh's words of defeatism and appeasement in English to the U. S. A.; Berlin broadcast them in English and German to the U. S. A. and in Spanish to South America."

It is this well nigh inescapable conclusion that Charles Lindbergh, in spite of the sincerest and most public-spirited intentions on his part, has played—as have many other smart Americans—right into the hands of the most skillful propagandists the world has ever known, rather than any distrust of the Colonel's own integrity, which has inspired many of the recent severe denunciations of his conduct.

Not that all the comments in the public prints were unfavorable to Lindbergh. It would be fairer to say that they fall into two widely differing categories: the more favorable and less articulate ones, which agree that the flyer is motivated by a sense of patriotic duty; and the decidedly unfavorable and wholly articulate ones, which add up to the assumption that he is the paid agent of Hitler.

The first view receives comparatively little attention. To say that a hero is heroic is not news; to imply that he is not heroic is front-page stuff. And many a Lindbergh critic has made the front page.

"Colonel Lindbergh is chief of the nation's fifth columnists," stated Senator Pepper.

"An enemy of the country," radioed James P. Warburg.

"Lindbergh, to me, is a tragic example of mental aberration," wrote Robert E. Sherwood.

Less well known commentators, availing themselves of the still free forums afforded by the correspondence columns of the daily papers and the curbstones of our street corners, have been quite as denunciatory, far more graphic. Their descriptions of him have run all the way from "Herr von Limburger" to "Listen! the Windbag."

But in so far as these comments ascribe to Lindbergh anything which reflects on his integrity as a man or his patriotism as an American, I reject them and urge every reader of these words to reject them *in toto*.

Even if it were true, as Secretary Ickes has charged, that "every act of his and every word prove that he wants Germany to win," he has the right as an American, so long as we are not actually at war with Germany, to entertain that desire and to express it.

That is one of the chief differences between the American way of life and the Hitler way of life!

Likewise, if we are to arrive at an unprejudiced solution of Lindbergh and his conduct, we must reject all the political implications in the controversy between the former Colonel Lindbergh and his commander in chief, the President of the United

States, which resulted in his resignation, on the eve of possible war, from his country's Army Reserve Corps.

There will always be those who will say that President Roosevelt acted without due cause in his strictures on his speechmaking subordinate. There will be others who will say that Lindbergh baited his superior officer into verbal action by such remarks as:

"We have not confidence in our leaders. We have not confidence in their efficiency or in their judgment."

A citizen of the United States has a right thus to arraign the men at the head of the government, but an officer in the United States army—well, there is some question as to the proper course according to military etiquette which such a person should pursue if he feels called upon to assail his commanding officer.

Perhaps we may avoid controversy on this point by accepting the editorial conclusions of the New York Times, which certainly cannot be accused of undue leanings toward President Roosevelt, and which has shown on many occasions a high regard for Colonel Lindbergh's notable achievements—as, for instance, when it made an outright gift to Colonel Lindbergh of a reputed $250,000 (to which it was exclusively entitled, according to its contract) from the syndication of the flyer's story of his transatlantic flight. Said the Times on April 29, under the caption, An Unhappy Incident:

> President Roosevelt spoke impetuously last Friday when he went back three-quarters of a century into the bitterness of a Civil War to find a disparaging epithet for Charles A. Lindbergh. Mr. Lindbergh in turn shocked those who believe him to be a loyal American—though a sadly mistaken one—by his petulant action in relinquishing his commission in the Army Air Corps reserve.
>
> No evidence justified the President's comparison of Mr. Lindbergh with Clement Vallandigham, who was banished to Confederate territory because his words, spoken in a military zone during active operations, were thought to give aid and comfort to the enemy.
>
> Nor is any American, from private to general officer, in service or on reserve, big enough to take the position that he will not serve his country because he has been, as he believes, unjustly reprimanded by his Commander-in-Chief or any other superior.

PERHAPS the controversy has helped to clear the air. There had long been misgivings as to Lindbergh's retention of his honorary military title while indulging in strictly political activities. So long ago as August of last year, a nationally known public figure observed:

"In view of what has happened to other army men who have talked out of turn, why is Lindbergh still a colonel in the Reserve? Since he is not a military man, the title is misleading. Unwary listeners mistake his opinions for those of an expert. . . ."

Now these misgivings no longer apply. Lindbergh, as a private citizen, possesses the unquestionable right, which all of us private citizens possess, of saying what we think about those who happen to differ politically from us.

In the same way, by his action in disassociating himself officially from the military services of his country, he invites and must expect the same frank criticism which is the lot of any strictly political figure.

BUT it is not as a political antagonist or as a military expert that we must examine Charles Lindbergh if we are to find the answer to our question—and we *must* find it, because on that answer may hang the United States' entire course of action in what is obviously one of the great crises of history.

What of the man himself?

What of that charming woman, his wife, who says so despairingly: "The old world we loved is going, and I doubt very much that what immediately follows—if every nation blazes in the same conflagration—will be appreciably better, even in the 'democracies,' than what we have witnessed in Germany lately"?

What of that fine woman, her mother, who says so bravely: "There are some things worse than war"?

What of his business and social associates, of his political ambitions, if any?

All of these factors must be considered in any true survey of the mystery which is Charles Lindbergh.

But we cannot start with the present. Rather, I believe, we must start with the boy Lindbergh, the son of a hard-bitten pacifist congressman and a hard-working chemistry-teaching mother, who grew into the young man Lindbergh who "carried the mail," first from St. Louis to Chicago, later from New York to Paris.

Rooted in these little explored periods of Charles Lindbergh's life are to be found the beginnings of those circumstances and influences which have "conditioned" his subsequent career, his present attitude.

What makes Lindbergh act that way?

We don't know the answer to that question unless we know why, "when a certain St. Louis mail pilot came roaring in with capers which today would bring instant dismissal," the manager of the Chicago field invariably shouted to his faithful men:

"Bellies to the ground! Here comes Slim!"

If childhood is as deeply formative as science insists, if the child's experiences go far to account for the adult's disposition and propensities, can anything in Lindbergh's early years have to do with his convictions today? For revealing light on all this —light by which you can decide for yourself—read Mr. Collins in Liberty next week.

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Are Heroes Born or Made?

The Mystery of Lindbergh and *Anne*

The reception Lindbergh received upon his return from his conquest of the North Atlantic will go down in history. Overnight he became a national hero. Upon him were bestowed honor, wealth, high position, by an adoring public. Anne Morrow, charming daughter of one of America's oldest and wealthiest families became his bride.

What has happened since? Did Lindbergh prove equal to the greatness thrust upon him?

Does he still hold the affection of the public?

Is his lovely lady still as happy as ever at the choice she made?

You have probably asked yourself these and many other questions about the Lindberghs and now you can determine the answers for yourself. In True Story for July is a deeply penetrating article titled "The Mystery of Lindbergh and Anne," which whether you approve or disapprove of Lindbergh, will be more than worth your while to read. Take no chances, get your copy today.

The Spirit of St. Louis

UNSUNG HEROES

And now another battle of the North Atlantic is being fought, a grim battle in which the fate of a great nation hangs in the balance. In it not one but thousands of heroes are risking and giving their lives. Their heroism goes unsung because to do so would endanger important military secrets.

At last, however, the part played in it by Lyle Withers, sailor son of an English sailor, can be told and is told in a thrilling true novel beginning in True Story for July. Despite its grim surroundings romance plays a heavy role. Titled "Heroes' World" this most unusual story in which an humble sailor lad aspires to the hand of an English noblewoman will grip your imagination and your interest. Begin it today.

HUMAN NATURE DOES NOT CHANGE *but conditions and influences governing human life change endlessly. Because True Story is written largely by its readers its pages reflect such changes almost as soon as they have taken place. Physically True Story keeps pace. Important changes have been made in the July issue. It has been revitalized, streamlined, modernized into a magazine that will charm you with its appearance, thrill you with its contents. Recognize it by its gorgeous cover in full color. Get your copy today.*

July Issue
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HE WAS BRANDED A COWARD!

Because in a moment of stress he lost his head a woman lost her life. From that day on the brand of coward was upon him. He was a pariah among his fellowmen, ostracised, abandoned even by his wife. Yet there came a day when those who had sneered at him proclaimed him the greatest hero of them all. A true story as odd and compelling as its title, "God's Coattails." Read it today.

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THE MYSTERY OF
LINDBERGH
-and ANNE

OVERFLOWING WITH HAPPINESS

In these days of weep and the world weeps with you, laugh and you laugh alone, it is a real joy to read a true story filled to overflowing with human happiness. "From This Day Forward" is about a boy, a girl, a mother-in-law and an old, old problem. A battle in which both sides win, it will warm your heart to read it. You will find it among the wealth of absorbing true stories and helpful departments in True Story for July, on sale wherever magazines are sold.

True Story

FOOTLOOSE!—Continued from Page 27

She lifted her head. There was one dim light on in the room, and seated beside Peggy's bed was an elderly, frugal woman in a nurse's uniform.

"Take her out," the woman said sharply, and stood up. "It's against the rules."

Peter lifted his hand. Because she had to, Lili looked at little Peggy. Her hair had been braided away from her face. Across the head and forehead were bandages where she had been cut. She lay—as Lili suddenly realized with horror—only because she had to. She was strapped to the bed! Her head moved constantly, her hands plucked at anything they could reach. Her knees and feet were ceaseless in aimless pawing. Her baby lips were swollen.

Lili heard herself sob. The child heard the noise, too. Instantly her head stopped rolling and she cried: "Who's that? Who's that?"

"Some one come to see you," the nurse said softly.

"Who is it?"

Lili went over to the bed and took hold of one of the hands. The little fingers were very hot and they clutched her hand brutally.

"It's Lili Kettridge," Lili said. "Do you remember Lili Kettridge?" She bent toward the bed.

The child's head went back and her eyes tried to focus on Lili. There were seconds when the little eyes were quite rational, and then they would close with infinite weariness, only to spring open again with a wide daft look.

"Did you come to bring me water?" she said. "They won't give me water. I want a drink. I want a drink!"

"If you go to sleep," Lili said, "you can have all the water you want."

"I can't—I can't. Where's Uncle Peter? Take him away. He won't give me water. He doesn't love me any more."

"You had better go," the nurse said. "Please go."

BUT Lili couldn't. The tiny fingers that held her hand were not easily shaken off. Peter Higgins reached over and separated each finger to release Lili. She turned and walked to the door, but it was so large and heavy that for the moment she hadn't strength for it. She pulled with a horrible feeling that it was like adhesive tape sealing the room. Then Peter was by her side and opened it for her. She stepped out into the glare of the corridor and blinked. She looked at him mutely.

"That's all," he said. "Now you can walk home."

The door to Peggy's room was closed again and she was alone in the corridor. From behind the door came the ceaseless wailing of the child who thirsted so that her life and reason might be saved.

Like an automaton Lili walked along the hallway to the stairs, down to the floor below. There, by some miracle, stood a figure she recognized: Miss Gibbons, the nurse who had once been in her home.

"I suppose you have been to see little Peggy?"

Lili nodded.

"They are sure she will be all right." Miss Gibbons sighed. "It's a dreadful process to watch, isn't it? Especially with a small child. But really the way they come out of it is astonishing."

Lili squinted. As she closed her eyes to mere slits she could see Miss Gibbons quite clearly. Why was some one talking to her as if she were a human being—and that some one a woman who had violently disapproved of her? Was it because she thought it wonderful for Lili to visit her victim?

"It can't last much longer." Miss Gibbons nodded knowingly. "And then she will never know this happened—and she'll be quite rational. Just tired out, you know. You look pretty tired yourself."

"I'm all right," Lili mumbled. "Could I see Dr. Alberts?"

"Sorry," Miss Gibbons said, "but he's with an emergency case."

Lili nodded. "Thanks," she said, and shuffled off.

OUTSIDE, she walked down the long driveway and tried to remember which way to turn. How far was it to her home and just which roads did one take? The motion of walking was good, yet she had the desire to stop anywhere and sink down beneath a tree or against a post to rest. But she feared if she stopped she would cry, and as she walked on, half stumbling, she was afraid she was going to cry anyway. She forced her lips into a smile, and concentrated on the effort to grin.

She watched her own shadow forever a few paces ahead of her in the lamplight. She wondered what shoes she had on, and didn't dare look down to see, for fear of losing her balance. She didn't remember having put them on. She remembered only the lawyer, half irritated, half diverted by her stuttering desire to give her estate away. . . . And remembering things back through the day made the wheels of her mind run a little smoother.

Then she was conscious of a figure approaching her, and her heart bulged with fear. He was a hatless man and carried his coat on his arm. He slowed down as he neared her.

"Hello, sister," he said softly, with a slight question in his tone.

Lili gasped and began to run. She looked around wildly, but no place was open; every door was shut tight. She almost tripped on a curbing and turned down a side street. After half a block she could run no longer because her heart pained her. She glanced back, but the man wasn't following her.

She stopped short and looked around. Directly across the street was a church; just which church she couldn't remember at the moment, but she went over as if in response to a call. She went up the steps and pulled at the door. It was closed—locked. How could they do that to churches? What were churches for?

She turned away, feeling a fool, feeling cheated, and feeling suddenly that, whatever the fears that caused civilization to lock a church, she had need of one. The streets were empty again. There was no one around. She threw back her head, feeling safer. Three blocks away, and she walked them very steadily, was Gran's church—the one she had been brought to regularly as a child, as a girl, as a young lady, and which she hadn't been to since Gran's funeral.

But the doors of that church were closed, too—firmly, forbiddingly locked.

A SENSE of outrage filled Lili. She wanted to beat at the doors with her fists. Instead, she crossed the beautifully kept lawn to the parsonage, and there she rang the bell insistently and knocked at the door with feeble little poundings of one palm.

Lights switched on over her head, almost frightening her as if they were revealing her to the world. At the same moment the door of the parsonage opened and the minister stood before her, his soft thready hair rumpled, a bathrobe around his full figure.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "Come in."

"Mr. Fisher," she said, "you have your church locked."

He stood back and contemplated her. Then he smiled slowly.

"I do believe," he said, "that you are feverish. Come in and sit down."

He shuffled in red leather bedroom slippers to light a lamp in the living room, and Lili sat on the end of his cretonne-covered sofa. He left her to go out in the hall, and she heard him call the police department. She half got to her feet, then sank back, too weary to protest.

"Hello, sarge," she heard the minister's voice. "Miss Kettridge is here. She just arrived at my place. . . . This is Amory Fisher. . . . No, no. . . . I don't know. She just arrived."

He hung up and glanced at Lili.

"They have been searching for you, you know."

"No, I didn't know." She shook her head.

"Yes; your folks arrived home, and there was a great to-do. They thought you had run away. Your house—er—was in a rather sorry condition. Broken bottles. . . . The cook said there had been a large party in full swing, but they left suddenly—and you were gone too."

Lili shook her head and shrugged—what was the use of explaining? The minister frowned and left the room. He returned shortly with a glass of water, but Lili couldn't take it. She shrank back, thinking only of the wails of that child—wanting water.

"No?" said Mr. Fisher, and put the water down on the table in front of her. "Maybe you would like a cigarette. Yes, I think a cigarette would do you good."

He went over to the mantel and brought her what was evidently the only box of cigarettes in the room. She took one with trembling fingers, and he lit a match for her, lit a cigarette for himself, and sat down.

"Now," he said, "what do you want to talk to me about?"

"The church—it's closed."

"Certainly it's closed. Churches have hours, like everything else."

"They shouldn't," she protested.

"Well, we'll see what we can do about that," Mr. Fisher said amiably. "We'll go into it some other time."

"Mr. Fisher," she said, and watched the cigarette burn between her trembling fingers. "What shall I do?"

MR. FISHER rubbed one knee with the palm of a hand and looked at her sharply.

"I don't know if I know what to tell you," he said. "To be frank, Miss Kettridge—and I don't think there's any use being anything else with you—you're in a pretty bad way here. That party at your house tonight—"

"That wasn't my fault," Lili interrupted. "Those people just trooped in. I couldn't stop them."

"That may be," he nodded. "I know the Littlefields. So does Bleakers. Just the same, it was unfortunate that they should feel free enough to dare to spree in your house, under the circumstances. After all, Miss Kettridge, you were arrested two nights ago on a wretched charge. You can't blame people for feeling pretty bitter at your behavior."

"I didn't come," Lili said forlornly, "to hear what people think. I came to ask you what I should do."

"Isn't this rather a strange hour to discuss it?" Mr. Fisher said with what was meant to be a jovial smile. "Don't you think perhaps tomorrow, after you're rested and more yourself . . ."

"I can't get to be more myself," Lili said fiercely, and stood up. "I can't rest. Nobody will talk to me. Nobody will tell me what to do."

"I don't think anybody can," Mr. Fisher said grimly. "You have just played your part very badly."

"What is my part?" Lili demanded.

Mr. Fisher smiled. "A very difficult part. The part of a lady."

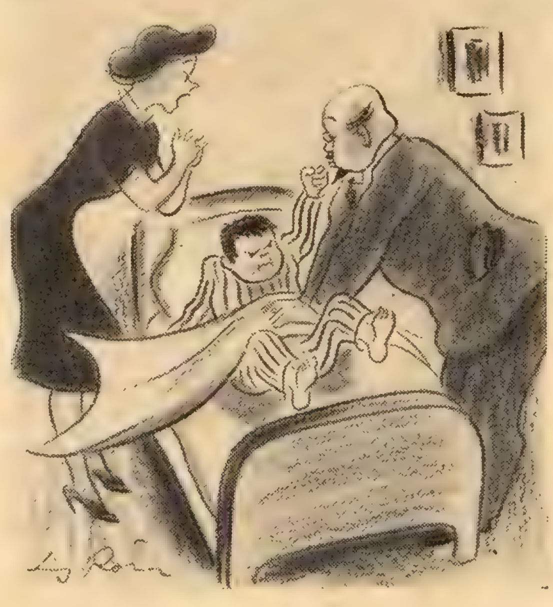
"I suppose"—she laughed shortly—"that you mean that quite sensibly."

"I mean it from the bottom of my heart," the minister answered her curtly. "There's nothing harder than to be in the spotlight; to be put in the position where you are—a cut above most of the people around you. Most people want a lady to be a lady—and they secretly hope she won't be. They know she's just as human as they are, and they hope she will be just as weak. Why else do you think there's so much talk? Why do you think there are society pages and gossip columns?"

Her eyes brooded on him, gathering a little of what he meant.

"Your grandmother knew how to be a lady," he said. "She earned her position, but she held it. And it wasn't easy. I don't think you know how many heartaches she had, because I don't think she let anybody know. She played the part of the grande dame and played it magnificently for every one's sake, including her own; and whatever her mistakes, whatever her failures, every one forgave her because they knew she was desperately trying."

IMPOSSIBLE ICHABOD



"But, darling—there will be lots of other school days. The doctor says you just mustn't go to school today!"

Lili nodded. Again she thought of her grandmother—the strangely remote woman who seemed at once a stranger and a friend. Dearest Gran, who could be feared as much as she could be loved.

"But you," Mr. Fisher went on, "never earned any of your position. You got it just the same. You have not only breeding, wealth, privileges, and a fine heritage, but you have the other things that people envy even more—youth and beauty. You have done nothing with any of them."

She nodded. It was just like Old Sawyer telling her that every one was headed for hell unless they worked very hard against it. . . .

"But how can I start?" she said. "What should I do?"

"That's for you to figure out," Mr. Fisher said with finality, "and you had better start figuring soon, Miss Kettridge, because you've got every one down on you now, and after tonight I wouldn't blame them if they ran you out of town. It isn't pretty telling, you know—that party at your house, your sudden disappearance, leaving no message, no word. Your appearance even is against you. I would be ashamed to have anybody in town see you right now."

She glanced down ruefully at her costume, and her fingers pushed back her hair.

"And you don't think," she said tonelessly, as she put out her cigarette, "that there's any chance for me here at all?"

"If I were you"—Mr. Fisher stood up—"I would go away. That's my best advice. I would go far away and stay away and let this all blow over. Let them forget it."

Lili opened her lips to ask him where she might go, and realized how futile the question would be.

"If you will give me a moment, I will drive you home," Mr. Fisher said.

She nodded and he left the room. When he returned, a good quarter of an hour later, she was still standing in the same position. Her thoughts had struck a groove and couldn't get out of it. He had advised her to go away, and she didn't know where to go. So there didn't seem to be any answer anywhere from anybody, except that she had played her part badly.

He talked on the drive home of charities that were needed in the church, expressing his gratitude for the continuance of certain yearly contributions from Gran's estate, and when he left her Lili promised him a check for fathers of families he knew were out of work. She felt like telling him that he could practically name his figure if he would keep the church doors open all night. But she knew that was not her part—that was the sort of honest impulse that would be labeled insolence and further give her a bad name. They knew what they were doing, these men who ran the world. One couldn't keep the church open all night; it wasn't sensible. . . .

Old Sawyer met her in the hallway.

"It's a hell of a note," he said, "when I have to hear where you are from the police department."

"What's going on, Sawyer?" she said. "All the lights . . ."

Behind Old Sawyer, Shelley appeared on the staircase. He was in pajamas, but wore no robe and obviously had not slept.

"Merciful heavens!" Shelley exploded. "You look like a tramp."

LILI gazed up at him, not moving, aware that Old Sawyer shuffled off into the kitchen; aware, too, that there were strange faces in the kitchen—more strange faces in her house.

"What's happened?" she asked.

"Your mother is ill," Shelley told her. "Quite ill. I brought her home. Thanks for the check."

Lili leaned against the wall. She made no move even to take off her coat.

"How ill?" she asked dully, and wondered how much her father had had to drink.

"Oh, we'll pull her through," Shelley said. "I'll manage everything. I brought nurses with me and Lil will have excellent care. I knew your mother couldn't go it alone. I knew she'd crash. I knew she'd be right back on my doorstep before the story was told."

Lili nodded, but she couldn't take any more. His words tore another piece of her heart, and she simply couldn't take any more.

She propelled herself forward and started up the stairs. At the landing she looked at her father, and his eyes, for the first time in her life, seemed to be at peace. Those very large and very beautiful eyes, that could coax the hair off a monkey and sadden the heart of a statue, were now softened with tender possession. She touched his arm briefly and went up the stairs.

"Go quietly," Shelley warned her. "I've got her in mother's room."

Lili nodded and grasped the knob of her own door. She was glad when she was inside and could turn the key. *He's got her in his mother's room.* That's where he wanted her always and that's where he's got her now. He knew she couldn't get along without him! And waited nearly twenty years for Lillian Kettridge to need him. . . .

And that was their affair, and all, perhaps naturally enough, that they thought of. He didn't ask her where she had been. All her life he had never asked her where she had been. Neither Lillian nor Shelley Kettridge, running away from each other, wanting and despising each other, had ever bothered, if they could help it, to ask their daughter where she had been or where she was going.

WHERE was she going? There wasn't any use going anywhere. You can't run away from things. Her mother and father had tried that, and it didn't work. According to the minister, there wasn't any use staying here and trying to brazen it through.

She heard noises in the hall and felt suddenly estranged in her own house. She went into her bathroom very softly, and saw on the basin the bottle of sleeping tablets where she had left it a few hours before.

If you took enough of those—! You could lie down and sleep forever. And who was there to say there was a hereafter or a reincarnation or anything else?

She ran the water vigorously and swallowed one and then two more of the pills. Swallowing them made her feel very determined. Lots of people had taken that way out. She swallowed three more pills quickly, then pushed back her hair and stared at herself in the mirror.

She began to work feverishly to clean herself up. She took off her things and rolled up everything, shoes and all, and stuffed them in the hamper. She took a shower and washed her hair and rubbed it dry with a towel. At least she would die clean! She brushed her teeth vigorously and cleaned her nails. Then she went back into her room and opened the

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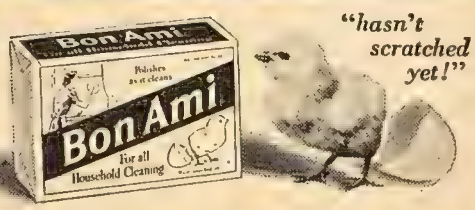

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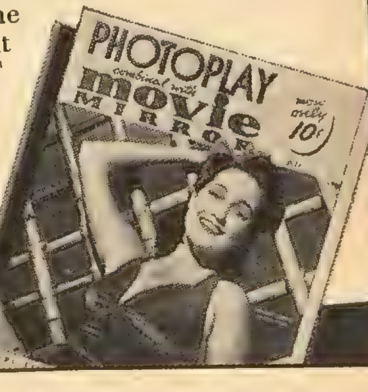

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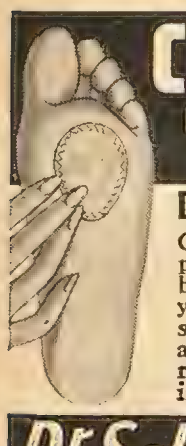

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

door of her new wardrobe closet. Which of the lovely trousseau to die in? Pajamas, lounging pajamas, and then if by any misfortune she should die in an ungraceful position she would at least be covered. . . . Those little Cinderella plastic shoes that looked like glass. . . . Evening stockings so sheer that you could read print under them. . . . New garters that were blue—and the white albatross pajamas cut like an officer's uniform. . . .

She brushed out her hair until it crackled. And then in the bathroom she very slowly swallowed pill after pill until she lost count. It took quite a while, and when the bottle was empty she hoped fervently that there were enough. What if it wasn't enough and she just went into a long sleep and woke up alive again? Panic seized her, and she opened the chest and looked wildly in it. Iodine? That would be too awful to swallow. Her fingers, clattering among the bottles there, fell to the sink to steady herself. And then Lili felt a wave of exultation. It *was* enough. She felt magnificently weak. . . .

She felt her way back into her room and to her bed. There, as suddenly, the black wave of weakness left her and she felt stark awake. Perhaps this was momentary reaction—the swing of the pendulum. Perhaps another black wave would hit her any minute and carry her off.

She glanced around at the condition of the room and went to her desk. She picked up a pen and started: "Dear Mother." But there was too much to say to Lillian Kettridge, who was lying in Gran's room and had Shelley to take care of her whether she liked it or not. Lili took another piece of paper.

"Dear Father," she started. "I have never made a will but I want you and mother to have. . . . There isn't any use I suppose, Peter . . ."

She stopped short and stared at her own writing. Then she smiled and tore the sheet into pieces. That was a proof, wasn't it? Her mind was going. There wasn't time to write letters to anybody—not even to Peter, or dear old Horry. It was wonderful to go like that without having time to say good-by or make endless explanations.

IT was difficult to get up now, and she thought, I'll go to bed and lie down very quietly and fall asleep. She started toward her bed, holding on to the furniture as she went, and she hesitated beside her big Capehart. It would be wonderful to die to music—the very nicest way.

Her breath came hastily as she bent over and fumbled with the machine. There wasn't time to pick a special record—not even enough energy to put in a new needle. Just enough to turn on the power and let it run, and move very quickly over to bed. She heard the little sounds of the automatic mechanism, and sank gratefully on the bed and pulled a pillow under her head. The music started, and she smiled. A strange haphazard selection: Tomorrow Is a Lovely Day. She closed her eyes and reached out a hand to put off the bed light.

There was sharp quick knocking at her door, and with great effort Lili lifted her head. She pulled herself upright, unlocked the door, and sat back on the bed, befuddled. There was the figure of a man in the door—a very angry man with large and beautiful eyes.

"You little idiot," he was saying. "Don't you ever make sense? Turn that thing off. It will disturb your mother."

She shook her head at him with a dim smile. But Shelley Kettridge strode across the room and stopped the Capehart.

". . . enough trouble already, I should think," he was saying. ". . . any thought for others."

He was gone and slammed the door after him. Lili sank back on the pillows. She hadn't enough energy left to lock the door again, and it really didn't matter. Her lips were very dry, and over her came dark navy-blue clouds—the kind that sometimes precede an awful storm—and then she remembered skating on lakes late afternoons and the feel of it was wonderful. . . .

A PHONE rang somewhere, and rang and rang and rang. She would never have to answer the phone again, and she would never learn how to shoot marbles, and never, never learn to snap gum. . . .

Again a knocking at her door, and Lili smiled and checked out. She let herself go forever.

Some one was shaking her as if she were a rag doll. Some one yanked her upward, and took her head and shook it mercilessly, until Lili choked, gasped, and cried out.

"You're wanted on the phone," Old Sawyer said.

"I can't talk," Lili said.

"Why can't you?" Old Sawyer demanded. "It's Dr. Alberts from the hospital."

Lili pressed her head against the back of the bed, and as Old Sawyer turned on the light she blinked.

"It's who?" she asked.

"You heard. Dr. Alberts, and don't keep him waiting," Old Sawyer snapped.

Lili put her hand to her throat and then to her mouth and shook her head wildly.

"I can't talk," she said thinly. "I'm dying."

"Holy snakes!" sputtered Old Sawyer. He picked up the telephone and handed it to her. "Speak to him," he said. "And be quick about it and make sense—you hear?"

Will Lili succeed in committing suicide? Or is Fate working against her even in that? What has Dr. Alberts to say to her? The final installment of this brilliant modern novel is thrillingly dramatic, full of surprises. Read it next week in Liberty.

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED
BY
OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WE are two young men, expecting to be called at any time now, who are purchasing an automobile jointly under a conditional sales contract. We have paid quite a sum on the contract and have called at both the dealer's and the finance company holding the paper without getting any satisfaction, other than an offer of $200 on a much larger equity. Isn't there some way we can keep the car, with the understanding that we'll resume payments after we've served our year and return to our jobs?
Two Disgustees, Bristol, Conn.

Quoting from Ganson J. Baldwin's booklet, Legal Effects of Military Service, "If an installment or deposit was made *before* Oct. 17, 1940, under a contract with a view to buying real or personal property, and the prospective purchaser enters military service, his rights shall not be forfeited, and it may be a misdemeanor to repossess, for nonpayment during service, except by written agreement during or after service, or by suit. The court may stay the suit, unless his ability to perform is not materially affected by his service, or may require a refund as a condition to repossession, etc., or may equitably conserve the interests of all parties. A suit to repossess a motor vehicle shall not be stayed if less than 50% has been paid."

Mr. Baldwin adds, "It seems doubtful whether the law provides any relief as to conditional sales, and similar transactions involving installments, which originated *subsequent* to Oct. 17, 1940."

I'm one of the last war's vets, forty-one years old, still in the Air Corps, and I hear nothing but gripes, gripes, gripes! Must everything be served on a silver platter to the nowadays dogfaces? I only wish that back in '17-'18 we'd been treated the way these guys are now. How's for buttoning up the lip and taking it and letting this column have some smiles instead of gripes?
Sgt. O. J. W., Brooks Field, Tex.

As one A. E. F. vet to another, you'd be surprised to see the number of smiles I get in letters along with the gripes. I only wish I had the space to print more of them. *I* won't worry until the gripes stop coming in; when they do it'll be time enough to start moaning. Remember what old Napoleon said, sarge?

During the last war the Post Office Department ruled that papers and periodicals could be sent postage free to the boys in camp. Maybe your influence can help to bring this about again. If you can you'll be thanked by a lot of men who would rather read than play pool or do a lot of other things.
M. D. F., Dunedin, Fla.

That's a fine thought and would certainly be appreciated by the boys. I won't claim any credit if the ruling is made, however.

Since I've been in the Army I've found only one thing to kick about. Not bad, eh? What about having Old Glory waving where we can see it once in a while? I have yet to see it displayed here.
Pvt. N. K. B., Camp Haan, Calif.

That's the most unusual kick I've had. Sorry that I've not been able to visit Camp Haan, so I don't know the answer, but the visibility must be very poor if you can't see the flag once in a while at an Army post. What's the explanation, Camp Haan?

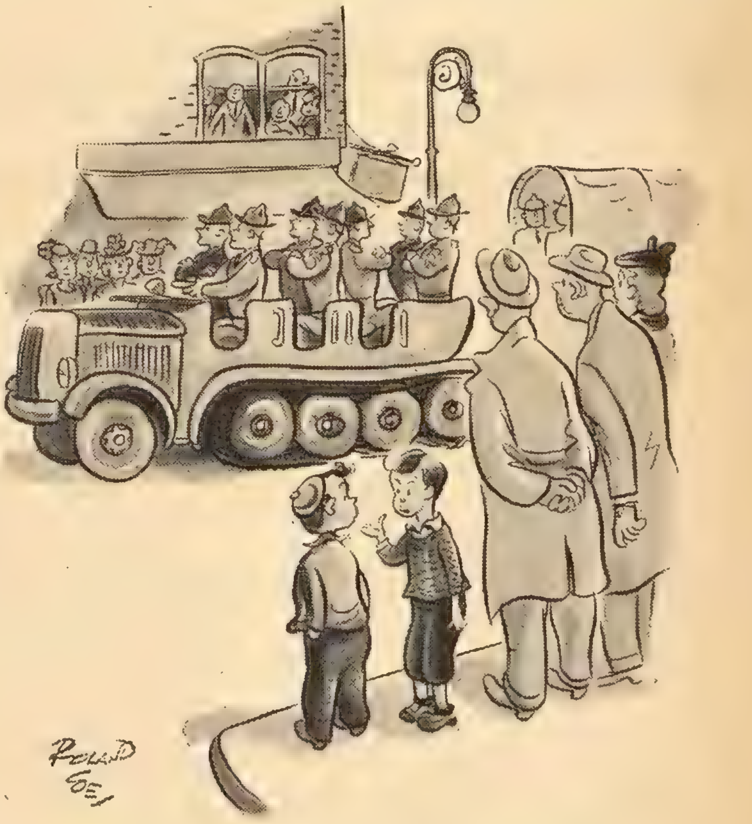
In answer to the question, why Army shoes do not have stiff box toes, it is pointed out that soldiers are primarily engaged in *marching*, only an insignificant number being on duty which requires handling heavy objects. Consequently the Army shoe is primarily designed to provide maximum comfort and "marching" qualities under all kinds of climatic conditions.

Service shoes which are issued to soldiers are made over Munson lasts which were perfected after long and painstaking scientific research followed by extended field service tests. Shoes of this type have been worn satisfactorily by millions of soldiers and it is universally agreed to be the best marching shoe ever developed.
Robert M. Littlejohn, Colonel, Q.M.C., Chief, Clothing & Equipage Branch.

Your letter is very helpful indeed, colonel, and answers conclusively and officially the query about Army shoes in our April 5th issue.

MESS-HALL GENERAL ORDERS

1. To take charge of this meat and all spuds in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any dessert that comes within sight or smell.
3. To report any bread sliced too thin to the mess officer.
4. To report all calls for seconds.
5. To quit the table only when satisfied that there is nothing good left.
6. To receive, but not pass on to the next man, any bologna, tapioca, or beans left by the cooks.
7. To talk to no one when I am busy eating.
8. To allow no one to steal anything in line of chow.
9. In any case not covered by instructions, to call the mess sergeant.



"Well, wise guy, show me *one* traveling on his stomach!"

10. To salute all chicken, steaks, pork chops, ham and eggs, and liver.
11. To be especially watchful at the table and during the time of eating to challenge any one who seems to be getting more to eat than myself.

"The Warrior"—298th Infantry, Schofield Barracks, T. H.

SURE, MONEY TALKS, BUT—!

Continued from Page 15

things, straightening them, was Kay Dorland, gray slacks, gray shirt, camp monogram in red, and she was grand.

The riding started next day. Riding was important at Nahiti. The main thing. Four shifts a day, I had, six days a week. Let's skip them, all but one. To the one that counted.

Thirty kids were in that group. The advanced. Some were good. Some had hunted. They all looked trick in jodhpurs and the little riding caps with the camp design. But one kid stood out.

About twelve, she was. Blonde hair and a skin that honeyed with the first sun rays, and an imp of a face and a turned-up nose. Just a button of a nose. Cute? Not just. She had a gleam in her eye—a wicked gleam. She'd get her way.

I STOOD at the edge of the ring and watched her. Connie Lane. That was her name. And she could be a rider. I said, she *could* be. She had a natural balance, swinging with her horse, and she liked to move; but beyond that she was terrible. She didn't know or she didn't care. Hard hands with a "Come round here or I'll *make* you go" yank to them, and her feet just anywhere, heels up or down, and the daylight bright under her knees. But she was the one.

"I'll make a rider out of her," I said, and I moved up.

"Connie," I called. "Knees tight—heels down—straight back—shoulders." And she slowed and looked at me up and down, and then she went on around the ring, and her knees stayed daylight, heels up, her back hunched over just a little more, if anything. I raised an eyebrow, but I tried again.

"Come here, Connie," I said, and she stopped ten feet away and looked at me. So did the other kids. I had a feeling this was it—the showdown. I went through the advice again. "Got it?" I said, smiling.

She made a mouth. "No," she said, and the blue eyes weren't my friend; I was just working for them. "No; I like to ride the way I do. It suits me."

She said it loud, and the others snickered, and I made a quick move, involuntarily, to yank her down. But I didn't go through.

"O. K.," I said, very quiet, and she lolloped off. I let her go five minutes. Then I blew my whistle. "Change horses," I said. "You, Connie and Lana, change."

I knew those horses fairly well by then. I knew what the one she was going up on would do. It did. She yanked it once, and her heels got tattooing in the wrong places, and all at once that potato's head went down and he was off across the ring, bucking like a rodeo, and Connie went off—in a heap on the turf.

She wasn't hurt. Kids fall limp. "Get on," I said sternly.

She looked at me, not so cocky now. The kids were laughing at her. But she got on. She had the stuff. And off she went again, over his head. She began to cry.

"Come over here and sit down with me," I said.

We went to the bank in the shade.

"Look, Connie," I said. "It isn't fun to fall and have people laugh at you, is it?"

She shook her head, and her upper-lip was very long, and the sobs kept coming—slower, though.

"But," I said, "it would be fun to be a real rider and learn to jump and perhaps be the best in the whole camp, even with the sixteen-year-olds, wouldn't it?"

She nodded that it would, once, and her eyes came up.

"And you'd be pretty proud, wouldn't you, if at the big show, end of camp, you got a blue ribbon? Right? And your father and mother would be awfully proud of you, too."

The eyes came up straight then; the sobbing stopped. "My father hunts," she said, very serious; "he used to a lot."

"See?" I said. "And maybe you could hunt with him."

She thought. "And do you think maybe I could get a prize in the show?" she said. "Really?"

"If you listen and do what I tell you, why not?"

She looked straight at me then, and the spark came back to her eyes and the tear lines crinkled through the dust on her cheeks, and, by golly, I was her friend.

"I'll try, Mr. Tack," she said; "I'll try really hard." And I gave her a pat and a quick leg-up on the same horse and got her set, and she went round the ring three times, and the beam of blue smile she kept on me I wanted to keep. She had a hold on me, deep down, so that I wanted to grin and kept choking up all at the same time.

Candy'd love that kid, I thought.

TWO weeks went by. I'd almost forgotten Kay.

She came down to the ring one day. I went over. She didn't tan. Her skin was still that flat pure white. "How do you think they're coming?" I said. I was proud of them. She didn't seem much interested.

"All right, I guess," she said. After a while, "I'm a little tired of camp," she said. "It's been a strain, getting things going." She looked at me. "I can get away after ten tonight. We might go somewhere."

"Swell," I said, flattered a little maybe.

She had a car, top down. I drove, and she lay back against the leather, eyes closed, the moonlight very white on her face.

"That Connie Lane's a cute monkey," I said. "Who is she?"

The eyes didn't open.

"Her father's Ranny Lane," she said. "Money, tons of it. And more Cain than any ten men ought to raise."

"So?" I said. "And her mother?"

The shoulders shrugged. "Somewhere," she said, "out West—down South. Not together, anyway." So that was it.

After a lot of miles there was a summer inn, and we found a spot in the grill corner. She seemed to be thinking about something for a while; and then, breaking into my small talk, she said, "What do you want to be a lawyer for?"

I hesitated. Not for long.

"To make money," I said. "Isn't that—"

And she nodded quick. "That was what I thought," she said, as if it checked, and the band played something and we danced. But there was something on her mind. Some plan. I felt it there, but didn't know.

We went out together a lot in the nights that followed, and the summer slipped away. And then it was late August and I was tired—dead tired. Those nights with Kay didn't start till ten, and they were doing things to me. They were making me crabby, short with the kids, but I didn't realize it until one day, only a week before our big and final show, I snapped at Connie, of them all.

"YOU aren't mad at me, Mr. Tack, are you?" she said, eyes puzzled, and it brought me up short.

"No, Connie," I said, "I'm not mad at you. You're doing fine."

And she said, "That's good, Mr. Tack," convinced easily. And when the lesson was over she came up to me.

"I'm writing to my father tonight," she said, "to make sure that he will be up here for the show. He'll come, don't you think so, Mr. Tack?"—appealing, hope brimming in her eyes.

And I said, patting her shoulder, "Of course he will, Connie. And that'll be a day for you, and maybe—just maybe, mind you—you might get that ribbon." And she went off flying to her 'banya to scrawl the letter, and I found Kay in her office.

"Look, Kay," I said. "I'm going to have to skip tonight. I've got to work on plans for the show. And besides"—half grinning but meaning it—"these late hours are getting me down. I need some sleep to be fit company."

She looked up quickly.

"Not tonight, Tack," she said—and I could see that it was important, that she'd planned something. "Tonight I specially have to see you—really." Keeping the pressure on until finally I said, "Well, all right, Kay, of course." And we went out. But not to the inn, as usual.

Miles back through the wood roads, at an open field where the moonlight-shadowed valley lay asleep before us, she stopped the car. I waited. She thought for minutes. Then she turned.

"Tack," she said, "this is a proposition. In a way, it's business. In a way—" And she half smiled, not letting it linger. "But here it is: Mrs. Sheldon wants to retire. All she wants is a living out of the camp. Not much, and there'd be plenty left. She'd get a guaranty, and over that the whole income goes to whoever takes over. And when Sheldon dies the whole camp goes to them, lock, stock, and barrel. She has no family, and—well, she likes me. She's offered it to me."

I sat there, waiting. She looked at me, and then went on.

"I want it," she said, "and I could handle it alone. But I don't want to. I want some one in it with me." Her eyes came up to mine steadily, intently. "I'd like you in it with me, Tack," she said. "Do you want it?"

"I don't know," I said slowly, trying to sift a lot of things into place. "I hadn't thought. I've got my law. I—" Candy kept peeking in there, into my mind. Candy—proud of my law.

"I know," Kay said. "I thought of that, too. But look. Your law would be long, and a gamble perhaps, with years of hard sledding, grubbing, denying yourself. And maybe then no ten-strike. This"—and her voice was keen, sure—"this is right here, now. We'd have it and there'd be no risk, no waiting. Money, Tack. Comfort. Fun. That's what we all want, isn't it?"

I nodded. "Yes," I said slowly, "I guess it is." But there was something else, too, in my mind. I didn't know how much it was in hers. Maybe I shouldn't have asked. But things were out now, on the table, nothing concealed. She was that kind of girl. So in I went.

YOU said it wasn't all business, Kay," I said. "Just what—" And her smile was up, with eyebrows raised a shade, quizzically.

"We're being frank, Tack," she said. "I like you. You like me, perhaps. It would be simpler that way."

"Mr. and Mrs.?" I said.

"Why not?" she said. "We get along. Maybe more. And that way would have so many advantages."

"Yes," I said, "it would have advantages." (Go away, Candy. This is business and the world is business. The world is a struggle. Opportunity knocks— Go away!)

Kay moved. "Why don't you think it over, Tack?" she said. "Let me know after the show, on closing day." And I said, "Sure, Kay," thankfully, eagerly. "Of course I will. And don't think I don't appreciate it. I think you're swell."

For a minute I was going to kiss her, and she was waiting—I could feel it—and then I wasn't going to kiss her and the car was in gear and we were moving. I'd let her know.

"What are you waiting for?" I said, back in my bunk. "What's wrong with you? Here it is, right in your lap, all you've planned for. And a swell girl—a grand girl. You'll get

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along. Forget Candy. Get smart."

But I waited five days. And then it happened.

The day before the show. They gave us mail just before lunch, and Connie'd been there. I'd seen that golden bobbing head. Then, glancing at her table as we sat down—I loved that kid—she wasn't there, and I could see her councilor look, and wait a while, and then get up and go out. I went out too.

"What's the matter?" I said.

The girl shook her head. "I don't know," she said; "but she had some letters, and I thought she was reading them over in the corner, and then she didn't come in to lunch. I'll look in the 'banya."

I nodded. I wasn't looking in any 'banya. I went down to the barn.

Everything was quiet. I just stood there, waiting silently. And then I heard, and I moved over.

There was a horse she loved, that kid—an old potato, a hunter—and down in the straw by his feet she was, crumpled up, her face against the stall, and the sobs were breaking through. She couldn't hold them.

I just sat down in the straw beside her, patting her shoulder slowly, letting her come to.

She turned, finally, and her arms were tight around my neck and her sobs were close against my heart, and she couldn't talk. Not for minutes. And when she did the words kept breaking into gulps, and finally rushed out all in one piece.

"He isn't coming, Mr. Tack. He isn't coming up to see me. He won't be here!"

"But perhaps he can't, Connie. He's sick, maybe. Or a long way off."

"No, he isn't, Mr. Tack. He isn't a long way off. He—he's down near Boston. But he—" And in her hand the letter, crumpled, stained, was held out to me. "You read it, Mr. Tack." And I read it.

"Dear Connie." Just one sheet, quick scrawled on a yacht-club stationery. "It was nice to get your letter and find that everything is going so well. I'd like to come up to your little show, but I'm afraid that's out right now. I'm here with some friends on their boat, and it wouldn't be very polite for me to run out on them. You do your best, and I'll see you before you go back to school. Lots of love, and if you need any riding kit, go ahead and order it. RANNY."

"Lots of love, and if you need any riding kit, buy it." The lump went out of my throat. And the red came into my face, and I was mad.

I picked the kid up in my arms and I said, "Wipe your eyes, Connie, and then go up and have your lunch and get into your riding togs and give this old pickle a workout. And don't worry. Because"—and she was watching me, head back, peering at me—"because I think you're going to have a surprise. I think when you wake up tomorrow morning you'll find your father *is* going to be at the show. I'm almost positive he is. You run along, now."

And she just looked at me, wanting to believe me, then ran back the long path to the dining cabin.

I went into Kay's office.

"Kay," I said, "I want to borrow your car. It's important."

"What for?" she said.

I tried to tell her. Maybe I didn't do too well. I felt too much. Her stare stayed blank on my face.

"But is that wise, Tack?" she said. "It isn't—well, good business to disturb the parents—bother them. Unless, of course, it's life and death."

"To me," I said, trying to keep it even, "this is life and death. Of a sort. Can I have the car?"

She looked at me steadily, measuring how far— Then she shrugged. I picked up the keys and went out.

Two o'clock. Four hundred miles. Eight hours, maybe less; it was a good car. And at only a little after ten I pulled up in front of the yacht club. Beautiful, it was, if you had thoughts for that. The broad veranda and the music throbbing out across the water, shadowy boats bobbing, and, through the windows, a gay crowd. White dinner jackets, bare shoulders, with laughter and the hum of people having fun.

I stood in the graveled parking space, just watching for a minute. Then a doorman moved toward me.

"Yes?" he said, and I said, "I want to see Mr. Ranny Lane. I think

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he's inside. Would you mind asking him to step out?"

I waited near my car. There were no people around; every one inside or down by the lantern-strewn floats.

And then a man came toward me from the bright doorway. A youngish fellow, slight built as I was, but, as he came close, keen-looking, features tanned, with those good sure-cut lines, and a quick, impulsive swing to straight shoulders, and a way about him. Charm. You could feel it. Black hair, thick, a red flower against a white lapel.

"Yes?" he said, and I stepped to him.

"My name is Tack Carew," I said. "I'm teaching riding at Nahiti, where your daughter Connie—"

"Oh, yes," he said. His smile was bright, nice. "She's written me about the Mr. Tack. How is she?"

I looked at him, square, steady, right into his eyes. Let him have it. "This afternoon," I said, "just before I left, she was down in a stall in the stables, crying her heart out because you weren't coming up to see her ride in the show tomorrow."

"But I can't go," he said. "I—we have a party here—a cruise. I couldn't— Look, you explain it to her. She—"

I GUESS I got tough then. It was in my voice.

"No," I said; "I won't explain it to her. You're the one. I think you'd better come back with me."

He didn't like my tone. I didn't think he would.

"Now look here," he said. "You seem to be a nice chap, and I appreciate your coming here. But I can't go back with you. It's out of the question, and there's no reason for it, really. I've done everything for Connie—given her everything. I'm always glad to. But—"

"There's one thing you haven't given her," I said.

He looked a little puzzled. Then he got it.

"I guess I'll be the judge of that," he said, clipping it. "Good night." And he was moving to the steps, and then I moved.

Sure, they put you in jail for that sort of thing. But I moved. Nobody was around. I hit him just once, hard, with all I had, swinging him around, and he went limp and sagging, and I grabbed him up quick and had him in the front seat of the car, and we were off, his head rolling limp against my arm.

He stayed that way for quite a while—long enough; and then he straightened, shaking his head. I stopped the car. We were well out in the country. He looked at me, coming back, and I talked fast.

"We can fight this out," I said, "right here. And I mean fight it out. But neither of us'll win that way. The other way, we'll both win. You'll win most. You've got a kid there who's gold, who can make it up to you for fifty cruises, yacht clubs. And you can make it up to

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her. You've still got time. She thinks you're tops. She won't always, this way. How about it?"

He shrugged. "All right," he said, but his voice was cold. "I'm not going to brawl in the road about my own daughter. Go ahead. But you're being very foolish. You're making a mountain out of nothing." He turned up his collar and we drove on in silence.

The dawn was edging bright when we pulled into camp, by a back road, and up to my 'banya.

"You'd better get some sleep," I said, pointing to a bunk. "I'll see you later."

The kids got up early at camp. And Connie earlier than any of them always, so that she could help with the feeding at the barns. I went down there.

The boys were busy throwing hay, and for a minute I didn't see Connie. Then, from the high mow, reached by a wall ladder, came a voice:

"Mr. Tack! Mr. Tack! Is he coming? Do you think he's coming?" And through the hay chute, high above, that blonde head, wide-eyed, excited, peering.

"Come down out of there," I said, "before you fall. Yes, he's coming, all right." And there was a gasp, a scramble, with feet groping for the ladder rungs, and I yelled, "Hey, careful, Connie!"

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"Sh-h-h—something's movin' at the foot of the bed!"

And then a foot missed a rung high up, her hands jerked free, and, right before my eyes, she fell crashing toward the hay-strewn floor. And halfway down she hit a manger jut. Perhaps it broke the fall a bit —I didn't know—and she was sprawled before me limp, and the blood ran out of my face.

"Connie!" I said, on my knees beside her. "Connie, are you all right?" Her eyes were wide with hurt, her cheeks chalk white. Then things came back, slowly, and she tried to smile, struggling to her feet.

"I'm all right, Mr. Tack," she said, "honest."

"Sit there," I said, stern, scared to death. Arms, legs, head, I felt them all. She didn't wince.

"Honest, Mr. Tack, it didn't hurt. Honest!"

"Never mind," I said. "You're going to see the doctor, anyway, and be sure." And there was sudden terror in her eyes.

"No, no, Mr. Tack," she said. "Please! He might just make me stay in bed and—and spoil everything. You said *he'd* be here?"

"Yes," I said; "he'll be here. But"—hesitating—"but you'd better see the doctor."

"No, Mr. Tack," she pleaded.

I knew those doctors, extra careful at camp, the way they should be. He might say no.

"Can you move? Can you run around?" I said doubtfully, the pull both ways so strong.

"Yes, yes, of course," she said, showing me.

And I let go. I know—I know! But this was not just any day. This could mean something still.

"All right," I said; "you're sure." And she was, bubbling, with her face still white.

"When will he be here?" she said, and I said, "Before lunch." And she went off toward the dining camp, skipping till the trees hid her at the bend, but taking quite a while before she reappeared beyond the fringe of pines. I couldn't turn back now.

The camp show. Final day. At two o'clock, it was, with all our girls on the bankside of the ring, and

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parents' cars nosed in, and visitors from summer inns and other camps —a big crowd. I saw Connie. They were together all right, she and her father, but standing stiff, with funny little smiles, not at each other, and she was still so white. I turned away. And the first class went in.

We had a lot of classes, beginners, juniors, and the rest. Something for all. But the big class, that was the advanced, the top riders. That was the ribbon that meant the summer's championship. That was the thing.

And just before it came I was standing with the judge—I did the ringmastering—and suddenly there was a face at the rail, a face I knew so well, and dreamed of, even now. It couldn't be. It was! And I could talk to her. I could tell her what I had done and all, and what it meant. She'd understand. I edged over.

"CANDY!" I said. "What are you doing up here?" And there was that smile, small, trim, and brown, from those eyes.

"I just thought I'd come and see, Tack, what camp had done for you. It's my vacation."

I couldn't tell her now; I had the show to run.

"When it's over," I said, "I'll see you?" And she just nodded, and I saw Kay watching from the ringside bank.

"Advanced horsemanship," the speaker blared—and I got over to one side, to Connie, as a boy put her up. The little beads of sweat were bright on her upper lip, and I said, "Steady now, Connie, take it easy," and she just nodded and they went in.

Thirty of them, there were. Walk, trot, and canter. Figure eights. Hands, seat, and management of horse. Around and around they went, and then, "Change horses," and they shifted stirrups and it was hard to tell. There were three of them that were tops, on even par almost, and she was one. The kid—her face so white.

And the judge made them take the ring alone, those three, and talked to them, and then he nodded. "Line them up," he said, and he gave me a slip. It had the winners on it, their numbers, but I didn't dare to look. I couldn't. All I could do was keep my eyes on her as she seemed to sway a little in the saddle. And then the speaker blared:

"First prize and blue ribbon goes to Number 21—" And that was all I heard. That was Connie. That was the kid. She'd won it for him, anyway! And the applause was loud, and old Mrs. Sheldon was coming to give the ribbons, and I met her.

We went to Connie, and she smiled down at me, half over to her father, timidly—and then, just as I put the ribbon in the bridle, she swayed again and her eyes went closed, but with a funny happy little smile as if she were dreaming pleasant things, and down she came—right into my arms.

I had her there for just seconds, and then some one was beside me.

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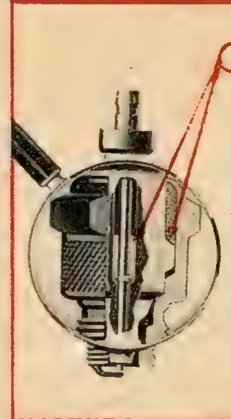

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SPARK PLUGS

"I'll take her," he said. And his voice was different now. This was his kid—all his—and it was Ranny Lane.

I gave her to him. She wasn't mine. But I was at the infirmary door when he came out.

"She's got some busted ribs," he said gruffly. "No one knows how."

"I do," I said. I told him about the morning. "It's my fault," I said. "I should have turned her in."

He shook his head. "No, Tack," he said; "I think it was a lot better this way. She wanted it—and—and so did I. It taught me a thing or two, having her want it that much. I'm going to have my fun with her from now on—the best of it."

He was a swell fellow, really. We shook hands.

"They tell me," he said, "or Connie does, that you want to be a lawyer. I haven't," with a shade of grin, "any job for you myself. In fact, I haven't even got one for myself. But maybe I can give you a tip."

He thought a second and his grin went wider. "My lawyers," he said, "are So-and-So." Four names. "They don't like me so much. I've been a headache to them, handling my affairs. Which makes me think that if you went to them and told them how you handled a little affair last night, they might be interested. I have a hunch they would. Let me know." And he went back in where he belonged.

And I found Candy down there by the ring, the crowd all gone. And something else was gone, too—that line between us, the barrier from that night.

She smiled at me.

"How is the little girl?" she said.

"O. K.," I said; "nothing serious." And I let go now, telling her the whole story—wanting to—how I felt about the kid, and she nodded.

"I know," she said softly. "I could see your face when she fell."

We walked along, slowly, toward the grove.

"You know," I said, "it was a funny thing about her father. He figured he was giving her everything, every advantage—" And Candy's face went up to mine, quickly, questioning, as if she knew—did I?

I looked at her. Suddenly I grinned. "O. K.," I said. "I get it. It's been there all the time, growing right in front of me, and I was wrong. Cash doesn't do the job. It can't."

We stopped, and the whispering wind was warm through the pines, the camp noises far away. "Do you suppose," I said, "that we could start again, Candy, you and I? With sort of a new platform?"

And she smiled up at me, the laughter glinting still, but with me now.

"I think," she said—"I think that that would have—certain advantages."

And it did. Very definite ones.

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40 ANSWERS

by Donald Gordon to his questions on page 32

1—In Ernest Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls, Robert Jordan carries a pack of explosive behind the Falangist lines to blow up a bridge.

2—L. Frank Baum, who died in 1919.

3—Joseph C. Lincoln.

4—Caught Short!—a little novelty book of rueful gags about Cantor's stock-market trimming in 1929.

5—Mutiny on the Bounty.

6—"Warner Fabian" was billed as the author of Flaming Youth. Colleen Moore slew 'em in the picture.

7—Frankenstein, by Mary Godwin Shelley, and Dracula, by Bram Stoker.

8—The Way of a Transgressor.

9—Personal History was Vincent Sheean's, and Inside Europe was Gunther's.

10—W. Somerset Maugham's Of Human Bondage, which you may have seen as a vehicle for Bette Davis and Leslie Howard.

11—Archie Goodwin would be heeding Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe. Mrs. Charles would be needling Nick Charles of Dashiell Hammett's thrillers, The Thin Man, etc.

12—They're all famous characters in the yarns of P. G. Wodehouse.

13—The Duc de Praslin. Our heroine, Henriette Deluzzy-Desportes, was tried for complicity in his murder of his wife.

14—Cradle of the Deep, by Joan Lowell.

15—All are fictional detectives, the creations respectively of H. C. Bailey, John Dickson Carr, Erle Stanley Gardner, and Dorothy Sayers.

16—Bad Girl, by Viña Delmar.

17—Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, herself the subject of a recent biography.

18—It is The Yearling, for which Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings won the 1939 Pulitzer Prize for a novel.

19—Paul Bäumer is the narrator hero of Erich Maria Remarque's unforgettable All Quiet on the Western Front.

20—Tobacco Road, now in its eighth year on Broadway.

21—Edna St. Vincent Millay's.

22—Kenneth Roberts' novel, Oliver Wiswell, portrays our rebellious forefathers quite in the reverse of the schoolbook picture.

23—Kathleen Norris.

24—How Green Was My Valley, by Richard Llewellyn.

25—They're mother and daughter, in a way. Mrs. Margaret Mitchell is the creator of Mrs. Frank Kennedy, née Scarlett O'Hara, in GWTW.

26—Certainly. Mary Roberts Rinehart.

27—Ogden Nash, Dorothy Parker, Samuel Hoffenstein, and Margaret Fishback.

28—William Saroyan's Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze was issued in 1934. His new one, much more engaging, is My Name Is Aram.

29—The Heritage of Hatcher Ide, Booth Tarkington's 1941 book.

30—Pearl S. Buck. The novel is The Good Earth.

31—The character through whose journal the story is narrated proves to have been the culprit.

32—In Daphne Du Maurier's superb Rebecca, the heroine narrator's name is not mentioned and can be deduced only as the second Mrs. Max de Winter.

33—The Specialist, by the late Chic Sale.

34—The Grapes of Wrath, by John Steinbeck, number one U. S. writer for my six bits.

35—Howard Spring; My Son, My Son is his novel's title.

36—Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Listen, the Wind) and Antoine de St. Exupery (Wind, Sand and Stars).

37—Edna Ferber, author of Show Boat, Cimarron, So Big, The Royal Family.

38—An American Tragedy, by Theodore Dreiser.

39—Set in prose form, the quotation is from A. A. Milne's rollicking poem, Sneezles, in his book Now We Are Six, which sells on and on. The boy, Christopher Robin Milne, for whom they all were written, is now in the R. A. F.

40—Hervey Allen and Anthony Adverse.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer, and Fashion Authority

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FOR my June-bride story this year I've been finding out about army weddings from Major William T. Walsh, Selective Service executive. You can marry your selectee anywhere you please, says Major Walsh, except at the post where he's stationed. Full-dress weddings with crossed swords, etc., are only for officers and the three highest noncom ranks—master sergeants, technical sergeants, staff sergeants. Selectees who get married after induction do so usually before leaving for camp. Many of their brides come to live in furnished rooms or cottages near by. Army food is so good that if any girl hopes to compete with it she had better be given a reliable cookbook among her wedding presents. Because of her temporary quarters, she won't want furniture, expensive silver, china, or glass. Books and pictures are practical to help her place seem homelike. But in general it appears that selectee newlyweds find cash money or checks the most welcome gifts. Honeymoons are brief, Major Walsh explained, since they must be restricted to every other week-end. . . . Now a couple of warnings: Brides who wear military insignia on their clothes should be sure they're authentic, for the boys will razz your bridegroom weary if they're wrong. And *don't* be a sloppy girl around the house. The army imposes tidiness on your man—so you can bet your life he's going to expect it of you!

☆ I know the following *sounds* like fiction, but it's true: A young married pair of my acquaintance quarreled at a house party. Other guests were target-shooting at a crab-apple tree. Though she never had shot before, the young wife picked off apple after apple without a miss. Her husband stared goggle-eyed. A huntsman himself, he had guns at home. And the first thing he did when he got there was to lock them up quick!

☆ Merchants mention these wartime trousseau tendencies: Very plain day dresses; *very feminine* negligees and undies. *No* red-white-and-blue color schemes! . . . . Bouquets bright but simple, says Irene Hayes, Park Avenue florist. Stephanotis for the bride instead of lillies of the valley. Garden flowers or massed gladioli heads for the bridesmaids. Often there's only one

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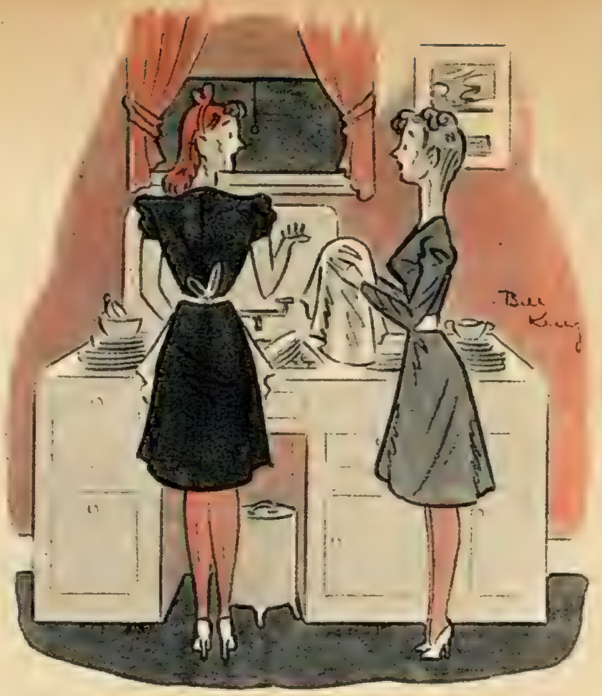
bridesmaid. . . . Old-fashioned gold bands are favored, says Charles B. Harris, wedding-ring stylist. Rings with wings and initials for Air Corps newlyweds. Some rings have initials entwined with the selectee's service number. Some lovers have double rings made—to be cut apart when and if *he* goes away to war.

★ American brides of today know the ease and economy of casserole cooking—a wisdom I had to acquire through kitchen experience in eight different countries. As wedding presents that don't cost too much, casseroles are increasingly popular. The price range is wide, according to size. Mrs. Ann Caziarc, casserole specialist at Lewis & Conger's New York household store, helped me select some for bridal gift suggestion. Here's our list: Two individual bean pots for *tête-à-tête* meals, 40 cents each; a big bean pot to serve twelve supper guests, $3; a shallow earthenware casserole with handle, for small ragouts or baked vegetables, $1.25; a two-quart fireproof—glass with metal stand—for company chow, $5.

★ This *Shrimp-and-Artichoke Casserole* gives you one hot dish of gourmet quality to pep up the cold buffet rations at your wedding breakfast or lunch. . . . Use 2½ pounds jumbo shrimps cooked and shelled, 12 canned artichoke bottoms drained and quartered, 1 dozen little puff-paste hearts ordered a day ahead from your baker. Make a rich cream sauce of flour and butter, flavored with curry powder, onion, salt, pepper, a dash of nutmeg. You'll need 6 cups of sauce. Let it cool, then mix with shrimps and artichokes 30 minutes before serving time. Pour into buttered casserole; dust with grated cheese; bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. Decorate top with puff-paste hearts and heat 5 minutes more. Serves twelve.



". . . so when he finally married Carole Lombard, Horace got me on the rebound."

★ Wives of fairly young husbands inform me the new-mustache crop reaches its peak every June. Last June my editor, Fulton Oursler, started growing the stalwart mustache and imperial shown in his picture on page 66. He confesses he cultivated them specially for a get-together of editorial veterans with whom he worked twenty-two years ago, at which time his mustache attempts were of the feeblest. Women alumnae try to look younger at class reunions; men older. It's all the same harmless vanity—mustaches or mud packs!

★ Appropriate to the season, George Bagby's newest detective book, Here Comes the Corpse, deals with wickedness at a wedding! (Published by The Crime Club.)

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 7

ex-flyer's ideas. All of the men, of course, are in love with the night-club charmer.

There are songs and dances done by La Faye, Oakie, and Payne, and interpolated specialties, the best being contributed by the Four Ink Spots. Oakie steals the picture. Miss Faye never has done better work. The affair hits a sharp pace and keeps it up pretty much of the way. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

★ ★ ★ THE GIRL IN THE NEWS

BRITISH studios now and then turn out a surprising melodrama. This, deftly directed by Carol Reed (who made Night Train) and imported by Twentieth Century-Fox, is a taut, arresting little yarn of a nurse, innocent but twice tried for disposing of her patients with overdoses of sleeping tablets. A young barrister saves her the first time. Then she changes her name, gets another job. But the butler of the new household is in love with his wealthy mistress, learns of the girl's past, realizes that it will be condemnation in itself, takes advantage of that fact when he slips the deadly potion into the nurse's medicine for the invalid husband. The butler overlooks one thing—but I shan't tell you what it is.

Reed's direction is expert, while Margaret Lockwood as the twice-tried heroine, Barry Barnes as the young barrister, and Emlyn Williams as the murderous butler handle their roles adequately.

As good a crime film as you'll encounter anywhere this year.

★ ★ ★ FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS

DIRECTED by the able Frenchman, René Clair, with a story by the usually adroit Norman Krasna, starring the sultry Marlene Dietrich as a questionable charmer of ol' New

Orleans, this seemed to have unusual possibilities. Somehow these aren't realized.

Claire Ledeaux, the boudoir adventuress, starts out to beguile and win the town's wealthiest bachelor, a fatuous banker. When vague but piquant tales of her past come to haunt her, she invents an imaginary cousin and poses as the rowdy bad girl who looks exactly like her. The banker is shocked, pays a sailor who is smitten with the naughty charmer to kidnap her—and, of course, loses his bride.

There is little reality to Marlene's Continental adventuress, but the gal has glamour, sex appeal or what have you as the siren of the '40s. True, the only perceptible difference between Claire and the gal she impersonates is a hair-do, but who am I to quibble? M. Clair's direction is not particularly distinguished, except in one sequence, a reception where a Russian whispers of the snappy Claire's shady past. Yet M. Clair is the man who produced a number of notable French films and at least one brilliant one in England, The Ghost Goes West.

Roland Young makes the testy banker amusingly dull, and Bruce Cabot is the river pirate who steals the lady on order.

You should notice: That white satin wedding gown Marlene dons but never puts to practical use cost $2,500. Those Dietrich Chantilly lace stockings put the studio back $125 a pair. (Universal.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter.

★★★—Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

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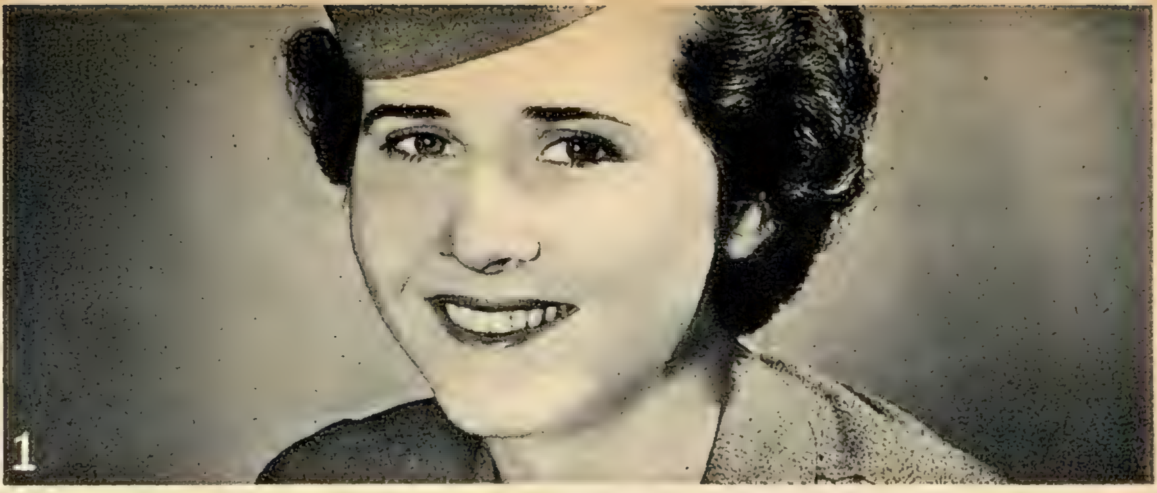

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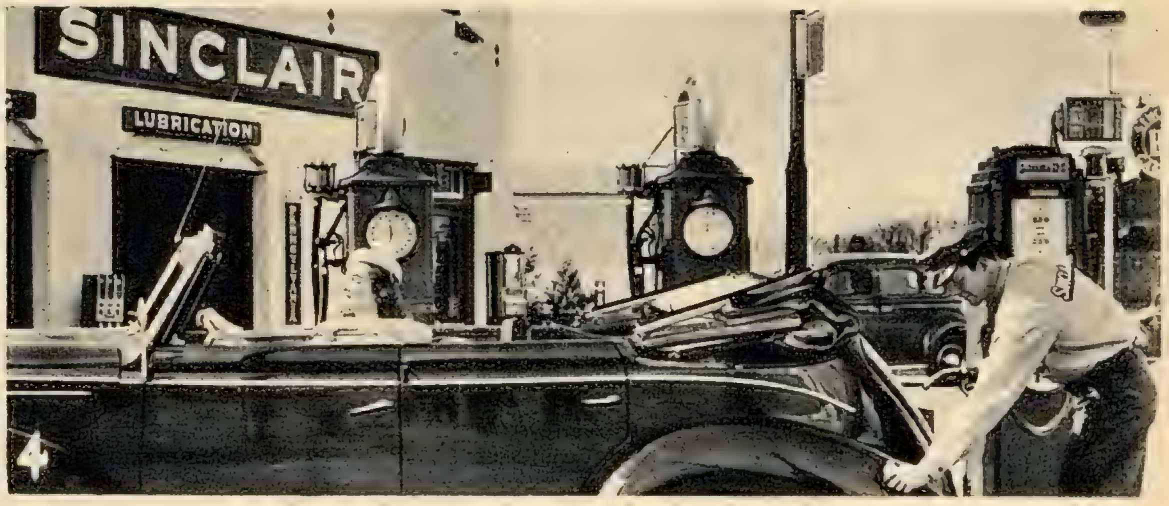

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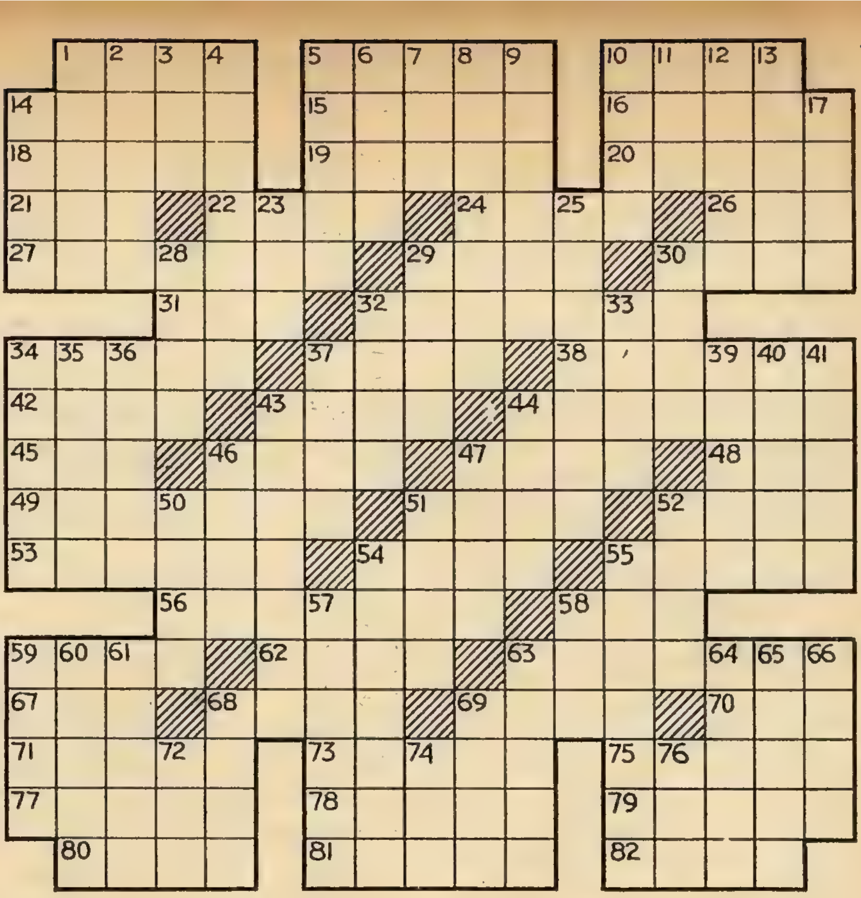
CROSSWORDS

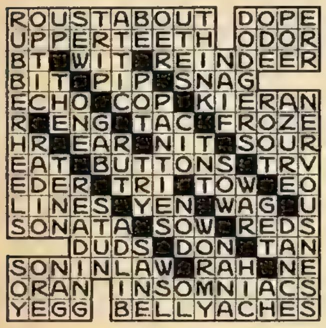
by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL
1 Very dry
5 Pertaining to the cheek
10 Mountain gap
14 Doubly
15 Fat
16 Change
18 Ranted
19 Jumps
20 Bailiff
21 Part of to be
22 Employed
24 A very small quantity
26 Conducted
27 Threatens
29 Term used in architecture
30 Concave or convex glass
31 Moist
32 Solution of starch
34 Underworld
37 Legal claim on property
38 Papal ambassador
42 Mellows
43 Furnace
44 Assembling of a court
45 Rodent
46 Tears
47 Conveyance (pl.)
48 Watering place
49 Article of woman's wearing apparel
51 Decays
52 Dart
58 Proclaim
54 Top of the head
55 Female relative
56 Jacket (pl.)
58 Enclosure
59 Imitated
62 Only
63 Small fish
67 Container
68 Proofreader's term
69 Game
70 Number
71 Without company
73 Bird
75 Binds
77 Sap
78 Make amends
79 Watchful
80 Obligation
81 Fresher
82 Final

VERTICAL
1 Conscious of
2 Split
3 Confection
4 Infers
5 Dark-colored mark on skin (pl.)
6 In bed
7 Meadow
8 White crystalline compound
9 Reconveyed
10 South American river.
11 Beverage
12 Sculptured Greek tablet
13 Number
14 Align
17 Communist (pl.)
23 Place
25 Worker (pl.)
28 Overcomes
29 Augury
30 Part of the body (pl.)
32 Feels pain
33 Promontory
34 Stringent
35 Marble
36 Prevent
37 Part of the face (pl.)
39 Passageway
40 Subject of conversation
41 Growing out
43 Most benevolent
44 Fill to repletion
46 Annoy
47 Small bed (pl.)
50 Leopard
51 Unusual
52 Slender
54 Shield-shaped
55 Like a nephew
57 Adversary
58 Companion (slang)
59 Open
60 Blanched
61 Uneven
63 Cringe
64 Canters
65 Motionless
66 Cozy residence
68 Dispatched
69 Sheet of glass
72 Bird's beak
74 Animal
76 A wing

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


ROUSTABOUT DOPE
UPPERTEETH ODOR
BT■WIT■REINDEER
BIT■PIP■SNAG
ECHO■COP■KIERAN
R■ENG■TAC■FROZE
HR■EAR■NIT■SOUR
EAT■BUTTONS■TRV
EDER■TRI■TOW■EO
LINES■YEN■WAG■U
SONATA■SOW■REDS
DUDS■DON■TAN
SONINLAW■RAH■NE
ORAN INSOMNIACS
YEGG BELLYACHES

Last week's answer

MORE WINNERS—Liberty's $2,500 United States Constitution Quiz Contest

(Continued from April 19 issue)

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IT'S MEN WHO HAVE THE IT—Continued from Page 23

would be so far out in front of their competition that there would just be a Big Two instead of a Big Ten.

Obviously the next best thing to being able to appeal to all the family is being able to appeal to *almost all* the family.

Tracy, Gable, and Company do that. Actors in general do it more successfully than actresses, especially screen actresses, for the very good reason that actors are usually picked for their ability, whereas actresses—at least in Hollywood—are usually picked for their beauty.

Actors whose chief qualifications are their good looks seldom crash the upper brackets. Robert Taylor did for a while, but couldn't hold the grade. In the present collection, only Tyrone Power and Gene Autry would stand any chance of coming out of a beauty contest as "Mr. Hollywood." And it would hardly be fair to either of them to say that their ranking depends solely on the fact that they happen to possess more than their share of good looks. Mr. Power has inherited more acting ability than he has so far been allowed to show, and Mr. Autry has his voice and his pony.

As for the Messrs. Rooney, Tracy, Gable, Cagney, Beery, and Crosby, they qualify strictly as he-men who do not need to depend on beauty of face or form to get them by. They are all actors that women want to see and men can take. They please almost all of the family, and that is the first reason why this type of male dominates the Big Ten lists.

Consider, by comparison, the case of the actress chosen, as most of them are, for physical good looks.

The temporary popularity of a new screen beauty is assured. The crowds that rushed to see Ann Sheridan and Hedy Lamarr prove that. But the curiosity which prompts this quick interest is quickly satisfied. Unless the girl has beauty plus, she proves, after her first few films, to have box-office minus.

Then, too, actors seem to grow old more gracefully on the screen than actresses do.

All of the eight male actors we have been discussing are veterans. Mickey Rooney, the youngest in years, has appeared as the kid hero or kid menace in some fifty films. Tyrone Power, the youngest in screen experience, has already achieved the five-year span, which is the allotted film lifetime of all but the most talented actresses.

The average screen service of these eight leaders is over ten years. The average age in years of the seven adults, if accurately known, would be found to be nearly forty. Which brings up the second and all-important reason why women haven't a chance in screen competition with the men—the element of time.

At forty, the male actor is just coming into his own. He graduates gracefully from romantic parts to character ones or goes on playing romantic ones acceptably without any silly pretensions to youth. But life doesn't begin at forty for most actresses, even the good ones.

Some of them carry on in character parts, but not many are willing to do so. And those who are often face an almost impossible task in trying to make producers, directors and, most of all, the public accept them in anything but the kind of roles in which they made their first hits.

Yes, it's a man's world, the cinema. In general, when an actress is through playing the parts she has played throughout her early career, she is through in Hollywood. But actors go on forever. Look at Wallace Beery. Look at Lewis Stone and Donald Crisp and Harry Carey. Look at Lionel Barrymore. Look at John.

The men have all the time they need to build up a following and keep it, to reach the top and stay there. The women hardly get started before the stop signal turns them back.

Rome, they tell us, wasn't built in a day. Neither is the kind of Hollywood box-office reputation which endures.

That is the fundamental reason why, as the motion picture grows older, the Big Ten of Filmdom is being dominated more and more by men who can grow old with it, and less and less by women who can't!

THE END

"Pssst, Mike! Does it bother you to have any one look over your shoulder?"

THE REAL PURPOSE OF DEFENSE BONDS—Continued from Page 19

There is a slump, but it isn't a crash. Presently prices, which were prevented from soaring out of sight by the first function of the bond issues, are adjusted downward to meet the temporarily lowered national standard of income and your hoarded dollar is worth more in terms of what it will buy. So you buy more, which means that more persons are employed in production, and presently a balance is reached. You get a job as a direct, if remote, result of being able to spend your own money instead of living off the community. Presto—prosperity!

At least that is the way the experts in social economy have figured the results, and who is to say their calculations do not sound plausible?

So there is the answer to Uncle Sam's urging that you buy a bond, even on the installment plan. If you get a patriotic thrill—and here's hoping that you do—out of lending the government some of your earnings to make your country impregnable against attack and unbeatable on the offensive, so much the better. But the chief reasons for the bond issues are, as have been stated here, to keep your darned dollars worth 100 cents in the market place by preventing price inflation born of uncontrolled spending, and to save us all from the soul-bruising bumps of depression when the war is won.

It should be added that the government is employing other methods to the end of preventing inflation, in taxation of one sort or another. Of course it is only through taxation that the money can be raised to provide cash for the defense-savings bonds and other federal borrowings, but your Uncle Sam—or Uncle Henry, let's say—is planning to take a bigger bite out of the incomes of the above-average economic group next year. Tax collections are essential to pay for as much of the running cost of government as can be achieved on a pay-as-you-go basis, and also to retire the government's notes and securities, so the price-control element in taxation is actually secondary. But it is there. And if any American feels a desire to squawk, let him look to Britain, where the government takes *half* of everything a person earns above $400 a year. "The burden I am compelled to impose," said Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Kingsley Wood, "is vitally necessary not only to meet our financial position but to secure a reduction in consumption and avert spiraling prices and wages."

In the words of the Washington Gridiron Club's 1941 extravaganza:

If all this seems strange, you're
out of date,
You don't understand the new
economics;
Your old-fashioned ideas belong
in the comics.

THE END

Robert (Charmed Life) Low Gets Out of Trouble Again

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

AMERICAN readers are just beginning to realize the amazingly distinguished work that Robert Low has been doing as Liberty's war correspondent in the Near East. Wherever he goes, Bob seems to have a gift for landing where the guns are going off. Even before he left London he had undertaken a variety of hazardous assignments in order to give our readers a first-eye glimpse of the fighting, whether under water, over London, or on bombarded ground. As all regular readers of Liberty know, Bob Low flew in bombers, sailed in convoys, dived with submarines, and stood out of doors and watched what air raids really looked like from below.

Then, as they also know, Bob flew to Egypt with the British Expeditionary Forces there. He marched with the troops from Cairo to Tobruk and on to Bengasi; he wrote thrilling tales of Australian heroism in desert battles and a whimsical account of how he was forced by one thousand Italian soldiers to make them his captives, prisoners of war.

From North Africa Bob flew to Albania and thence back to Greece, just when the Germans started for Athens. He had a bad time of it there because he had not the right credentials as correspondent with the British troops in Greece; he had been accredited to the army in Egypt, and the generals were in consternation to find him at Thermopylae. But, as usual, Bob Low was where the guns were going off. As soon as that part of the war seemed over he was back in Africa, only to find the previously victorious British retreating toward the Egyptian frontier.

ONCE MORE LOW WAS in Tobruk, and it is as a veteran inside the beleaguered walls of that city during the great retreat that he writes his next Liberty story, soon to appear. I am sure you will not wish to miss his account of what it was like in that siege, nor of his adventures in Greece. New stories from Bob Low are coming by wireless from Cairo as I type out this message to you on Elsie (nickname for my L. C. Smith). Watch for these eyewitness stories of Bob Low, the first of which will appear in an early issue.

IN THESE STRANGE TIMES is it worth while for a poor boy to work his way through college? President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago has some unexpected opinions on that subject which you will find him expressing with good-tempered vigor in the forthcoming issue. Mr. Hutchins' notable piece is one of a group of varied and timely articles, others of which are Senator Vandenberg's heart-to-heart talk to you as a citizen about the way your government is spending your money and which he calls How Much Is a Billion Dollars? Jack Dempsey's analytical forecast of the Louis-Conn championship bout; a piece about the delectable Dinah Shore by her undisciplined admirer, Frederick Lewis; a mike-side script of an Aldrich Family broadcast that shows you just what goes on and how; a skillful pageful of hilarity about the scrub-oak stock companies by George Jean Nathan, The Theater in Slacks, and several others.

AS FOR FICTION, you have not only the conclusion of Footloose! by Grace Perkins and a breath-taking installment of Katharine Roberts' The House on Harmony Street, but some excellent short stories, including The City Editor and the Lady, by Kathryn White, and Drake's Drum, by Peter Viertel, a stirring yarn which has just been sold to David O. Selznick and will soon be made into a Grade A picture. These, with more of the exciting Lindbergh psychoanalysis by Frederick L. Collins and all your favorite features and departments, make up what we of the editorial staff hope you will find to be an especially interesting, informative, and inspiring number.

SALMAGUNDI: Congratulations to Faith Baldwin, who has always lost on her horse gambles but put a tidy sum on Whirlaway in the Kentucky Derby—and Faith says you're a subversive agent if you say Darby. . . . Congratulations to a Liberty favorite, Ruth Waterbury, on becoming editor of the Western Woman. . . . Congratulations to the Right Rev. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen for writing his booklet called What Can I Do? It is now in its third printing of one hundred thousand copies and deserves to be read by every thinking American citizen who wants to preserve the American way of life. Its chapters of cogent reasoning and brilliant common sense include What Can I Do if I Am an Atheist; if I Am a Bigot; if I Am Anti-Semitic; if I Am Indifferent; if I Am a Protestant; if I Am a Jew; and if I Am a Catholic? Copies of this really valuable statement may be obtained from the National Council of Catholic Men, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. . . . In the bookshops now you will find many new volumes the contents of which first appeared, in whole or in part, in the pages of Liberty. Notable among these are two that are already on the best-seller list: What Makes Sammy Run? by Budd Schulberg; and the Diary of Ambassador Dodd. Others that are making a great bid for popularity are R. A. F., by Keith Ayling, which appeared here only a few weeks ago under the title Through Hell on Wings; The Fun I've Had, by Bayard Veiller, and Casanova, by John Erskine. . . . Spoke recently with William L. Chenery, editor of Collier's, and Frederick Lewis Allen of Harper's, at a meeting in the New York Public Library; the occasion was the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of American magazines. Harold Hersey, poet and friend, who arranged an exhibition in the Library gallery, told me just before I spoke that the first two hundred years are the hardest. . . . Lee Pasquin of our staff came to the office door just now and said: "I got so mad this morning reading those tax plans down in Washington, I almost tried to find out the name of my congressman."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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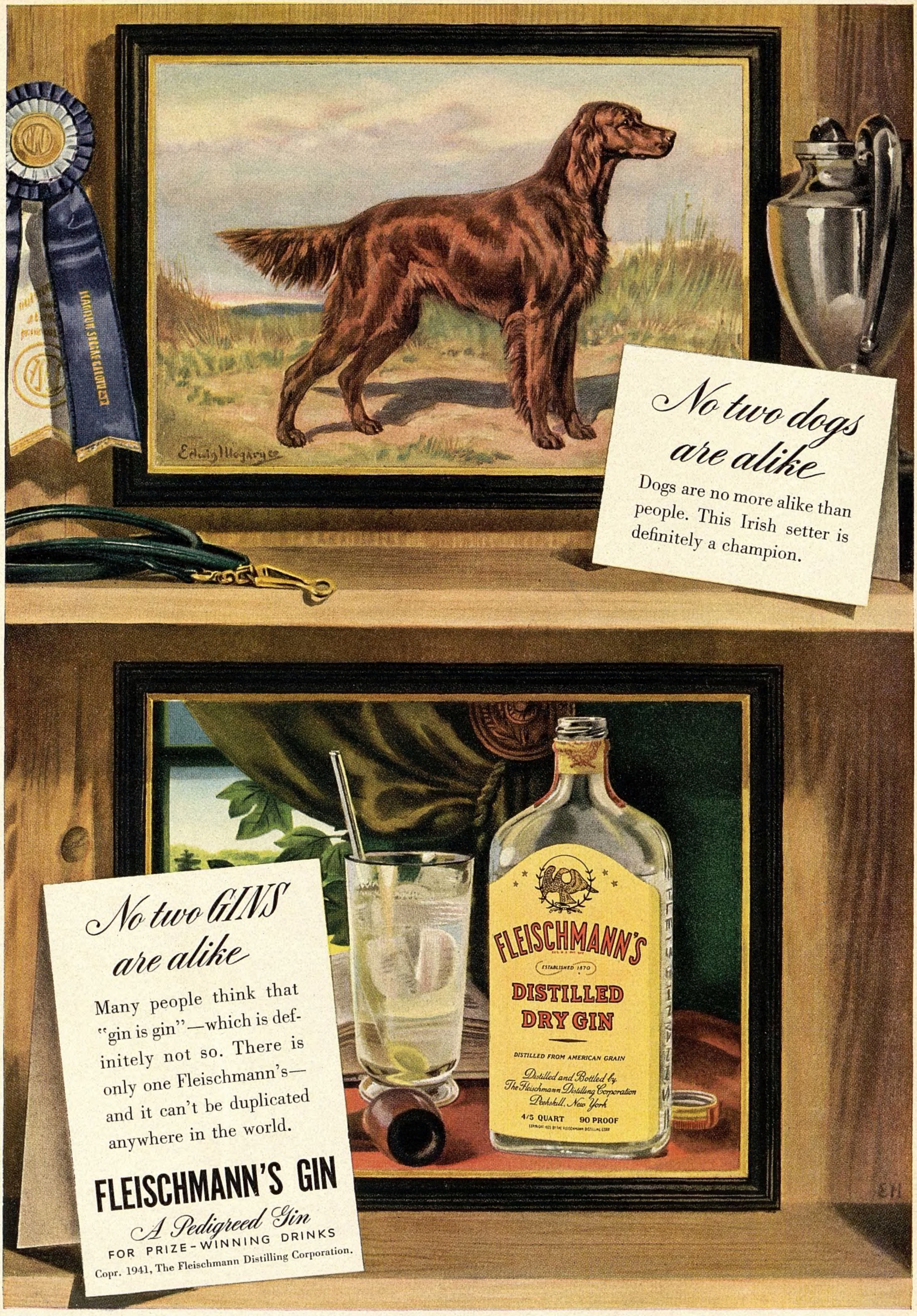
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY FRANCIS A. LEIGH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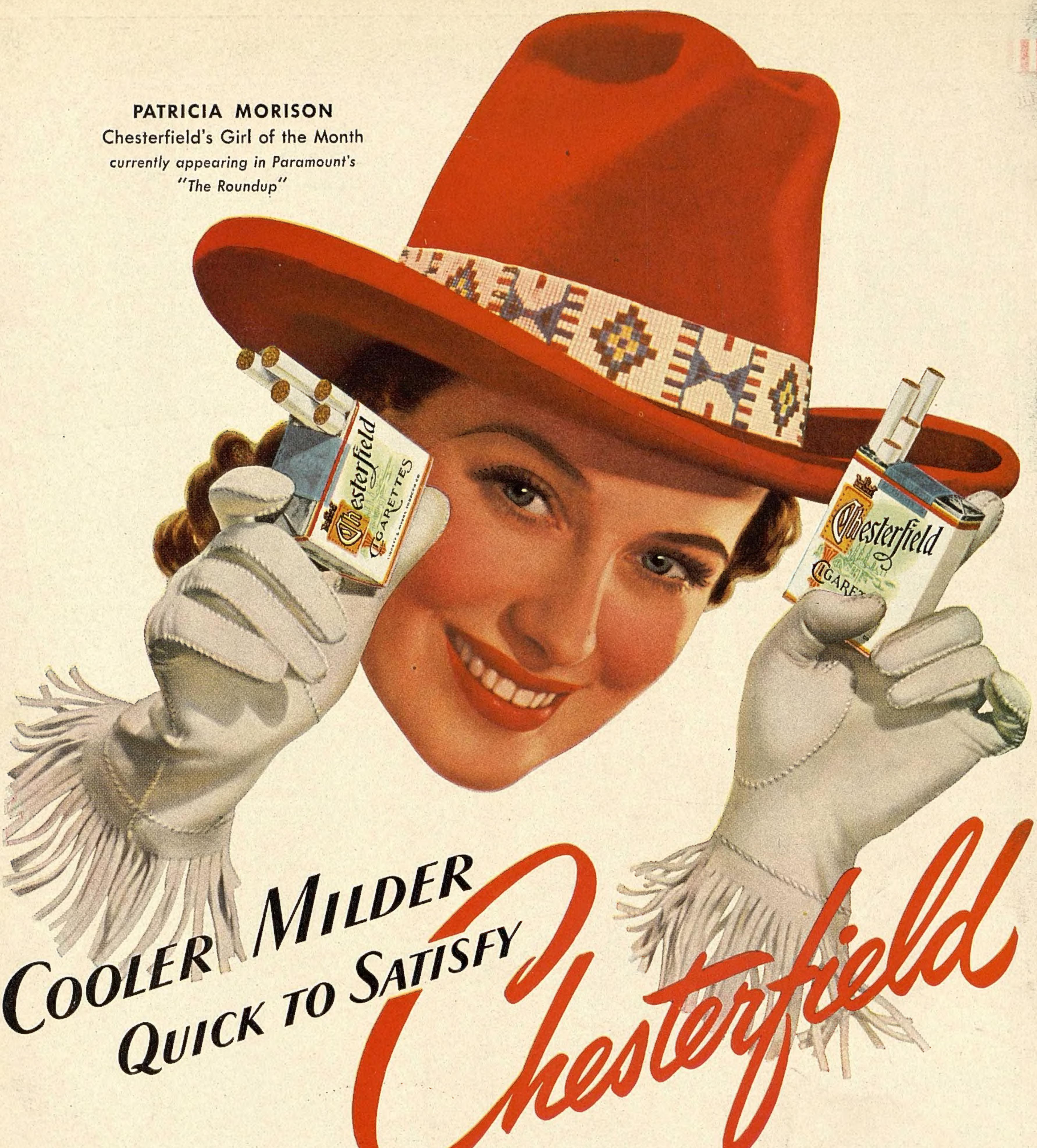
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